McCLURE'S

Win-the-War Magazine

JULY 1918

15¢

Find out what is

"Behind the Door"

by

Gouverneur Morris

Painted by

Norman McMein

THESE MOTHERS' SONS ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU

25 Cents Lent to the Government Will Help Save a Soldier's Life

THESE God-given women—over a million strong—are giving their boys to make this a safe world for you and for me. And they ask nothing in return. Gladly they give what is more to them than their own lives without even a single complaint. Perhaps you and I can't go to war; perhaps we're needed at home. But that doesn't let us out. We've got to do our bit just the same.

And now comes Uncle Sam and says: "Lend me your pennies—25 cents at a time. I need them to help win this war and to save our boys' lives."

For today wars are fought with money, and every penny counts. 25 cents isn't much. It's a sum you can easily spare every few days, and you'll probably never miss it. But just think what 25 cents multiplied by a hundred million—the number of people in this country—amounts to. It's twenty-five million dollars! So you see, your pennies are needed—no matter how few you can spare.

You Don't Give—You Lend

The mothers of this nation are giving the lives of their boys—yet you are not asked to *give* your money, but to *lend* it at 4% interest.

How can any man or woman, any boy or girl, fail to serve and lend their pennies when their mothers are *giving* the lives of their boys.

And your money is as safe as your country. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS are backed by the entire United States and issued by the Government.

Surely there isn't a single person out of the hundred million who will fail to heed this call-for-thrift from good old Uncle Sam.

How You Can Make Your Quarters Work for You

There are two kinds of War Savings Stamps—25c. Thrift Stamps and $5 stamps. The $5 stamps sell for $4.16 during May, 1918, and for 1c. additional each month thereafter, during 1918. That is, $4.16 in May, $4.17 in June, etc. The Government will pay you $5 for each of these W. S. S. in January 1923.

The 25c. stamps sell at all times for 25c.—The price does not change. When you buy your first 25c. stamp at the post office or any bank or store, you will be given a Thrift Card with spaces for sixteen 25c. stamps ($4 worth).

When the card is filled take it to the post office, pay 16c. additional—if you do it in May, after that 1c. additional each month, and you will receive a $5 stamp, which is described above.

Your Money Back. If you are obliged to sell your $5 stamp any time before January, 1923, the Government will buy it back from you at more than you paid for it. Its value increases 1c each month, as it earns interest.

War Savings Stamps are for sale at post offices, banks, department stores, cigar stores, and other authorized agencies.

National War Savings Committee
Washington

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Contributed through Division of Advertising — *U. S. Gov't Comm. on Public Information*

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

McClure's Magazine - - - - New York City

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7,000,000 men now use the Durham-Duplex blade—the longest, strongest, keenest blade on earth. We demonstrated to their satisfaction that they could no longer dodge the inevitable, and so they became users of Durham-Duplex blades. One of these men is a friend of yours—ask him.

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McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., CONNECTICUT, GEORGIA, KENTUCKY, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, MARYLAND AND MASSACHUSETTS

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

National Park Seminary

In Washington, D. C., Suburbs
JAMES E. AMENT, Ph.D., LL. D., President

The definite object of the Seminary is to offer a condensed college course for young women graduates of high and preparatory schools. The formal courses of study are supplemented by complete departments of music, art, home economics and floriculture.

Specialists in Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial branches, Library Methods and Business Law. Modern gymnasium and outdoor sports.

An illustrated and carefully prepared catalog, setting forth the purpose and ideals of the Seminary will be mailed upon request. Address

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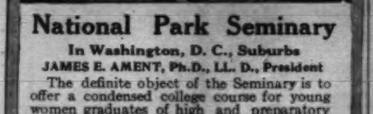

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men with training. Having trained over 2000 young men in the past 25 years, The Bliss Electrical School, with its well-equipped shops and laboratories, is peculiarly qualified to give a condensed course in Electrical

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The **Conservatory** offers instructions in all branches of music leading to B. M. degree, and also special courses in all musical instruments for students who are not high school graduates.

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Location, among foothills of Blue Ridge Mountains famed for invigorating climate. Fifty miles north of Atlanta.

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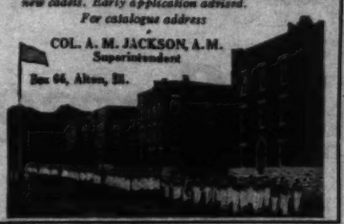

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What the world needs most is brains—*trained* brains. Brains that can mobilize labor to greater productiveness, capital to greater usefulness, and humanity to greater efficiency is the supreme need of this country today.

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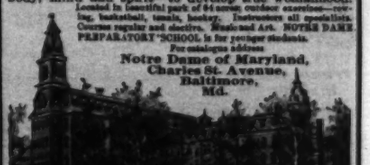

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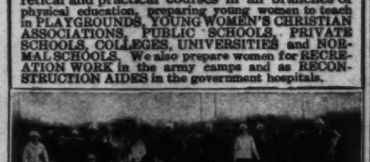

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Course includes Swedish Gymnastics, Public School Gymnastics, Dancing, Games, Military Tactics and Drill, Anatomy, Kinesiology, First Aid and Hygiene, Psychology, Rhythm, Biology and Histology and other allied subjects.

Fall term opens Sept. 24, 1918. Registration week, Sept. 16, 1918. For catalog and further information address Secretary

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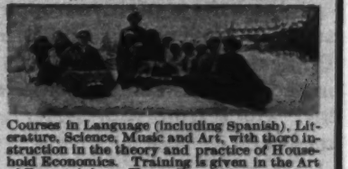

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BRADFORD, MASS. 116th year opens Sept. 26

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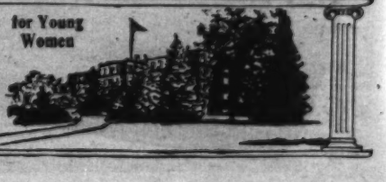

McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN MASSACHUSETTS, MISSOURI, AND NEW JERSEY

FOR GIRLS

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6 miles from Boston

Send for New Year Book

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We offer just these opportunities. Students take English or Literature, but the course otherwise is **elective.** All subjects count for diploma.

Graduation from high school not necessary for entrance. No examination required.

Special work in voice, piano, violin, 'cello, harp and pipe organ with **eminent** Boston masters. A finely equipped school. New building (6 in all) with **new pipe organ;** gymnasium and swimming pool.

All outdoor sports. All the opportunities of Boston in Music, Art and historical associations are freely used. Domestic Science, Art, Elocution.

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There are some rooms with hot and cold water. Students for 1918-19 are being accepted in the order of their applications.

Special cars for Western girls from Chicago and St. Louis Sept. 25.

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life.

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PEDDIE a school that educates the boy on all sides

Fitting Your Boy For The New Civilization

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"It gives me real pleasure," said Woodrow Wilson, when president of Princeton University, "to express my sense of the very high value of Peddie Institute. These quiet schools, into which so much devotion and unheralded work go, certainly sustain the education of the country, and supply the universities with some of the most useful material they get. We hold Peddie in high esteem here at Princeton."

Peddie is endowed. Conducted without thought of profit. Situated 9 miles from Princeton. Modern dormitories—60-acre campus—gymnasium—swimming pool—baseball diamond—football gridiron—cinder track. **Military training.** Music and public speaking. Summer camp. Lower School for boys from 11 to 14 years. Graduates enter all colleges by certificate or examination. 53rd year.

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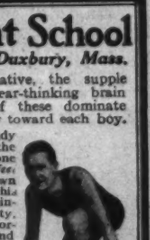
RESPONSIBILITY, initiative, the supple muscle, the steady, clear-thinking brain—the development of these dominate POWDER POINT'S policy toward each boy.

THE elastic curriculum of study and exercise commands the fullest participation of everyone enrolled, and makes the boy *feel* and *know* he will be fit to hold down any hard task that may come his way in future life. Military training maintains boy's individuality. Upper and Lower Schools. Thorough preparation for college and business. Illustrated catalog.



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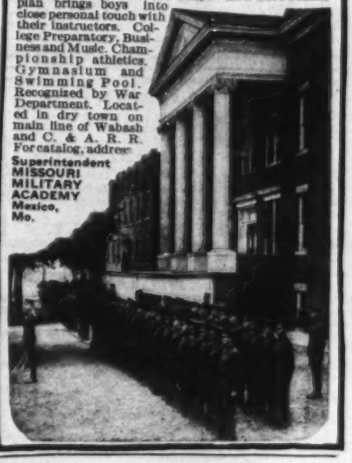
One of the most complete and best equipped military schools in the Middle West through addition of $75,000 fire-proof barracks and complete remodelling of four other buildings. New sunlight mess hall. Capacity taxed last year. Enrollment trebled in three years.

Develops both mind and body. BIG BROTHER plan brings boys into close personal touch with their instructors. College Preparatory, Business and Music. Championship athletics. Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. Recognized by War Department. Located in dry town on main line of Wabash and C. & A. R. R. For catalog, address: **Superintendent MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY Mexico, Mo.**



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Your boy's personality studied and directed by a large corps of able teachers. Wholesome food. Healthy outdoor life. Intelligent guidance in work and play. Scientific and preparatory departments. Each unit of 16 boys under an efficient master. Military training. New $100,000 residence hall, perfect in construction and appointments. Six buildings. Gymnasium. Six-acre athletic field. 78th year opens September, 1918. LOWER SCHOOL FOR BOYS from 10 to 14. Separate building. Distinctive management and housemother. Illustrated booklet. **JOSEPH H. SAWYER, L. H. D., Principal, Easthampton, Mass.**

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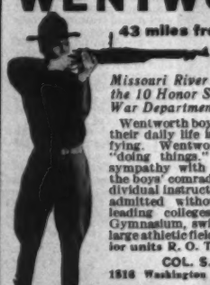
43 miles from Kansas City



The Pioneer Military School in Missouri River Valley and one of the 10 Honor Schools of the U. S. War Department.

Wentworth boys study well because their daily life is interesting—satisfying. Wentworth believes in boys "doing things." Teachers are in sympathy with boy ideals and are the boys' comrades in daily life. Individual instruction. Graduates are admitted without examination to leading colleges and universities. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Two large athletic fields. Junior and Senior units R. O. T. C. Address

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A TWO-YEAR course for the graduates of Dana Hall and other secondary schools. Higher cultural studies, with emphasis on all subjects pertaining to the management of the home. Country life and sports. Fourteen miles from Boston. Catalog on application.

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FOUNDED 1834

EDUCATED leaders of men are in supreme demand. Efficient military and civilian service now require, beyond any previous limit, that able American boys be fitted for college and engineering schools by virile, patriotic men in strong, democratic schools where ethical training is of the truest kind and where physical and military training find their proper places.

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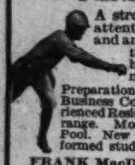

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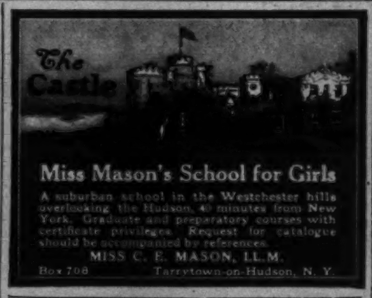

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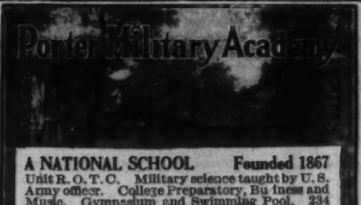

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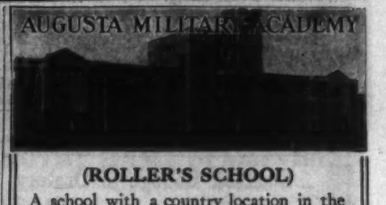

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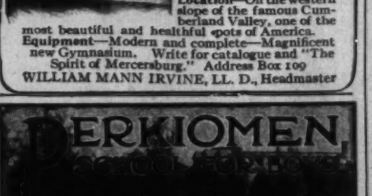

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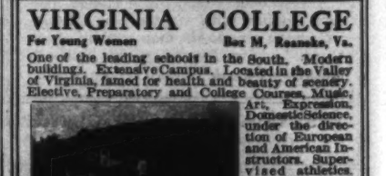

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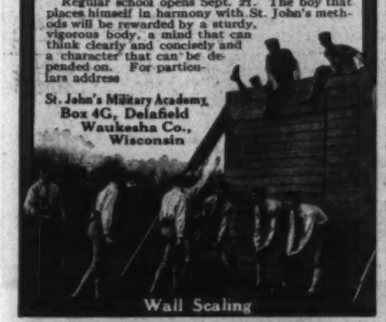

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to devote the pages of
McCLURE'S WIN-THE-WAR MAGAZINE
to the national service by doing everything we can, in every way we can, to help
WIN THE WAR

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Dear Ivory Soap People:

I want to tell you what a fairy godmother Ivory soap has been in helping me to get ready for my vacation.

My rather small salary must meet the needs of Little Mother and myself and the upkeep of our small home, therefore a vacation trip means strict economy in planning clothes. Yet I do love to be fresh and dainty so here is where my fairy godmother waves her wand.

First my soiled crepe de chine waist went into a basin of warm Ivory suds, was rinsed, dried in a bath towel, carefully pressed, and came out as pretty as when it was new.

Then I sponged my last summer's suit with Ivory suds till it looked bright and fresh.

I had a pair of champagne colored pumps which were much soiled. Ivory paste cleaned them and new bows so transformed them that several have remarked, "What pretty slippers." Yet I had thought them quite beyond hope at the end of last season.

White silk gloves next received the magic touch and now came the question of transforming my black hat, which I had never liked, into something I should enjoy wearing. A thoro sponging with warm Ivory suds restored its glossiness and made the straw pliable so it was easily bent into another shape. Then I bought a white satin rose and tacked it on jauntily. When my city cousin saw it she said, "Your new hat is awfully cute."

That my hair might lie softly beneath the hat it received an Ivory shampoo. And when my suitcase was packed on the very top lay a new bar of Ivory, for even a fairy godmother must sometimes repeat her magic.

As I reflected happily on how much I owed to Ivory, the thought came to me that perhaps you might use some part of my experience with Ivory for one of your clever advertisements. If not I shall at least have had the satisfaction of saying a thank you for the happiness Ivory added to my vacation.

Very sincerely yours,
Eva F. W——

Volume 50
Number 9

McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

JULY
1918

"Over Tavish's shoulder I saw it, too. It looked like. . . . I clutched Tavish for support"

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

Behind the Door

by Gouverneur Morris

I COULDN'T sleep for a cent. I was either wide awake and worrying about things that weren't of the slightest importance, or else I was ridden by nightmares. This was natural enough, but mighty unpleasant. Tavish, the mate, was having a bad night, too. Sometimes, when we were both awake at the same time, we talked.

"Damnation," said Tavish once, "you might know that soon or late the German streak would crop out in him; never showed a sign of it before, though."

"Blood's a thick thing," I answered. "Personally, though, I didn't want to see the man drown. And I'd started to turn away when the skipper jumped — how high is the bridge above sea level?"

"A good thirty-five feet."

"In or out of the movies," I said, "I never saw a finer rescue."

"Oh, that part was all right. What gets my goat is the way the skipper coddled the brute when he got him aboard; puts him in his own bed, has blankets and grog heated special. That torpedo didn't *much* more than get by."

Tavish shivered as if he were cold. I could hear him. "I suppose," I said, "that when you've saved a man's life you can't help kind of softening toward that man — but what a peach of a shot Ryan made! First crack right out of the box! I suppose they felt so sure the torpedo would get home that they came up. Idiots!"

"How does Captain Krug know," said Tavish, "that the German commander — what is he, a lieutenant? — hasn't murdered women and children? By Gawd, I think it's sickening, and I'll tell him so."

"I won't go as far as that," I said, "but it sickens me, too."

Tavish got up, stepped into his sea boots, and went

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out. I think I dozed off but I was awake when he came back.

"All serene?" I asked.

"Yep."

He kicked off his boots and lay down.

"I keep dreaming that I hear something groaning," I said.

"Something groaning? That's just what I thought I heard. That's why I went out just now. It's the ship, I guess. All old ships make spooky noises at times. The *Robert E. Prith* seems to be a groaner. Did you hear that? . . . "

"That wasn't the ship, Tavish. . . . I'll go this time."

I had my legs over the bunk and was feeling round for my boots, when the groan was repeated. It was the groan of something in awful pain, but too sick to make much noise. It didn't seem to come from any particular direction.

I listened at Captain Krug's door, and then went on deck. The whole sky was on the move, wet clearing-clouds ripping and tearing across the face of the moon. Rags and shreds of the scudding clouds had been caught on the sharp top of Gibraltar. The little bay held at least a hundred ships of all descriptions. I could make out the camouflaging on the one nearest us. She was painted to look like a Nude falling down a stair.

The wind came in gusts — soft and wet. I prowled about for a while, listening; but the groan wasn't repeated.

"Nothing doing, Tavish. I guess it's our nerves. You don't dodge all the subs in the Mediterranean for nine days and nights, without feeling the strain somewhere. Goo' night, again."

"Good night to you," said Tavish.

It was anything but!

We made a light after a while, and played fan-tan, and nipped into a flask of whiskey that I had bought in Genoa.

We heard a door shut, and then someone knocked on ours. It was the skipper himself.

Captain Krug looked white and drawn.

"I saw your light," he explained, "and knew you must be awake. Come and visit with me. I'm going to boil coffee."

CAPTAIN KRUG had swell quarters. A little sitting-room with a shelf of books and an easy-chair and a sofa; and a thing with lots of drawers for his clothes. Beyond was his bedroom; he had an iron bed instead of the usual bunk; and beyond this, mighty cramped, but a big asset, was a jog like a sentry-box in which he had set up a first-rate shower-bath.

"Smoke up," said the skipper, "and make yourselves at home."

In the middle of the table, very nicely stuffed and mounted, was a fine specimen of black-breasted plover. Captain Krug was very proud of it. And when you were invited to his cabin you always admired it.

"With a little teaching and practise," he said, "I could have made a living mounting birds and beasts. I did a real good bald eagle once, but this fellow is my Cheff Dover. In 1916 I came pretty close to leaving the sea and taking up my old hobby seriously.

He moved his masterpiece to the top of the book-shelf and replaced it by a small boiler and spirit lamp arrangement.

"Your shower's leaking again," said Tavish.

The door into the bedroom was ajar. Captain Krug pulled it to, very gently.

"I don't believe a cannon would wake him," he explained, "but I don't want to take any chances." With the complete closing of the door, the steady dripping sound to which Tavish had called attention was cut off.

"He sleeps like a lamb," said Tavish. "I supposed that all Germans snored."

"Not Lieutenant Brant," said Captain Krug. "He used to, I believe; but he had an operation to fix his breathing."

"Then you knew him before?"

"Yes. And I recognized him. That's why I went overboard after him. I wouldn't have done it for any other Boche — and don't forget it."

"He nearly blew us to Hell and gone."

"I know; but — " Here Captain Krug had to give his attention to the spirit lamp.

"He didn't recognize me at first," said he, when he had checked the incendiary ambition of the pale flame. "I guess it's my beard. I used to shave smooth."

Tavish and I were side by side on the sofa. The skipper's head being turned away for the moment, Tavish nudged me and pointed to the skipper's hands. But I had noticed for myself; they were shaking and jumping the way hands do when their muscles are very tired or after their owner has had a very, very bad night and his liquor, as we Americans say, has died on him.

"Hadn't shaved for some days, though, when I met with Brant, and I haven't shaved since. First trip I made in these waters was in a tanker — the gas caught fire just as we steamed into Genoa harbor — you can see all that's left of the old *Halcyon* on the rocks off Quarto. I started back for New York on an English liner, the *Bristol*, traveling first-class; paid the difference out of my own pocket. There was a mighty sweet little girl on that ship, a mighty sweet little girl. Her folks were New England and she'd been let to study in Milan. She had a beautiful voice — I thought. But it seems it wasn't big enough for grand opera, and never would be. So she was going back home. It was the way she took her disappointment that got me. There wasn't anything in her heart or mind that wasn't sweet and sure. She couldn't be a star? Well and good! She'd be something else; and she'd put her whole soul into it."

"We made a mighty cautious run to Gib. We put into Toulon and stayed all day, and all day in Marseilles, and we had so many boat drills that I got nervous myself. Then you could tell from the fitful way the electric lights burned how busy the wireless was — we'd hear that subs had been sighted here and there; that the So-and-so was being chased; that the Thingumy had got hers and gone to the bottom. She and I were assigned to go away in the same boat — No. 5 on the port side, and it was at the first drill that I made her acquaintance. She had the shoulder-straps of her life belt too long, and I told her, begging her pardon, that if she went overboard that way she was liable to float feet up instead of head up, and I took a hitch in the straps and fixed her right.

"After that we played around together a lot. And I wouldn't wonder if we made the submarines an excuse for sitting up more than half the night. She was the friendliest little girl I ever saw — — "

"Was she pretty, Captain?" I asked.

"Pretty? She was better than pretty. She had character in her face. I think the keynote of her character was faithfulness. I've never seen another human being who had the same look that she had in her eyes — sometimes I've seen it come into a dog's eyes.

"She wasn't one of your delicate doll girls, but a sturdy, smooth moving little thing — in a big white sweater she wore, she had sort of a boy look to her.

"We'd lean against the rail for hours and watch the coast slip by. And we got hold of a book that told about lots of the places. We put in one whole day off Rosas on the Bay of Rosas — Roses on the Bay of Roses — and she got her mind set on coming back some day and taking the white road that led from the little town to the big hills. 'To Roses on the Bay of Roses — and beyond — by the straight road,' that's the way she put it. It was the straightness of that road got her — it hadn't a kink or a turn. 'And beyond,' she'd say, 'by the straight road to the Spanish Castle in the hills.' I'd pretend to look real hard at the hills and study over 'em, and I'd say, 'Are these things *hills* — these blue billowy things?' And then she'd look and pretend she was studying them over again to make sure — and she'd say, 'Why, *no* — they're clouds!' And then: 'By the straight road to the Spanish castle in the clouds!'

"And I'd say: 'What color is the lining?' And she'd say: 'Silver — they're lined with silver.'

"YOU know a day's a long time. We fooled a lot about that straight road; but we always came back to the line of talk I've given you. It got to be a sort of refrain. Sometimes *she* said the things I've said she said, and sometimes *I* said 'em. Even when we pulled out of the Bay of Roses we kept it up. She'd say, 'And beyond?' And I'd answer, 'In the clouds!' Or I'd say, 'How about a Spanish castle in the hills!' and she'd say, 'It would be nicer in the clouds if they had the right kind of lining.' Sometimes I'd pull a silver coin out of my pocket and say, 'What is it?' And she'd say, 'It looks to me like a piece of lining.' "

It was a good tin of ship's coffee the Captain had brewed. Strong stuff; with sugar and condensed milk it went down fine, warmed the lining of your stomach and took the jump out of your nerves. We had two cups apiece with some biscuits. Krug had a queer way of getting his coffee into him. He bent his head close to the cup and used both hands. Possibly he couldn't trust them to carry the cup a longer journey.

"Maybe," said he all of a sudden, "you think me too old to be skylarking with a young girl. Well, I'm short of thirty. It was losing her and the way of it that made me look the way I do.

"No need for me to tell you about the territorial waters of Spain. A ship is just as safe inside the three-mile limit as she is outside of it. We ought to know — we three! One night of a fierce off-shore wind that blew the water flat we got ours; got it just abaft the engine-room and began to sink fast. Nobody saw the sub. All you could see was the looming Spanish mountains, close to starboard, and the lights of a town.

"The English behaved splendidly; the officers cool, insolent and helpful. And it was nobody's fault that when it came to lowering away the Number Five boat, the bow tackle broke, so that she dropped from the horizontal to the perpendicular and spilled her whole contents, sailors, men, women, children, oars, masts into the sea, and then came diving down into the mess nose first. When I came to the surface she was the first thing I made out; and the next was my girl clinging to her and calling me by name — not wild and frightened, but clear and distinct — to show me where she was.

"I was alongside in a few strokes, and once I'd climbed into No. 5 I reached down and got Alice under the arms and pulled her in, too. I could feel her heart beating against my hands, strong and quick, but not frightened. The wind had

[*Continued on page 32*]

Toward dawn she got sleepy like a little child and cuddled against me and hid her eyes from the light

Drawing by F. Graham Coates

Their Last Dance Together, Until——?

Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones

The thrilling yarn of a chap who had been shipped somewhere East of Suez, and a girl who wasted kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot

by **Achmed Abdullah**

Illustration by Hamlin Gardner

THE fellow shouldn't be allowed in the Club. He makes the whole White community lose face," said Sir Silas Holden, that red-necked, purse-mouthed British merchant knight, one evening at the Shanghai Club over his sherry and biscuits.

"Why?"

"Because he's such a preposterous ass. Saw him swing down the Bund this morning, a black cape across his shoulders, thrown so that you could see a bit of the lining — and it was crimson, y'mind! Malacca cane in his left hand. Dragged it rather like a sword. I heard the ferrule click against the pavement. Romantic sound! Steely, sort o' battlin', what? *And* . . . his hat! Broad-brimmed, floppy! I can't imagine why he doesn't stick a purple ostrich-plume in the band to complete the picture."

Laughter rippled round the table, and Sir Silas continued:

"Wait. That isn't all. You've seen him like that yourselves. But passing Endicott's Emporium he bumped against a fat old slit-eyed Whangpoa River dame shuffling along where she had no business to be — blasted Chink! Bumped into her, and swept off his hat with a grandiose gesture as he might to a bloody duchess. Craved her pardon in English and in what he thought was first-chop Mandarin. And every cursed Chinaman in this city of Shanghai looking on and grinning — and some swine of a half-caste Portuguee shroff inquiring what inspiring variety of liquor the chap had been imbibing. Gad!"

"Why," chimed in Addison, local agent of the British-India Navigation Line, "even his name's highly improbable. I ain't kicking about the last part: 'Jones.' Regular name, that. But his Christian names! My dear Lord! 'Calthrope de Winton Lee Blennerhasset' — and then: 'Jones!' C. de W. L. B. Jones! Like a wire-haired fox-terrier wagging a docked tail!"

"PLURRY Yank edition of a blighted Sir Walter Raleigh," hiccoughed Carley, the Australian who was directing the Shanghai fortunes of the great Melbourne export house of Rosenblatt, Macdonald and Co., and who had the face of a cherub that for years has been dieting on underdone chops, Cumberland pie and Scotch whiskey. "Plurry Yank —" he gurgled.

Kent, the American consul, reproved him smilingly.

"Wrong there, old man. Jones isn't a Yankee. He's a Virginian, and that's why he sports the lengthy catalog of front names. They're — well — milestones in his family history, so that the initiated can read and understand."

"Very romantic!" jeered Sir Silas.

"Romantic — hell!" Addison banged the table. "Romance is all right. It means sacrifice. The showy part of it sure enough, but sacrifice just the same. Why, it's we fellows here who are romantic when it comes to that. Look at little Carley over there. Spiffed to the plimsoll mark every night, I grant you, but did his share in the war. Fought the Hun's Turkish side-kick in Mesopotamia — and lost his right arm."

"I can lift the glass with my left just as well."

"And you, Silas," Addison went on unheeding, "you're old and fat . . ."

"Not fat!"

"You are. But that didn't keep you from going into the thick at Kiaouchau. And our American consul — his country hasn't been in the scrap so long, but I have it from his clerk that he has sent in his resignation and is only waiting for a cable to hop across and don khaki. And — well — myself. . ."

"You did yours and got yours at the Marne."

"We all did. But what about Calthrope Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones?"

"Exactly!" Sir Silas's voice rose a hectic octave. "What about our Virginian with his crimson-lined cape and his Elizabethan manners? What's he doing while half the world is clawing at the other half's throat to teach it decency? Is he doing his bit? Not at all! He spends his time drinking ginger-pop at the Club bar and raising his silly hat to slit-eyed Chinkies. No wonder he likes the Chinks — for I tell you he's yellow ——"

"Good evening, gentlemen," came a soft drawl, and Jones entered, arm in arm with another man.

He had left crimson-lined cape and floppy sombrero in the cloak-room, but even so, in simple black-and-white evening dress, he was still a figure of romance. It was not how he walked or bowed, nor the way he waved his companion into a seat at a corner table not far from the other four. It was in his face: in the thick black hair curling over an ivory-white forehead, the curiously innocent brown eyes, the curve of his short nose with the wide, nervous nostrils, the intensely red mouth that seemed made more for kisses than prayers. The whole man was like the subtle vagary of a forgotten century when men walked about with rapiers at their sides and embroidered waistcoats reaching to their knees.

He had come to Shanghai half a year earlier bringing vague letters of introduction to the American consul from very nice and very official people in Washington. Promptly they had made him a member of the Club, proffering the hospitality — mostly liquid, and entirely hearty — of the small band of White exiles; and just as promptly he had forfeited their good opinion.

"Romantic, affected jackanapes!" was the dictum. "Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones!"

And, after a while, the savage, grumbling query: "Why isn't he doing his bit?"

They had never said so to his face. But, entering the room at the tail end of Sir Silas's peroration, he must have overheard, and the American consul put it in an embarrassed whisper:

"I wonder if he. . . ."

"What of it?" demanded Sir Silas belligerently. "I spoke the truth." And, suddenly, glancing at the corner table: "Isn't that von Pappenheim with him?"

The others turned and looked.

The man with Jones was tall, thin and angular. His narrow face ended in a predatory chin and was furrowed by the dark abyss of deep-set, cynical eyes. The nose beaked away audaciously. There was about him an air of steely assurance, superb self-satisfaction hooded under his sharply curved eyelids.

"Yes. It's von Pappenheim!" Addison rose, rage distorting his features. "I'm going over there and I'll. . . ."

Kent laid a hand on his arm.

"You'll do no such thing. We want no scandal in this Club — no fight."

Addison had turned deathly pale.

"You're right, Kent," he said in a headlong and vehement whisper that carried the length of the room. "But I still have the right to pick my company." He swept a long arm round the table. "Come along, you chaps. This room is tainted — with that!" — he pointed openly at Jones — "and that!" pointing at von Pappenheim.

He stalked out of the room, and the others followed. Jones smiled at his companion.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The gentlemen were exceedingly rude. Victims of old-fashioned patriotism, I reckon. Think every German has a cloven hoof. I'm very sorry indeed. What'll you have?"

II

CAME excitement and gossip whirling up and down Shanghai like a leaf in the meeting of winds, from the gaudy opium-houses in the Chankieng Road to the last homesick violet in the gardens of the Foreign Concessions and the palatial Neo-Renaissance trade palaces on the Bund, from the Bubbling Well to that famed mandarin's tea-garden which is said to be the original for the willow-tree pattern, from the yellow, stinking shallows of the Whangpoa River to the *O-me-tu* — the "Praise to Buddha" — carved on the struts of the Fo K'ieng temple. French, British, American, Portuguese, and half-castes, all had their say, with the eternal refrain:

"Did you hear about Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones? He's pal-ing up with von Pappenheim — the damned ——"

The meanest shroff-badgering clerks for half-rupee instalment payments on debts three years outlawed, the yellowest half-breed comprador talking of chandoo and silk with furtive-eyed lascar sailors, the veriest "pidgin" Christians of the Old Town, trundling along their putty-faced womenfolk on creaking, rickety wheelbarrows, added their bit to the flood of slimy abuse.

Rightly so.

For von Pappenheim — "*Reichsgraf Egon Horst Marie von und zu Pappenheim, Major à la suite des Ersten Garde Dragoner Regimentes*," to give him full rank and title — was a German, an enemy. Not only that. They might have forgiven him his nationality with the ready sporting instinct of Whites caught in the eddy of a foreign, Yellow world; but he represented to them everything which they hated in the very sound of the word "German"; everything which their countries were trying to crush with blood and iron and treasure and the tears of women — unscrupulous, algebraic cunning, serenely calculated brutality.

For, captured at the taking of Kiaouchau and paroled, the man had broken his pledge, had got away from Japan to Russian Manchuria. There, somehow, mysteriously, gold had come to him — also rifles, munitions, and dynamite — and, efficient, coldly courageous, he had spent the gold, distributed the rifles and, backed by thousands of rebelling natives, had waged private war on the Russian Bear and destroyed the

ARE you that lonely fellow who envies his neighbor's service flag? Even if you have neither kith nor kin in the war, Dana Gatlin's story "A Star in the Window," coming in the August McClure's, will point a way to service and to honor

She saw the German come on, fists raised high, features distorted, rage burning in his deep-set eyes. "You — you yellow swine!"

metal of the Trans-Siberian Railway for miles. Again he had been caught and paroled, again broken his word of honor. He had escaped into Chinese territory and shown his fine hand in various unsavory intrigues in the hidden interior provinces, in Shensi and Kansuh, until on the complaints of France and England the Pekin authorities had had him removed to Shanghai.

Here the Allied consuls had clamored — were still clamoring — for his internment. But the Chinese Governor shook his head. He was very, very sorry, he said, but China was not at war with Germany.

"Not yet!" he added with a slow wink in the general direction of Japan. "Of course any time the Allies would speak words of harmonious wisdom to. . . ." again a wink towards Japan. . . . "China might declare war. In the meantime China and Germany are at peace. Von Pappenheim is the guest of China, and hospitality is a sacred duty according to certain wise words in the Kin-Kong-King."

But — argued the consuls — von Pappenheim had done this and that, was doing this and that.

"Have you proof?" smiled the Governor.

"No!" It was Sir Silas speaking. "But the German is very intimate with Duke Kung Yi-Hsin, the Manchu. And the Duke is an imperialist, an enemy of the Chinese Republic."

"Have you proof — of that — whatever you imply?"

"No!"

"Ah!" the Governor would breathe, and give a final wink and an apologetic cough.

He had touched the sore spot. They knew that the German was continuing his intrigues in Shanghai, presumably with the Manchu's assistance.

But what was he doing? And how?

They would meet him on the Bund in the morning, and in the afternoon in the Foochow gardens. He laughed when in his hearing they made pointed remarks about the Fatherland. Not an angry nor even an indignant laugh; just an amused, a strangely vain, a strangely hard laugh. And one day when Sir Silas, who was in momentary danger of an apoplectic stroke, relieved his blood pressure by stopping him and telling him in the rough diction of Lancashire what he thought of the man himself, his country, his Emperor, and his flag, von Pappenheim laughed more than ever.

"You — you're a damned Hun!" stammered Sir Silas. "You are. . . ."

"Yes," von Pappenheim interrupted in his precise English, "I'm all that."

He owned up to it freely, arrogantly. Yes — his sole creed was the worship of Germany. Brutal selfishness? To be sure. Sir Silas was quite right. He believed in selfishness sprawling unashamed, sublimely unselfconscious, efficiently frightful. He acknowledged neither codified laws nor principles. Germany — he repeated — was his credo and his amen.

"But I do not shrink from my own selfishness, my own brutality. I like it. I glory in it. You people talk — while I am doing things. I am doing them right under your so red and swollen nose, Sir Silas."

"You are. . . ."

"Never mind what I am. Mind what I am going to be, what all Germany is going to be — what I am going to do, what all Germany is going to do."

"You're an infernal, impudent rascal, sir! You — you are ostracized — here — in Shanghai. Nobody'll speak to you. . . ."

"Sort of pariah, aren't I?"

"Exactly!"

And now Jones had brought him to the Club, was buying him drinks, was making a pal of him.

Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones! The cad! The damned traitor!

III

EVIDENTLY unmindful of the scandal he was causing, Jones continued to be seen in the German's company. They went for long walks, played billiards and double-dummy bridge, laughed and chatted and joked together.

One afternoon Kent called on Jones and put it up to him with sudden American directness.

"You can't do it," he said.

"What?"

"Go round with von Pappenheim."

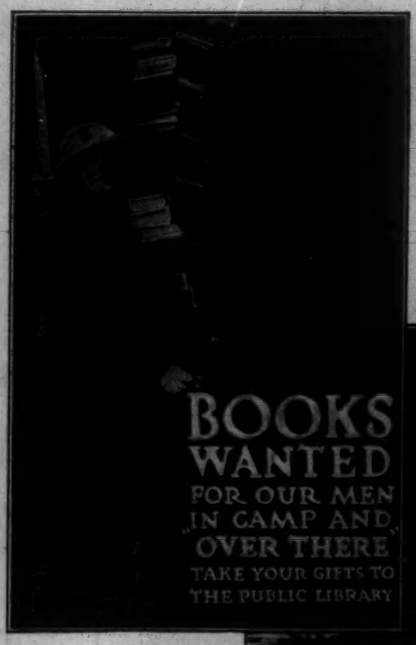
Jones raised his eyebrows.

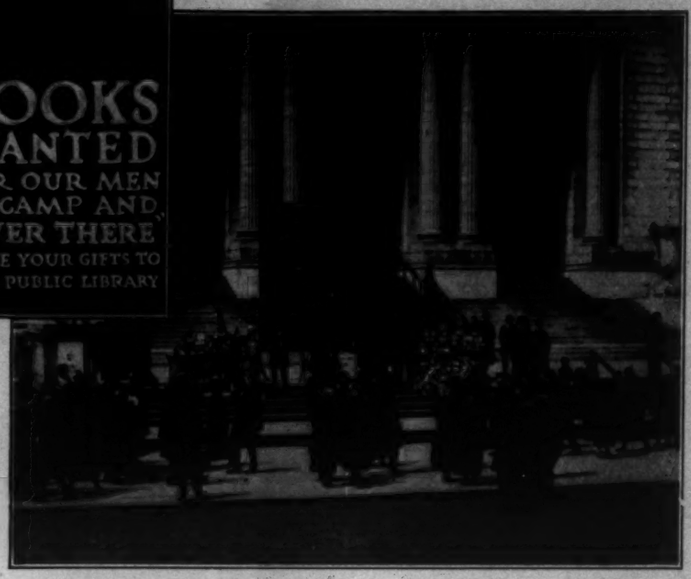
"Mr. Kent," he said, "we are [*Continued on page 36*]

Our Fighting Posters

Some That Have Gone Over the Top

by Julian Street





"A poster," says C. B. Falls, who painted this one, "should be to the eye what a shouted command is to the ear." See how the people have responded to Mr. Falls's order

OF all the men and women, representing innumerable occupations, whose services have been drawn upon by the emergency of war, no group has responded more swiftly, more unanimously, more brilliantly, than the group representing pictorial art in the United States.

From men accustomed to handling large affairs, whether in finance, industry or commerce, most of us felt we had a right to expect a prompt and able answer to the war call. And so it has turned out — demagogues, I. W. W.'s, and the Bolsheviki to the contrary notwithstanding.

From labor, also, we felt we had a right to expect a whole-hearted response, not only because labor has profited so enormously through the war, but because of the simple and ghastly lesson of Belgium, coupled with the German promise that it will be our turn next. Labor knows the story of Belgium. It knows that the German conqueror starved men, women and children, that he deported and enslaved 120,000 workmen, forcing them at the point of the bayonet to leave their wives, children and sweethearts without male protection among the bloody-jowled spiked-helmeted wolves.

But what of the artist?

Most of us, I fancy, have not thought very much about the artist in relation to war. In earlier wars he figured very little. His tradition is not military. France is full of paintings of battles, but an authoritative list of the world's greatest canvasses would include very few having war as their inspiration. At the moment I am able to think of but one—Velasquez' "Surrender of Breda."

NOW, one of the things which helps us to achieve the wonderful and pitiful misunderstandings we do achieve of men and groups of men, is our tendency to try to typify them in the form of cartoons, either in our minds or on paper A case in point is that of Roosevelt. Thanks to cartoonists, thousands of persons picture him as all glasses, gnashing teeth and fury, and will tell you that though they admire what he did about this or that, he is prone to hasty and ill-advised action—this although his long and multifarious record of achievements reveals him as one of the clearest-thinking and most far-sighted patriots America has in her whole history produced, and one who — especially when the variety of his acts is considered — has made notably few mistakes.

So with groups of men, even up to nations. Before the war we had a rubber-stamp picture of a silly individual in a flat-brimmed silk hat, frock-coat and goatee, who represented what we considered "a Frenchman." The conduct of France in the last four years has shown us whether or not such a comic figure indeed represents the manhood of our heroic sister-Republic! Similarly, our rubber-stamp for Britain was a fat-headed lummox, with mutton-chop side-whiskers, whose principal trait was lack of comprehension of a joke. Is that our picture of Britain to-day? Hardly! A lean, determined fighting man, a lover of fair play, is the Briton we now recognize as typical; while as for British humor, have we not long adored such playboys as Stephen Leacock and W. W. Jacobs; has not the war introduced us to the gallant geniality of Captain Ian Hay Beith, as exampled in his "The First Hundred Thousand," and other books, and has there ever in the world been keener, more high-hearted jesting than in "Punch" during the past four years?

It is a good thing for us to discard the old rubber-stamps now and then. And it pretty nearly takes a war to make us do it.

Consider, for example, the time-worn figure labeled "Artist" — a dissolute individual with a pointed beard, Windsor tie and velvet coat, snapping his fingers at conventions, rent collectors and responsibility. That is one of the rubber-stamp pictures which should have gone to the scrap-heap long ago.

Do you know what sort of man the successful artist really is? In the first place, he dresses and behaves like a keen business man. There are no "artistic" tags on him: that sort of nonsense went out of fashion years since. He is neither eccentric in costume nor — what is more important — in thought. He has vision but is not a visionary. His eye is trained to try to see things as they are, and his mind is trained to try to understand things as they are. For this reason you find very few artists of ability lined up on the side of the ultra-radicals who were opposed to the draft and who love the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki.

The proof of this lies in what American artists have accomplished since this country entered the war, for they could not have done the big things they have done were not their hearts, brains and loyalty in exactly the right place.

When the war came to us there had existed in New York for a good many years an organization called the Society of Illustrators, among the two hundred or more members of which were numbered most of the men and women who design the covers and make the illustrations for the magazines you read, and who make the pictures which accompany the best advertisements.

Gari Melchers, the famous painter, thinks this Sarka poster one of the best that any American has yet done

THIS society started, some fifteen years or so ago, as a semi-protective association. One of its earliest achievements was the settling, once for all, of the question whether or not the illustrator sells to the magazine his original drawing including the right of reproduction, or whether the original becomes his property after it has been reproduced. The case was decided in favor of the artist, and it has since come to be generally recognized that where there is no specific agreement to the contrary, the illustrator owns his drawing.

Aside from this, the Society of Illustrators has, for some years, held an annual exhibition of the work of its members, first in New York, then in other cities.

Of late years, however, the trend of affairs in the organization has been toward festivity. Two events — one a costume ball, the other a theatrical performance devised and acted by members — are held annually, and are the choicest occasions of their kind in the New York season. Such was the status of the Society of Illustrators when the United States reverted from pacifism in April, 1917.

A day or two after war was declared seven or eight of the leading illustrators met at the studio of Charles Dana Gibson, president of the society, to discuss what art could do for the war. A committee representing not only the illustrators but the allied arts — painting, architecture and sculpture — was soon organized, and a group of men from this committee betook themselves to Washington for the purpose of offering the best of American art, gratis, to the American Government.

These men represented the ablest artists in the United States; the artists desired no money but wished to give their services; yet what between

the lack of any central bureau to deal with, the general confusion and absence of co-ordination between departments, and utter want of artistic appreciation in some quarters, the representatives of art found themselves for a time in an exceedingly curious situation.

One often hears of the human tendency to regard with suspicion that which is offered free. Whether that trait had anything to do with their early difficulties I cannot say. Suffice it that in many instances the drawings they submitted were mislaid, lost, or put aside in favor of inferior designs submitted by commercial lithographers who were in Washington looking for big government orders.

NO business man, seeing government business mishandled in this crisis, could be more sickened by the spectacle than a capable artist would naturally be at seeing government art mishandled. The artists were, then, in precisely the position in which many experts in various other branches of war work found themselves. They saw things going wrong, they offered to set them right without expense to the government, and their offers were held in abeyance, or refused.

We expect the artist to be more high-strung than the business man, and it would not, therefore, have been surprising had the committee of artists become discouraged with Washington conditions (as so many men in other walks of life frankly were), ceased to try to give their work to their country, condemned the authorities as ignorant ingrates, washed their hands of the whole matter and gone home in a rage.

But that is just what the artists didn't do.

They stuck. They went from department to department, from committee to committee, from Alpha to Omega, from pillar to post, and then back again and around Robin Hood's barn. By degrees they succeeded in interesting some of the powers-that-be. Here and there they got work to do — for nothing. And, at last, to make a long story short, they managed to present their gift-horse to George Creel, of the Committee on Public Information, who quickly recognized the admirable animal for what it was, and without looking it in the mouth, promptly placed it in a box stall in his publicity racing-stable. That is to say, he constituted the artists' organization a branch of his own committee, under the title, Division of Pictorial Publicity.

Charles Dana Gibson is chairman of the artists' war organization, with Herbert Adams, E. H. Blashfield, Cass Gilbert and Joseph Pennell as associate chairmen. F. D. Casey, art editor of *Collier's Weekly*, is secretary, and H. Devitt Welch, assistant secretary. Mr. Welch, who is the active office man at the headquarters of the Division of Pictorial Publicity, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, is the only paid worker. The members of the executive committee are: William J. Beauley, F. G. Cooper, C. B. Falls, Louis Fancher, Malvina Hoffman, Wallace Morgan, Herbert Paus, Henry Reuterdahl, W. A. Rogers, John K. Sheridan, Harry Townsend, Adolph Treidler, C. D. Williams, Frank J. Sheridan, Jr., Walter Whitehead, Henry Guy Fangel, Ray Greenleaf, and George Illion.

These men meet at dinner once a week, when anyone, artist or otherwise, having requests or suggestions to make regarding pictorial work in connection with the war, may appear and be heard.

When a call comes for new war posters of one kind or another the requirements of the case are discussed by the committee and the work is assigned to those artists who are considered best fitted to make the designs. One of the committee members is then appointed a "captain" to take charge of that especial job. The "captain" does not necessarily make a design himself, but is an executive whose duty it is to see that the work is assigned, that the specifications are understood by the artist, and that the drawings are ready on time.

Where an artist chances to have some special association with one branch or another of the government, he naturally becomes "captain" for the art work of that branch. Henry Reuterdahl, for example, has long been regarded as the navy's "pet artist" — as Zogbaum was before him. Marine paintings by Reuterdahl adorn the steel plates of the ward-room bulkhead of more than one American war craft. Naturally, then, when war came, Reuterdahl almost automatically took charge of art work for the navy, doing some of it himself, and ordering the rest from his fellow artists. Incidentally, he now wears the uniform of a naval lieutenant.

In a like manner, C. B. Falls, one of the ablest poster men in this country, has adopted, or been adopted by, the Marine Corps. One of the most spirited posters the war has given us is Mr. Falls' flat-tone drawing of a United States marine uttering the Marine Corps yell.

The posters for the Food Commission, which have been numerous and excellent, are handled by "Captain" Illion; those of the War Savings campaign by "Captain" Greenleaf; those made for the ordnance department, with a view to instructing workmen upon certain phases of the war, by "Captain" Whitehead, and so on.

Several large paintings have been done out of doors by members of the Pictorial Publicity Division. Mr. Reuterdahl, for instance, painted a naval battle, far up upon the wall of a Broadway skyscraper, and Mr. Falls did a large version of his poster appeal for books for soldiers and sailors, in front of the New York Public Library.

Adolph Treidler captured a $1,000 prize with this War Savings Stamp poster. He deserved it, didn't he?

EIGHT artists of the organization were recently commissioned captains in the Engineers Reserve Corps and sent to France, where they will make pictures for the government for purposes of illustration and for historical record. There was a great demand among the artists for these commissions, and some wire-pulling occurred, but the executive committee of the Pictorial Division stood firm for the selection of the men best fitted for the work, and with one or two possible exceptions the best men were sent. Every one of these men made a great financial sacrifice in order to go, for the least of them can earn, as an artist, two or three times an army captain's pay, and there is no chance for them to add to the pay of their rank by doing outside work. For $2,400 per annum the government has purchased the right to send them anywhere to make drawings which shall become government property. From which it may be seen that the government deals less liberally with Art than with Labor. Nor does Art ask it to do otherwise. Art is not built that way.

The eight artists who have taken this assignment are, Captains Wallace Morgan, Walter Enright, Harvey Dunn, Walter Jack Duncan, Harry Townsend, W. J. Aylward, Andre Smith and Ernest Peixotto. Perhaps by the time this article appears some of their drawings will have been issued by the government for publication.

But it is with posters that we are particularly concerned.

What is a poster?

At its best it is a predigested idea in simple, striking pictorial form.

When you are walking along the street or riding in a car, and in passing catch sight of a poster, you should have to think hardly at all. The thinking has already been done by the artist. It is your part merely to react to his appeal — to feel impelled to do the thing the poster urges.

Mr. Falls has succinctly described the theory of the poster.

"A poster," he said, "should be to the eye what a shouted command is to the ear."

An excellent definition. Yet, necessarily, some themes lend themselves more readily than others to this form of expression. Also, sometimes the artist works under limitations resulting from [*Continued on page 34*]

Three artists who have done wonders for recruiting are Howard Chandler Christy, whose famous poster is at the left; Henry Reuterdahl, centre; and Charles Dana Gibson, right. Their work leaps at you from every fence in the country

Lieutenant Roberts *Captain Grow* *Corporal Holmes*

Daredevils!

These men have had tremendous experiences in the Great War. There have been many great moments in their lives. Here each tells what he considers his most thrilling instant of danger. It's hair-raising reading

Up in the Air

By Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C.
Author of "A Flying Fighter"

ONE trip which I made in the air was so filled with thrills that I find it difficult to decide which moment of the journey was the most thrilling. It was on the night of July 2, 1916, and several hundreds of our Tommies had been cut off by the Germans. Their trench was under constant fire and they had no means of escape. Our commander knew they were somewhere behind the Hun lines and called for a volunteer to find them. I undertook the job, and with the squadron commander for a pilot, sailed over the lines about dusk. As we were flying low over No Man's Land I received two sledge-hammer blows in the head, from machine-gun bullets, and became unconscious. In a few minutes, however, I regained consciousness and saw that we were miles behind the German lines and only a few feet above the ground. A few moments and the machine would have landed. I could see the Huns running up to catch hold of the machine. The pilot's face was covered with blood, and I thought he had been hit, too, but I afterwards learned that the blood had streamed into his face from the wounds in my head. Ours was a dual-control plane, and I had just enough sense and strength to pull open the throttle and "joy-stick" at the same time. We began to mount higher but I was getting weaker. The blood had saturated my hair and now it was running into my eyes. I tried to keep my senses but could not, and lapsed into unconsciousness.

When I again awoke, we were well up in the air and the pilot had control of the machine and was headed home. At my request he turned back for one more effort, and this time I was delighted to see below us, frantically waving their helmets, the very troops we were searching for. They signaled us to send every kind of assistance, as they were out of food, ammunition, and water, and in imminent danger of being captured or shot to pieces, and it afforded me great satisfaction to send a hurry-up wireless message back to headquarters giving the exact location of the lost battalion.

My Most Gruesome Moment

By Capt. Malcolm C. Grow, U. S. Medical Reserves
(Formerly Lieutenant-Colonel, Russian Army)
Author of "Surgeon Grow"

I HAVE had a number of exciting experiences during my eighteen months with the Russian armies. But the most exciting time to my mind was not the occasion when I went "over the top" with the Russian troops in the face of a murderous machine-gun and shell fire, nor the time when I walked into a German dug-out and stumbled into pistol fire at close range. It happened one evening after several German attacks on our forces, when I dropped down to get a few winks of sleep in an old barn near the firing line.

Thoroughly exhausted by days of constant work with the wounded Russians, I did not give a second thought to eight or ten Russian soldiers lying on the barn floor who were also evidently trying to snatch a little sleep. Later I was awakened by a terrific crash as a shell burst close to the barn. Then another came screeching over, and I wondered what would happen if a shell should drop right on the barn. Then a third exploded nearby, covering us with a shower of dirt and straw. I began to think it strange that the other men did not waken during this bombardment, and I decided that we had all better clear out. So I yelled in Russian, "We had better get out of here!" The soldiers did not budge. "Come on, now!" I repeated. "Wake up! We have got to get out of here!" And I reached out and clutched the one nearest me and shook him and shouted in his ear. Still he gave no signs of waking up, and the truth dawned on my drowsy brain. Feeling in my pocket for my electric torch I flashed it on him. His face was the color of ashes. His eyes stared at me with a fishy stare. His lips were drawn in an awful grin. He was dead! Every one of them was stark dead! My companions were corpses! I was sleeping in a mortuary!

Buried Alive

By Corporal R. Derby Holmes
Author of "A Yankee in the Trenches"

WHEN a man has been sixteen months in the trenches there are sure to be some days well filled with excitement, and when asked what was the most exciting time of all, my mind goes back to a night and a day spent in an improvised shelter on the side of a little sap adjoining the German trenches. We had wrested this sap from the Huns one night in September, 1916, on the Somme, at one of the points where the British and Germans are now fighting again. There were three of us lying there, without food and with no immediate prospect of getting any.

The Germans were only twenty yards distant from our position, which made conversation almost impossible. We lay there the rest of the night and well into the following day, when shells of considerable caliber, possibly 5.9's, began dropping around us. The worst of this was, they were from our own side. It was the beginning of an hour's barrage fire, preliminary to a noonday attack, and we could do nothing except wish each other luck on the "journey West" which apparently awaited us all.

Then there was a sudden whirr and smash, and the lights went out. When I came to hours later, it was dusk, and opening my eyes was about all I could accomplish, for I had been buried alive. Only my face was exposed. My sensations as I lay there are hard to describe. I suffered from hunger and thirst, my joints and limbs tortured me from the weight of earth resting on them. I had no idea what had become of my companions, and it was only reasonable to expect death from shell fire, or perhaps capture by the Huns.

Fortunately I lapsed again into unconsciousness and at midnight awoke to find myself lying on a stretcher and safe with my own battalion. I asked a stretcher-bearer, "Where are the others?" and he replied, "There aren't no others; they're all blinkin' well gone West!"

A Hole in His Wings

By Lieut. Bert Hall, of the Lafayette Escadrille
Author of "En l'Air"

IT was in the early morning of June 22, 1916, above the lines at Verdun that I had the greatest and the most exciting of all my engagements in the air. And in all I have had over a hundred combats. On this occasion three German two-seated machines attacked me while I was flying a single-seated, 110-horse-power Nieuport biplane. One of the German planes was in the lead and I kept above him. Looping the loop as the machine passed under me I fired a few shots at it for luck. I must have hit the observer, as shortly afterwards I noticed red blotches of blood on the wings of my plane, spattered there by my opponent's propeller, as we shot past each other a few feet apart. The pilot had evidently had enough, as he withdrew and descended.

Two Boche machines remained and already they were peppering mine. Although my ammunition was running low I decided to see the thing through. One of them was manoeuvering above me and I made for him, letting loose with my Vickers gun at a distance of about sixty feet. It was sure death—for one of us. Luckily the bullets went true, as flames burst forth from the machine and in a twinkling it was hurtling to the ground, leaving a trail of black smoke.

I had a few cartridges left and looked around for the third Boche. He was above me, preparing to dive on me from above and behind. I did the only thing left for me to do, in the circumstances. I performed a *reversement*, [*Continued on page 33*]

Lieut. Hall *Lieut. Collier* *Lieut. O'Brien*

The Perfect End of a Day

Anderson Crow Gets One on the Kaiser

by George Barr McCutcheon

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

"You are the Marshal of Tinkletown, I believe?" said the florid stranger

ALONG, low-lying bank of almost inky-black clouds hung over a blood-red horizon. The sun of a warm, drowsy September day was going to bed beyond the scallop of hills.

Suddenly the red in the sky, as if fanned by an angry wind, blazed into a rigid flame; catching the base of the coal-black cloud it turned its edges into fire; and as the flame burnt itself out, the rich yellow of gold came to glorify the triumphant cloud. The nether edge seemed to dip into a lake, the shores of which were molten gold and upon whose surface craft of ever-changing colors lay moored for the coming night.

Anderson Crow, Marshal of Tinkletown, leaned upon his front-yard fence and listened to the rhapsodic comments of Miss Sue Becker on the passing panorama. Miss Becker, who had contributed several poems to the columns of the Tinkletown *Banner*, and more than once had exhibited encouraging letters from the editors of *McClure's*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, and other magazines, was always worth listening to, for, as everyone knows, she was the first, and, so far as revealed, the only literary genius ever created within the precincts of Tinkletown.

"You'll have to write a piece about it, Sue," said Anderson, shifting his spare frame slightly.

"No mortal pen, Mr. Crow, could do justice to the grandeur, the overpowering splendor of that vista," said she.

Anderson took another look at the sunset,—a more or less stealthy one, it must be confessed, out of the corner of his eye. Sunsets were not much in his line.

"It's a great vister," he acknowledged. "I don't know as I can think of a word that will rhyme with it, though."

"There is such a thing as blank verse, Mr. Crow," said Miss Becker, smiling in a most superior way.

Mr. Crow was thinking. "Blister wouldn't be bad," he announced. "Something about the vister causin' a blister. I don't know as you are aware of the fact, Sue, but I wrote consider'ble poetry when I was a young feller. Mrs. Crow's got 'em all tied up in a pink ribbon. It's a mighty funny thing that she won't even show 'em to anybody."

"Oh, but they are sacred," said Miss Becker feelingly, as she looked over the rims of her spectacles at a spot in the sky some forty-five degrees above the steeple of the Congregational Church down the street.

"I don't know as I meant 'em to be sacred at the time," said he; "but there wasn't anything in 'em that was unfittin' for a young lady to read."

"You don't understand. What could be more sacred than the outpourings of love? What more——"

"'Course it was a good many years ago," Mr. Crow was quick to explain.

"Love's young dream," chided Miss Becker coyly.

Mr. Crow twisted his sparse gray beard with unusual tenderness. "Beats all, don't it, Sue, what a poet'll do when he's tryin' to raise a mustache?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Becker stiffly.

"Speakin' about sunsets," said he hastily, after a quick glance at her shaded upper lip, "how's your pa? I heard he had a sinkin' spell yestiday."

"He's better." A moment later, with fine scorn: "His sun hasn't set yet, Mr Crow."

"Beats all how he hangs on, don't it? Eighty-seven last birthday, an' spry as a man o' fifty up to—" He broke off to devote his attention to a couple of strangers farther down the tree-lined street; two men who approached slowly on the plank sidewalk, pausing every now and then to peer inquiringly at the front doors of houses along the way.

Miss Sue Becker, whose back was toward the strangers, allowed her poetic mind to resume its interest in the sunset.

"Golden cloudlets float upon a coral — What did you say, Mr. Crow?"

"Ever see 'em before, Sue?"

"Hundreds of times. They remind me of the daintiest, fleeciest puffs of ——"

"I'm talkin' about those men comin' up the street," said the old town marshal sharply.

Miss Becker abandoned the transient sunset for something more durable. Forty-odd summers had passed over her head.

For one professedly indifferent to the opposite sex, Miss Becker went far toward dislocating her neck when Anderson Crow mentioned the approach of a couple of strange men.

"I've never seen either of them before, Mr. Crow," she said, a little jump in her voice.

"That settles it," said Anderson, putting on his spectacles.

"Settles what?"

"Proves they ain't been in Tinkletown more'n twenty minutes," he replied, much too promptly to suit Miss Becker, who favored him with a look he wouldn't have forgotten in a long time if he had had eyes in the back of his head. "They must be lookin' for someone," he went on, squinting narrowly. "Good-by, Sue. See you to-morrer, I suppose."

"I'm not going yet, Mr. Crow," she said, moving a little closer to the fence. "You don't suppose I'm going to let those men pursue me all the way home, do you?"

"They don't look like kidnappers," he said. "Besides, it ain't dark enough yet."

"Just what do you mean by that, Anderson Crow?" she snapped.

"What do I mean by what?" he inquired in some surprise.

"By what you just said."

"I mean you're perfectly safe as long as it's daylight," he retorted. "What else could I mean?"

The two strangers were quite near by this time — near enough, in fact, to cause Miss Becker to lower her voice as she said:

"They're awfully nice looking gentlemen, ain't they?"

Evidently Mr. Crow's explanation had satisfied her, for she was smiling with considerable vivacity as she made the remark. Up to that instant she had neglected her back hair. Now she gracefully, lingeringly fingered it to see if it was properly in place. In doing so, she managed to drop her parasol.

TO her chagrin, Marshal Crow took that occasion to behave in a most incredible manner. It is quite probable that he forgot himself. In any case, he picked up the parasol and returned it to her, snatching it, in fact, almost from beneath the foot of the nearest stranger.

"Oh, thank you — thank you kindly, Mr. Crow," she giggled, and proceeded to let it slip out of her fingers again. "Oh, how stupid! How perfectly clumsy ——"

"Did I hear you addressed as Mr. Crow?" inquired the foremost of the two strangers, halting abruptly. He was a tall, florid man of forty or thereabouts, with a deep and not unpleasant voice. His companion was also tall but very gaunt and sallow. He wore huge round spectacles, hooked over his ears. Both were well dressed, one in gray flannel, the other in blue serge.

"You did," said the town marshal, straightening up. "You dropped your umbrell' ag'in, Sue," he added. "Yes, sir, my name's Crow."

Miss Becker waited a few seconds and then picked up the parasol.

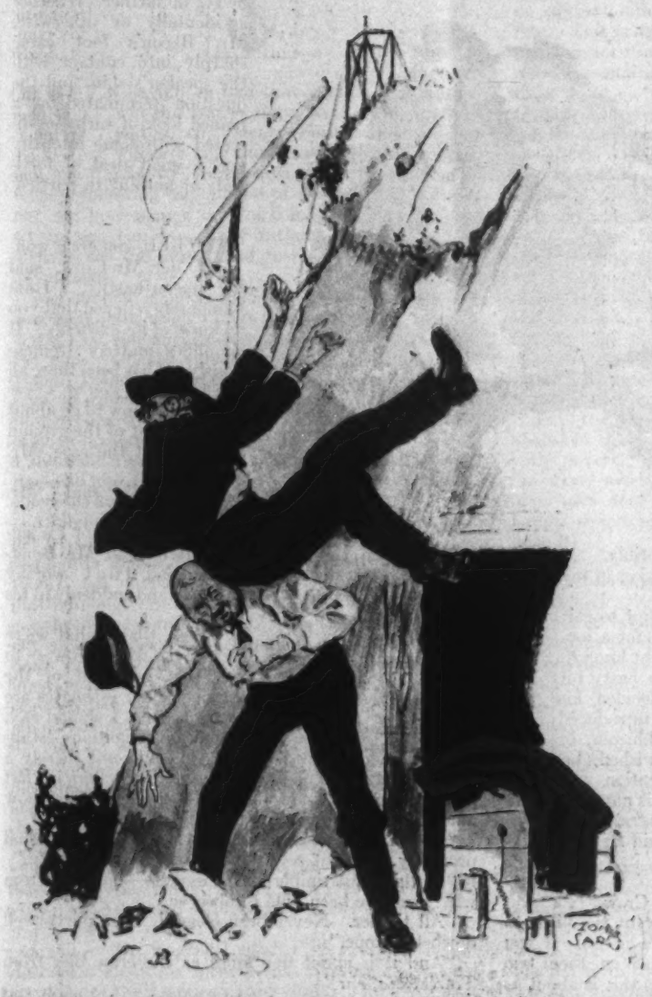
"The celebrated Anderson Crow?" asked the man with the glasses, opening his eyes a little wider.

Mr. Crow suddenly remembered that he was in his shirt-sleeves. His faded blue sack-coat — "undress," he called it — hung limp and neglected on the gate-post.

"More or less," he admitted, wishing to goodness he had on his best pair of "galluses" instead of the ones he was wearing.

"Marshal of Tinkletown, I believe?" said the florid stranger, raising his eyebrows slightly.

"Excuse me," said Anderson, conscious of a certain disparaging note in the speaker's voice, which he quite naturally laid to the "galluses." Without turning his back toward them he retrieved his coat from the gate-post, remembering in time that those "plaguey" suspenders had played him false that day and Alf Reesling had volunteered to "tie a knot in 'em," somewhere in the back. "I could fine myself five dollars fer goin' without my uniform," said he, as he slipped an arm into one sleeve. "It's one of my hide-boundest rules," and his other arm went in — not without a slight twinge, for he had been experiencing a touch of rheumatism in that shoulder. "Yes, sir, I'm the Marshal o' Tinkletown," he added, indicating the bright nickel star that gleamed resplendent among an assortment of glittering and impressive dangling emblems.



Mr. Bacon emitted a startling sound that began as a yell

The man with the spectacles peered intently at the collection on Mr. Crow's breast.

"You appear to be almost everything else as well, Mr. Crow," said he, respectfully.

"Well, I guess I'll have to be going," put in Miss Becker at this juncture. "Give my love to the girls, Mr. Crow."

She moved off up the board-walk, her back as stiff as a ramrod. Anyone with half an eye could see that she was resolved not to drop the parasol again. No savage warrior on battle bent ever gripped his club with greater determination.

"So long," was all that Marshal Crow could spare the time to say. "Yes, sir," he went on, making a fine show of stifling a yawn, "yes, sir, I've had a few triflin' honors in my day. You gentlemen lookin' fer anyone in partic'lar?"

"Not now," said the florid one. "We've found him."

The spectacled man had his nose quite close to Mr. Crow's badges. He read them off, in the voice and manner of one tremendously impressed. "Grand Army of the Republic. Sons of the American Revolution. Sons of Veterans. Tinkletown Battle-field Association. New York Imperial Detective Association. Bramble County Horse-Thief Detective Association. Chief of Fire Department. And what, may I ask, is the little round button at the top?"

THE marshal was astonished. "Don't you know what that is?"

"It doesn't appear to have any lettering——"

"It don't have to have any. That's an American Red Cross button."

"So it is,— so it is," cried the other hastily. "How stupid of me."

"And this one on the other lapel is a Liberty Loan button,— one hundred dollars is what it represents, if anybody should ast you."

"I recognized it at once, sir. I have one of my own." He raised his hand to his own lapel. "Why, hang it all, I forgot to remove it from my other coat this morning."

"Well," said Anderson drily, "there 'pears to be some advantage in havin' only one coat."

"Mr. Marshal," cut in the larger man brusquely, "we came to see you in regard to a matter of great importance — and, I may add, privacy. Having heard of your reputation for cleverness and infallibility——"

"As everybody in the land has heard," put in the other.

"—— we desire your co-operation in an undertaking of considerable magnitude. Quite frankly, I do not see how we can succeed without your valuable assistance. You ——"

"Hold on! If you're tryin' to get me to subscribe to a set of books, so's my name at the head of the list will drag other suckers into ——"

"Not at all, sir,— not at all. We are not book-agents, Mr. Marshal."

"Well, what are ye?"

"Metallurgists," said the florid one.

"I see, I see," said Anderson, who didn't see at all. "You started off just like a book-agent, er a lightnin'-rod salesman."

"My name is Bacon,— George Washington Bacon, — and my friend bears an even nobler monicker, if that be possible. He is Abraham Lincoln Bonaparte — a direct descendant of both of those illustrious gentlemen."

"You don't say! I didn't know Lincoln was any connection of Bonaparte's."

"It isn't generally known," the descendant informed him, with becoming modesty.

"Well, I'm seventy-three years old an' I never heard ——"

"Seventy-three!" gasped Mr. Bonaparte, incredulously. "I don't believe it. You can't be more than fifty, Mr. Crow."

"Do you suppose I fought in the Union Army before I was born?" demanded Mr. Crow. "Where'd I get this G. A. R. badge, lemme ast you? An' you don't think the citizens of this here town would elect a ten-year-old boy to the responsible position of town marshal, do you? Why, gosh snap it, I been Marshal o' Tinkletown fer forty years — skippin' two years back in the nineties when I retired in favor of Ed Higgins, owin' to a misunderstandin' concernin' my health — an' ——"

"It is incredible, sir. You are the youngest-looking man for your years I've ever seen. But we are digressing. Proceed, Mr. Bacon. Pardon the interruption."

Marshal Crow had drawn himself up to his full height,— a good six feet,— and, expanding under the influence of a just pride, his chest came perilously near to dislodging a couple of brass buttons. His keen little gray eyes snapped brightly in their deep sockets; his sparse chin whiskers, responding to the occasion, bristled noticeably. Employing his thumb and forefinger, he first gave his beard a short caress, after which he drew it safely out of line and expectorated thinly between his teeth with such astounding accuracy that both of the strangers stared. His objective was a narrow slit in the tree-box across the sidewalk.

"I couldn't do that in a thousand years," said Mr. Bacon, deeply impressed.

"You could do it in half that time if you lived in Tinkletown," was Anderson's cryptic return. "You ought to see Ed Higgins. He's our champeen. His specialty is knot-holes. Ed c'n hit——"

"Are you interested in metallurgy, Mr. Crow?" broke in Mr. Bacon, a little rudely.

Anderson pondered a few seconds, squinting at the tree-tops. The two strangers waited his reply with evident concern.

"Sometimes I am, an' sometimes I ain't," said he at last, very seriously. He even went so far as to shake his head slowly, as if to emphasize the fact that he had made a life-long study of the subject and had not been able to arrive at a definite conclusion.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Bonaparte. "That proves, Mr. Crow, that you are a man of very great discernment, very great discernment indeed."

"Haven't you — an office, Mr. Crow?" demanded Mr. Bacon.

"Yes, but it ain't private. Whenever I've got anything private to 'tend to — er even *think* about — I allus go out in the middle of the street. Shoot ahead; nobody'll hear you."

"It will take some little time," explained Mr. Bonaparte, anxiously. "Have you had your dinner?"

Anderson looked at him keenly. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Mr. Bonaparte means supper," explained Mr. Bacon. "He is a bit excited, Mr. Crow."

"He *must* be," agreed Anderson, glancing at his watch. "Half-past six. Go ahead. We won't be interrupted now till it's time to go to bed."

The two strangers in Tinkletown drew still closer — so close, indeed, that the town marshal, having had his pocket picked once or twice at the County Fair, fell back a little from the fence.

"You must be careful to show no sign of surprise, Mr. Crow," said Bacon. "What I am about to say to you may startle you, but you——"

Anderson reassured him with a gesture.

"Perceed," he said.

Whereupon the spokesman, Mr. Bacon, did a tale unfold that caused the town marshal to lie awake nearly all night and to pop out of bed the next morning fully an hour earlier than usual. For the time being, however, he succeeded so admirably in simulating indifference that the men themselves were not only surprised but a trifle disturbed. He wasn't conducting himself at all as they had expected. At the conclusion of this serious fifteen minutes' recital,— rendered into paragraphs by Anderson's frequent interruptions,— the eager Mr. Bonaparte exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Crow, doesn't it completely bowl you over?"

"What's that? Bowl me over? I should say not! Why, I've knowed fer I can't tell you how long that there's gold up yander in my piece of timberland on Crow's Mountain. Knowed it ever since I was a boy."

His hearers blinked rapidly for a few seconds.

"Really?" murmured Mr. Bacon.

"Do you mean to say there actually *is* gold —" began Mr. Bonaparte, but he got no farther. Whether accidentally or otherwise, Mr. Bacon's foot came sharply into contact with the speaker's shin, and the question terminated in a pained look of surprise, directed with some intensity and a great deal of fortitude at nothing in particular.

"WELL, you *are* a wonder, Mr. Crow," said Mr. Bacon hastily. "I am immensely relieved that you *do* know of its existence. It simplifies matters tremendously. It has been there all the time and you've never known just how to go about getting it out of the ground — isn't that the case, Mr. Crow?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Crow.

Mr. Bacon shot a significant look at Mr. Bonaparte, and that worthy put his hand suddenly to his mouth.

"Well, that's what we're here for, Mr. Crow — to get that gold out of the earth. If our estimates are correct — or, I should say, if our investigations establish the fact that it is a real vein and not merely a little pocket, there ought to be a million dollars in that piece of land of yours. Now, let me see. Just how much land do you own up there, Mr. Crow?"

"I own derned near all of it," said the marshal promptly. "'Bout seventy-five acres, I should say."

"Nothing but timberland, I assume — judging from what we have been able to observe."

"All timber. Never been cleared, 'cept purty well down the slope."

"And it is about five miles as the crow flies from Tinkletown, eh?"

"I ginerally say as the wild [*Continued on page 33*]

"It wouldn't surprise me in the least to see you elected President of the new Corporation, Mr. Crow"

Mr. Crow brightened perceptibly. "I have to know a little of everything in my line of work, Mr. Lincoln."

Mr. Bonaparte made no attempt to correct him. As a matter of fact, for a moment or two he was in some doubt himself; it was only after indulging in a hasty bit of mental jugglery that he decided his friend couldn't possibly have introduced him as Bonaparte Abraham Lincoln, or Abraham Bonaparte Lincoln. He wished, however, that he had paid a little closer attention when Mr. George Washington Bacon arranged his names for him.

"We should like to have a few minutes' private conversation with you, Mr. Marshal," said Bacon, lowering his voice.

"Fire away, gents."

"I — ahem! — I said private, Mr. Crow."

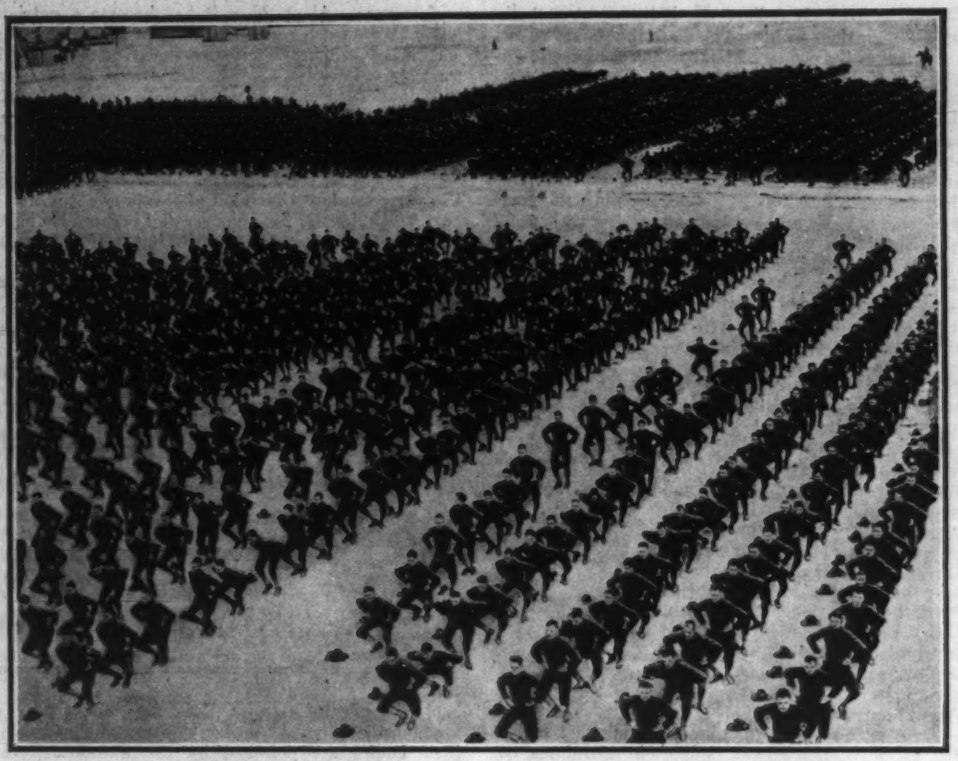
"Well, if it's anything you don't want the birds to hear, I guess we'd better go up to the house. If you don't mind that woodpecker up yander an' them two sparrers out there in the road, I guess this is about as private a place as you'll find in Tinkletown."

"Oh, gosh-a-mighty! I — I can't accept the honor. It's too derned much of a responsibility"

Saving *a* Million Soldiers *for* Uncle Sam

by

Cleveland Moffett



It is men that will win this war — perhaps the last million American men

WE have been told that various things are to win this war — ships, food, guns, airplanes and so on. Henry Ford says machinery will win it. Our enemies say submarines will win it. Lloyd George says that wars are won by money, following the opinion of Bismarck; but I cannot see how money or any combination of material advantages can win a war without the right kind of men to use the money and to make the most of the advantages.

No, money is necessary, material advantages are necessary, but, other things being reasonably equal, it is *men* that will win this war or not win it. Men behind the guns! On the ships! In the trenches! And at home! If they are the right kind of men with the right kind of commanders and organizers, they will win, though heavily handicapped by conditions, because they will *compel conditions*, as has happened in history a thousand times. If they are the wrong kind of men, they will lose, though all skies smile upon them, because they will deserve to lose.

Applying this to America, let us consider what manner of men we are. Let us take honest account of our faults and weaknesses, so that we may remedy them. Let ours not be the pride that goeth before destruction.

Suppose we consider, first, the physical condition of our younger men, the ten million or so between the draft ages of twenty-one and thirty, upon whom we must chiefly depend for victory. Evidently something is wrong here, since our army doctors have already rejected one-third of those examined in this class as unfit for military service. *One-third!* Which indicates that over 3,300,000 Americans in the prime of their young manhood, under thirty, are not qualified to stand up against German soldiers in this struggle for world freedom!

Again, according to the report of the Surgeon General of the Navy for 1916, out of 106,392 applicants for admission to the Navy, all under thirty, over 74,000 (70%) were rejected as physically unfit for service.

Why is this?

I will let Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, head of the Life Extension Institute, answer that question. He says, speaking of the American army draft: "An analysis of the causes of rejection in the recent draft (one-third were rejected) justifies the statement that *sixty per cent. of the impairment found is preventable* by proper health education, physical training and periodic medical examination and supervision."

In other words, we have failed to bring up the children of this nation so that, as men and women, they will have the physical health that they might have, that they ought to have, that they *must* have if they are to be efficient either in civil life or as defenders of the flag. This is true, not only of millions of American children born in poverty and shameful city slums (the shame is ours), but of children in our best families, those that go to exclusive private schools and expensive colleges. A recent physical examination of the freshman class at Harvard University showed that *more than half of them* were below the standards of military fitness.

The physical impairment of our man-power is a more serious matter in America than in other countries, owing to the fact that our population includes millions of ignorant, ill-nourished, under-sized foreigners, who have swarmed here from the slums of Europe and have given birth to millions of more or less defective children. This situation must be recognized and dealt with.

How can it be dealt with? What can we do about it? Are we to understand that Germany has handled this public health problem better than we have?

As to the last point — yes; Germany has practically abolished slums in her large cities; and she has dealt with poverty questions and birth-control questions far more wisely and efficiently than we have; she may have done it for selfish reasons with a view to having sound soldiers and great armies, but she has done it.

AS to a remedy for unsatisfactory health conditions in America, it has been suggested that we have in the Cabinet at Washington a Secretary of National Health, who would devote all his time and energies to promoting the physical welfare of our people. He would see to it that our public schools, private schools, colleges and, possibly, churches adopt a plan of universal physical training as the foundation of American safety and prosperity. Is there anything in our national life more important than this? Is there anything that has been more lamentably neglected? Is there any better way of preparing our boys and girls for the stern civic and military duties that are before them than to give them sound bodies? Remember there are wise men who believe that this war with Germany will last many years yet, and will be followed by other wars. *Must America always be unprepared?*

Such a Secretary of National Health would see to it that a large number of our young men who have been rejected from the draft but are reclaimable by proper care and training, receive that care and training. Dr. Fisk estimates that one-third of the rejected—that is, a million young men in the three million—can be restored to a good measure of health and efficiency, and made available for some form of military service, if they are handled the right way. This means proper food and medical attention, perhaps minor operations, with care for the eyes, teeth, feet, etc. It is not difficult to organize this national service of soldier reclamation. Germany would have done it long ago, for it means the saving of thirty or forty army divisions, now wasted, but somebody must do it, somebody must see to it. To take only two items in a long health-deficiency list: a quarter of a million (in the ten million) of our young men not available for military service by reason of underweight, and a hundred thousand of them not available by reason of incipient foot trouble, can, I am assured by experts, be changed into perfectly good soldiers after a few months in a special training camp. But somebody must organize such a camp.

WE may be sure that a Secretary of National Health, if we had one at this moment, would also give anxious consideration to the bodily condition of the middle-aged American, this being a matter of immense importance, since it is in their hands that the control of the war rests. They are the officers, generals, admirals, surgeons, administrators of the war. They must be our Hindenburgs, Ludendorfs, Falkenhayns, Mackensens. If they fail, everything fails. If they die before their time or break down or become inefficient through preventable disease or neglect of health precautions, it is a national calamity. There are a dozen Americans of middle age or older, whose untimely taking off would hurt our war prospects more than the loss of a dozen regiments.

President Wilson has said with noble inspiration: "It is not an army we must shape and train for war; it is a nation." But if it becomes necessary for America to call her sons to arms up to the age of forty-five, as may happen, then there will be a sorry showing of efficiency, for estimates of the Life Extension Institute show that "*sixty per cent. of unfitness* between thirty-one and forty-five would be a conservative estimate if reasonable standards are maintained, standards that aim to exclude men who would almost certainly be injured and broken by war service, even though unwounded."

There is no doubt that this middle age American health picture has many shadows in it. Vital statistics prove that we break down shockingly in the forties and fifties, as compared with European nations, from preventable, degenerative diseases (heart, kidneys, blood-vessels) and die ten or fifteen years before our time. Why? Because we do not take care of our bodies.

American insurance companies regard as their worst life-risk the self-made American business man between forty-five and fifty-five, who has gained a million or two by his own efforts and now wishes to take out a

$50,000 or $100,000 policy. He is the client that dies suddenly on their hands. There are thousands of such men all over the country who, by their courage, intelligence, industry, thrift and business shrewdness, have made what is considered a great success of their lives — that is, they have accumulated a fortune; but they have paid such a shattering price for it in worry, in overwork, in loss of sleep; they have for so many years broken the rules of health, of diet, of exercise, that their success comes only as a mockery when the grave is beckoning to them. Yet they are men in their prime who should have before them twenty or thirty years to enjoy the fruits of their labors; they are our leaders, our most forceful citizens, the best man-stuff America has produced, with immense potentialities for national service, if they could learn to live right. Alas! they have learned everything except how to live right!

This war is teaching such men how to live right. It is teaching our physically inefficient professional men how to live right. It is teaching the whole nation, our young men, our poorer classes, our women, to realize that all achievements are vain things unless there goes with them the achievement of health. And it is teaching them in precise detail what they must do to gain and to keep this precious, elusive thing — health!

What must they do?

They must realize, we Americans must all realize, that as individuals we can double our usefulness, our joy in living, and as citizens we can save a million soldiers for Uncle Sam (that is putting it very low) by avoiding three sins that make against health, happiness and efficiency, namely:

1. The sin of over-eating.
2. The sin of under-exercising.
3. The sin of selfishness.

Of these three the last is the greatest. Selfishness! Mother of all sins and ills! Ultimate cause of poverty and war! Selfishness, that makes for disorder and disobedience!

Generations of money worship and lax discipline, both in the home and the school, have made us not only selfish but rebellious against rules and restraints. The great mass of Americans have no idea what *obedience* means; but war will teach us. And war will teach us to be unselfish.

THIS reminds me that the other day one of our aviator heroes came back from France, his breast hung with medals, a young American who for three years has faced a thousand deaths in the air, fighting gloriously for the Allies, and he said in frank surprise and disgust: "You can't walk a block on Broadway that isn't crowded with loafers and parasites. Yet everywhere there is a howl for labor. I believe we've got to have industrial conscription in this country, if we ever expect to win this war." And he added that it might be a good thing if New York City could suffer a mild bombardment by the enemy *to wake us up.* I agree with him.

We must fight these forces of disorder, disobedience and selfishness that are undermining our national efficiency. It is high time that we set our able-bodied idlers, loafers, tramps, criminals, paupers, alien enemies at some work that will benefit this nation. There, right off, is an available industrial army of a million men — factory hands, farm laborers, food producers — that we can save for Uncle Sam by merely organizing the thing. Incidentally we will save these undesirables from their own weaknesses and evil propensities, and perhaps make men of them. Does anyone doubt that Germany, in our place, would have done this long ago, thus changing a national burden and reproach into a power for victory? How the Kaiser must smile to read that we are content to support in concentration camps several thousand German prisoners whose only occupation is to make paper dolls and toy villages and get up private theatricals! *When France needs food!*

As to the sin of over-eating, we all know what our duty is; we have heard it a thousand times, yet we fail in the performance. Alas! Now it has become a patriotic duty. We must eat much less meat, a little white meat once a day, or once every two days is quite enough; we must eat freely of vegetables, salads, coarse bread with bran or sgar in it, fruits, nuts, simple desserts; we must keep our weight at the normal point, avoiding over-weight by cutting down on sugars, starches and fats when necessary; we must at any cost see that the bodily waste is regularly and sufficiently eliminated. Let us remember what kind of cleanliness it is that is next to godliness. No one ever dies because his hands or face were not clean, but men and women die by tens of thousands every year or become discouraged, broken-down invalids because their bodies are poisoned by the auto-intoxication products of neglected food refuse. Let those who wish to serve their country remember this; also that the wickedest thing in the world is a *table d'hôte* dinner!

Walter Camp, head of the Naval Commission of Athletics, believes that one of the best ways to save American soldiers is to save the men who will control the destinies of these soldiers, the men who must make war-decisions and are certain to make war-mistakes, unless they are kept in health and physical efficiency

"Thank God, I have sown my *table d'hôtes,*" said a friend of mine.

As to the sin of under-exercising, a caution is necessary for middle-aged men who have allowed themselves to grow soft and fat, that they may harm themselves by going to the other extreme of over-exercise, especially in the zeal of a sudden physical-culture enthusiasm. Let them not be led astray by the bulging muscles of some professional athlete, who advertises health miracles in newspapers. Such athletes are short-lived as a rule and many persons have suffered by following their excessively straining admonitions. To toy with hundred-pound dumb-bells and attempt similar "strong-man" feats is as foolish and injurious for the average citizen as to take no exercise at all. A person suffering from heart disease or kidney disease may easily aggravate these ailments by entering upon a course of violent exercise; in fact, the wise man will never put himself in the hands of a trainer or physical culturist without first consulting an experienced doctor.

All this being granted, it remains true that under-exercise is a national sin to be valiantly fought against if we expect to render efficient war-service, whether as soldiers or civilians. We must exercise our bodies every day, enough, not too much—setting-up exercises in the morning, walking, golf, horseback, dancing, gymnasium work—no need to go into details, each one knows what is reasonable and beneficial for him or can easily find out. A man's patriotism is fifty per cent. impaired by a poor digestion or a poor circulation and it is almost impossible to be a hero if one's skin refuses to do its important excretory work. As to the lungs, the heart, the kidneys, it is certain that war victories and peace victories are gained by men in whom these organs function properly and are lost by men in whom they function defectively. If George Washington had not been in splendid physical condition we should never have gained our independence.

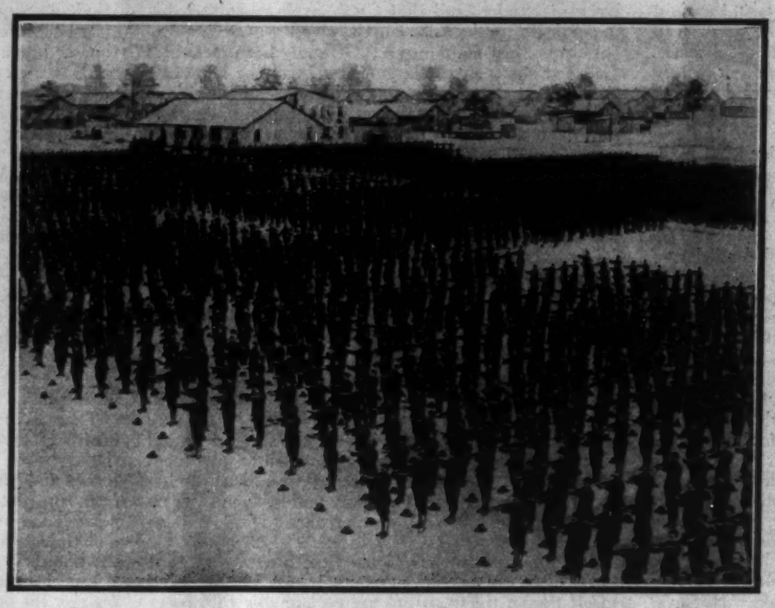
And how inspiring to-day is the example of Woodrow Wilson, who regards regular physical exercise as a sacred duty not to be interfered with nor neglected. Rain or shine, whatever the pressure of events, the President of the United States takes his exercise — golf, horseback, vigorous walking. In that way alone he bears a burden of responsibility greater than any man ever bore. We have many patriotic societies in America, but I suggest that a new one, with a pledge by members to imitate the President in this matter of adequate daily exercise, might do more to make efficient citizens and soldiers than all the others put together. How would the following do for a simple war pledge?

> Realizing that health and efficiency are promoted by physical training and abstemiousness in diet, especially in meat, I promise as a patriotic duty:
>
> 1. To devote one hour a day, rain or shine, to brisk walking or to some form of physical culture.
> 2. To be moderate in eating and not eat meat more than once a day.
> 3. To use my influence in favor of universal physical training in our public schools and colleges.
>
> Signed.....

I paid a visit recently to Walter Camp, famous for years as a trainer of athletes at Yale University and now head of the Naval Commission of Athletics. I found him devoting most of his time and strength, without pay, to organizing games and sports at camps all over the country and to spreading the propaganda of health for victory. He believes that one of the best ways to save American soldiers is to save the men who will control the destinies of these soldiers, the men who must make war-decisions and are certain to make war-mistakes unless they are kept in health and physical efficiency.

"One of our most valuable assets in this war," said Mr. Camp, "is our men of brains and experience between forty-five and sixty. There are only a limited number of such men and, once gone, they cannot be replaced. We are trying to conserve coal, food, ships and other national resources, why not conserve the most precious of them all—*superior intelligence?* Why is it that thousands of American industries, big factories, business organizations all over the country are more or less disorganized? It is because the brainy men who directed these activities have been called away by the war, *and they are missed!*"

Walter Camp met a rich man some months ago, the head of a great corpoation of national importance, who said to him: "We have in our concern about fifty men who are drawing salaries of anywhere from $20,000 up to $50,000. They are of immense importance to us, and the longer we can keep them efficient, the more we profit, for their experience gives them added value to us every year; but we find that the strain of our work wears them out in from three to five years, and back they go into the ranks or into the scrap-heap. Now if you can show us, as I [*Continued on page 40*]



Is there any better way of preparing our boys for military duties than to give them sound bodies?

Licking the Huns!

Edited *by* H. C. Witwer

Foreword

AN American officer captured by the Huns at the time of their defeat at Verdun in 1918, was taken to the fortress of Metz by the fleeing Germans. The fortress surrendered to General Pershing, an event which hastened the end of the Great War and made secure the freedom of democracy throughout the world. The American was sent into Berlin by his captors and put to work in a bakery to relieve a man of sixty-five for the trenches. At that time the Kaiser was forcing old men, children, and even cripples to take up arms in a last desperate attempt to stop the victorious drive of the Allies. Germany was torn by internal strife, the people were starving and clamoring for peace. Berlin was the center of rioting, munitions plants were burned and strikes spread throughout the nation. The American met a beautiful young German girl, Frieda Bernhard, in the bakery and fell in love with her. He explained to her then that the purpose of the Allies was to free the German people from the bondage of kaiserism and Kultur, and that America felt more sympathy than bitterness toward the German people themselves. A mob destroyed the colossal statue of von Hindenburg in *Unter den Linden* and began a march on Potsdam, but was turned back by superior forces of Prussian troops. Berlin was put under martial law and drastic measures taken to stem the rising tide of the revolution. The Krupp works at Essen were destroyed by the rioters and the Kaiser called a special session of the Reichstag which he intended personally to address. He was forestalled by Phillip Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, who, in a sensational speech, disclosed the true military and internal situation of Germany and called upon the Kaiser to abdicate.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

FOLLOWING the sensational speech of Scheidemann in the Reichstag, when the Socialist leader electrified the world by calling upon the Kaiser to abdicate, Wilhelm returned to his palace, virtually a prisoner, and to all intents and purposes, a king without a throne. One of his first acts was to command fifty thousand troops withdrawn from the Western front to put down the revolution and preserve order in Berlin and its environs. Von Hindenburg strongly opposed this move on the grounds that the withdrawal of so many soldiers from the firing line at a time when the Allies were at the height of their victorious counter-drive, would weaken his front to such an extent that the progress of the Allied armies into Germany would be practically unopposed. It was characteristic of the "All Highest," however, that his only thought was of his own safety, rather than that of Germany, and he was firm in his command which was reluctantly obeyed.

To realize the desperate position in which Wilhelm found himself at this time, it is only necessary to recall Germany's military situation in the late summer of 1918. General Pershing's army had stopped the great Spring Drive of the Huns, which in April and May had thrown back the outnumbered, but valiantly fighting English and French, at the cost of half a million German lives. Metz had fallen to the Americans, the French had regained Alsace-Lorraine, and by September the Allied armies under Generals Pershing, Haig and Foch, were at Leipzig. The great Hun guns which had shelled Paris from a distance of more than sixty miles in April had been captured by the Allies who in turn were preparing to use them against Berlin. Airplane raids on the German capital were also being planned.

The internal situation in Germany grew graver with each passing day. By distributing food which the nobles had hoarded in their palaces and with gifts of money that spelled ruin for his already sadly depleted treasury, the Kaiser had succeeded in keeping about a third of the German population loyal to the Imperial Government. The other two-thirds were heart and soul with the revolutionists.

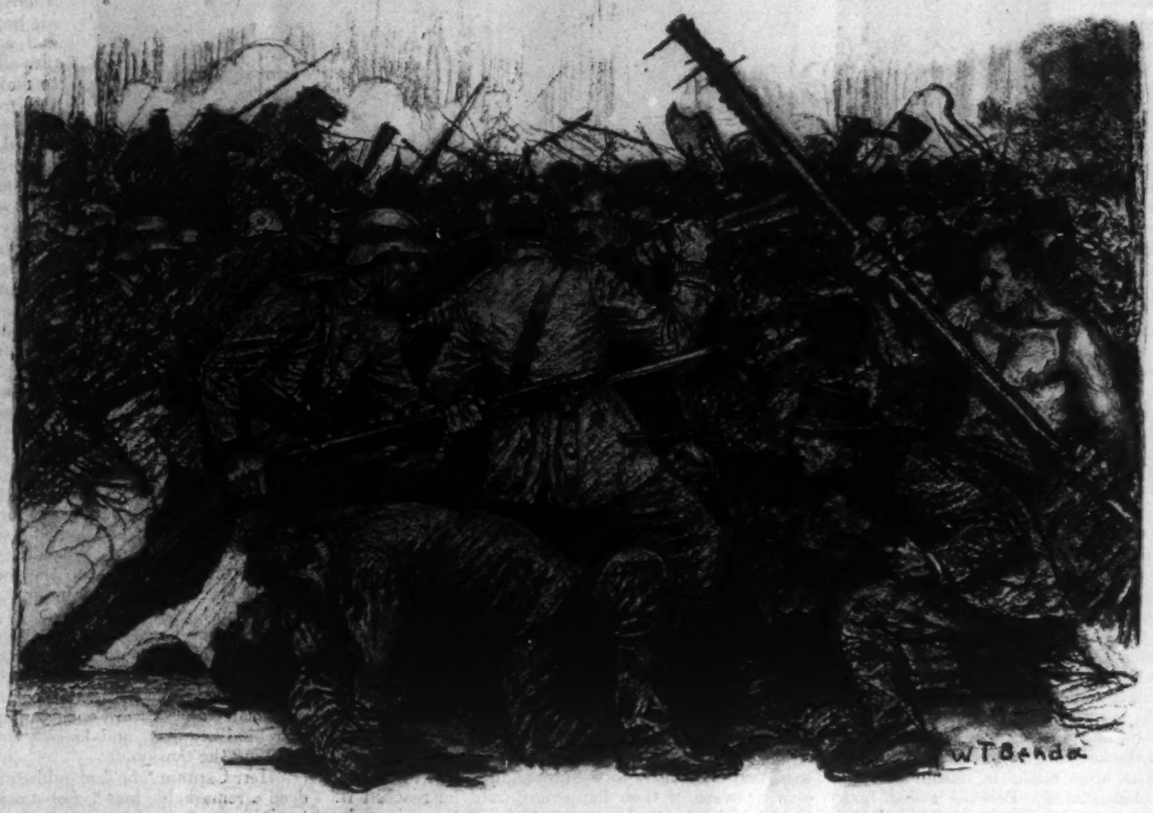
After being howled down in the Reichstag with cries of "*Deutschland über Wilhelm!*" on the memorable occasion of Scheidemann's speech, the Kaiser made no further attempt to address his people personally, but from time to time proclamations were issued from the Imperial palace. These called upon the people to lay down their arms against the government, proclaim their allegiance to the Emperor and deliver Scheidemann, Liebknecht, Harden and various other revolutionary leaders to the authorities. For several days, loyal soldiers went about Berlin in the dead of night posting these proclamations in conspicuous places. Invariably on the following morning they were found to be torn down, mutilated or otherwise defaced. Photographs of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and von Hindenburg suffered a like fate. In many instances these were covered with crudely written threats and frequently vile epithets directed at the originals.

For a week following the sensational episode in the Reichstag, Berlin was comparatively quiet. There were sporadic clashes between the people and the military, but these gradually decreased in violence and an ominous calm took their place. Parades were held daily, and on more than one occasion the Kaiser was openly hanged in effigy before the soldiers could disperse the mobs. Two attempts on the part of Wilhelm to leave Berlin were frustrated, after which he remained in his palace, guarded by several regiments of picked soldiers night and day. Machine-guns and light field pieces were mounted at every available point around the royal prison.

While Wilhelm was waiting for his fifty thousand veterans to march into Berlin and win him back his place in the sun with his own people, the revolutionists called a convention to draw up a constitution for the new Fatherland and nominate a candidate for *president of Germany!* The date chosen for the convention was September 10,1918, and not only was no attempt made to conceal the purpose of the conclave, but it was given the widest publicity possible. General von Steufel, made military governor of Berlin at the beginning of the revolt, immediately addressed a proclamation to the revolutionists, warning them that enough troops would be on hand to suppress the meeting and that all who attended would be arrested and summarily executed as traitors.

At six o'clock on the morning of September tenth, ten companies of infantry, five squadrons of cavalry and a battery of light artillery took up positions on the *Wilhelmstrasse* surrounding the great hall which had been chosen by the revolutionists for their convention. All adjoining streets were roped off and heavily policed for a radius of a quarter of a mile and hundreds of "*Verboten!*" placards placed at intervals along the ropes. The soldiers deployed in an immense square all about the hall and there they waited for the word to slaughter. The convention was scheduled to begin at 10 A.M.

In the daily newspaper which the Imperial Government was having printed at that time, the entire front page was devoted to the precautions which had been taken to prevent "a disorganized, traitorous rabble, who would flee at the first sound of gunpowder" from holding their convention. What this "rabble" accomplished is now history—history that marked the beginning of the democratization of Germany.



Some fanatic fired a revolver in the air. Upon the instant, the street became a battle-field. The Prussian infantry charged the mob. Scores fell on both sides

Meanwhile my own position was far from being an enviable one. While I had been released through the advent of the revolution from the military authorities and was in a measure under the protection of Doctor Liebknecht, I was still an alien enemy and, therefore, the object of a great deal of natural distrust from the other revolutionary leaders. I was allowed my freedom to a certain extent—always under the eyes of one of Liebknecht's lieutenants — but was barred from all conferences, to which Frieda had welcome entrance. I was living at this time in the home of Frieda's aged aunt in the section of Berlin which was wholly under control of the revolutionists. Frieda also lived there, but since the affair in the Reichstag I had found little opportunity to talk with her alone. My situation was decidedly irksome and I fumed and fretted constantly over the fact that I was perforce a shirker in a world where even the lowliest were doing something to rid their habitation of the curse of kaiserism. My countrymen were doing their share either with bayonet or Liberty Bond, each a weapon as effective as the other, and here in Germany these now enlightened slaves of Kultur were fighting out their own salvation. All were working to the one end — that this world given to us by the Almighty should be made fit for His creatures to live in. I stood idly by, a mere spectator, and being young and red-blooded, I suffered tortures from that fact. It was impossible for me to rejoin my command in the American army and do my bit there, but since we were all fighting kaiserism, I resolved to bear a hand in any possible way and cast my lot with the revolutionists. I felt that if I could take any part, however small, in ridding the world of the Hohenzollern scourge, I would be loyal, not only to my country, but to humanity itself.

There was, of course, another thing. I was as certain of my love for Frieda Bernhard as I was of my devotion to my country. This beautiful, fearless girl, representing the best type of the real German people — not the Prussian — who was risking her all to save her country from the ruin brought on by its ambition-mad ruler, had entwined herself eternally around my heart. I resolved, therefore, to make an opportunity since none had presented itself, to bare my heart to her and beg a place among her people where I could do my part.

The night before the convention of the revolutionists, I got my chance. Liebknecht's headquarters was almost directly opposite the house where I lived, and Frieda as usual had gone there after dinner for the nightly conference of the leaders. As a rule, she returned to the house at about ten o'clock and retired almost immediately, her room being on the first floor directly under mine. It was my custom to repair to my room as soon as I had eaten the sparse meal, made meagre by the food famine in Germany at the time, and busy myself with the notes from which this narrative grew. When Frieda came in she would knock softly on the ceiling of her room and I would return the sign — that was all. A mere reassurance to each other that we were both safe.

This night, however, I waited impatiently until about half-past nine and then crept softly out into the dark and barricaded street to wait in the shadow of the house until Frieda should return from the conference. A figure brushed past me in the darkness and I huddled behind the steps of the house to avoid being seen, since my presence at that hour might be misinterpreted, owing to my peculiar status. Perhaps a half-hour passed, the minutes seeming interminable, and then I saw Frieda come down the steps across the street. It was my object to intercept her before she reached home, so that we might have a few moments together in which I could make my plea.

She was half-way across the street and I had already started out to meet her, when a man darted out of the gloom and addressed her in a low voice. I saw her start back in apparent surprise and they conversed together in subdued tones. Of a sudden I heard the throb of a motor and a high-powered car, bearing no lights, purred into the narrow street and stopped almost opposite me. I had but time to observe the phenomenon that it had heavy armor plate on its sides and a wicked-looking machine-gun on the driver's seat, when I heard Frieda utter a low cry. The next moment she swayed dizzily and would have fallen to the ground had not her companion lifted her in his arms and begun to half drag, half carry her to the car.

Although unarmed, I sprang forward instantly and bumped sprawling into a thick-set man who had jumped from the car with the evident intention of rendering assistance to the other. He gave vent to a guttural oath and peered at me sharply in the darkness.

"Have you secured Liebknecht, swine?" he whispered hoarsely — in German, of course.

I rallied my scattering wits, for my bewildered brain could concentrate on nothing but Frieda's safety. The blood pumped through my veins until it seemed as though the hot fluid would burst its sheath. I thought quickly.

He lifted her in his arms and began to half drag, half carry her to the car

"All is well!" I answered in his own tongue — and lunged for him!

We thudded together on the hard earth and rolled snarling into the gutter. Taken by surprise and running more to fat than muscle, he succumbed quickly to my frenzied grip on his throat, and while he was yet relaxing in my grasp I had found and secured his revolver, a heavy automatic. I scrambled to my feet to meet head-on the driver of the car, who flashed a spot-light in my face an instant before he went down without a cry under the impact of my clubbed gun. I swung around almost joyously to meet the other, or others, if there were any. After these weeks of inactivity and champing on the bit for action, this conflict was as rare wine to my parched being. I felt like yelling aloud with the pure joy of battle, and the hot blood rushing through my veins stimulated me as a potent drug.

These incidents had been so brief and almost noiseless, that the man who was dragging Frieda to the car was unaware of their happening until he reached it. Stumbling over the prostrate body of the driver, he uttered a sharp exclamation and released his hold upon Frieda, who staggered to the side of the car and clung there, gasping. I sniffed an odor of chloroform so sickeningly pungent as to bring water to my eyes, and then the man tugged at his coat-pocket. Before I could reach him he brought forth something that glinted dully for an instant in the uncertain light, and at once I felt a searing pain in my left arm. There had been no report, no sound, in fact, yet the warm blood was already spurting through my torn coat-sleeve. As he backed around the side of the car, using it as a shield, it flashed across my tumbling brain that his revolver was fitted with some sort of silencer, and three sharp hisses past my head told me that he was both a deliberate murderer and a bad shot. I wasted no further time in speculation, but dropped on my knees beside the car. He must have thought I was badly hit for he threw caution to the winds and came running toward me. Rising on my elbows I commanded him in perfectly good German, to halt. His answer was a bullet that clipped my cheek. Then I took careful aim and fired — once. He flung forward almost on the report and tumbled at my feet, an inert mass.

Well, there was no silencer on my revolver and the sharp report brought lights to many windows and sounds of running feet. People came rushing into the street from all directions, and it was Liebknecht himself, startled and querulous, who found me supporting Frieda with my one good arm.

I briefly narrated the circumstances of the encounter and a physician was immediately roused to administer to the girl and myself. Liebknecht gave some sharp orders for the disposal of our assailants and I felt relieved when I saw the one I had shot showing signs of life. Frieda was suffering from chloroform poisoning, but owing to her splendid vitality was quickly revived. The wound in my arm, though painful, was fortunately not a serious one. The doctor, a squat, ruddy-faced, bespectacled German of pleasant mien, considerately left us alone after he had dressed my arm — he was anxious to view our three prisoners and learn more of the encounter. The door had scarcely closed after him when Frieda came over to where I sat ruefully viewing my injured arm. I had a long, impassioned plea all carefully rehearsed to make to her earlier in the evening, before the foregoing events had occurred, and at the time of its conception I considered it a masterful effort. It now was, however, completely gone from my throbbing brain, and all I could think of was that she was maddeningly beautiful and that I was in considerable pain. She bent over me until the soft tendrils of her golden hair brushed my own. I saw the glorious color come and go in her face and tried to rouse myself from my stupor and tell her what was in my heart — when it was she who spoke.

"I love you!" she said, so low I scarcely caught the words — and her lips brushed my bruised cheek.

I forgot my wounded arm — forgot it even though the bandage ripped and loosed itself in the mad embrace I caught her in. When the doctor, Liebknecht and the others poured into the room a few moments later, I was dazed and happy, and a prospective bridegroom!

As Liebknecht advanced to the center of the room, the others fell back to a respectful distance and the great leader of German democracy eyed us curiously for several seconds without speaking. Then the little physician came forward with an impatient exclamation to rebind my arm, and Liebknecht smiled quizzically, breaking the tension.

"Herr Captain," he said, addressing me, "you are indeed a remarkable man! For a non-combatant in this terrible war, I should say you are most vigorous. I am sorry you are not a German — but perhaps then you have had German ancestors, yes?"

I shook my head.

"*Hein!*" he said. "That is too bad — but not too

[*Continued on page 56*]

Our Real Enemy

by Arthur Guy Empey

WHEN a nation enters a war, there are three main issues to be considered in order that victory may be attained.

The first must be a thorough knowledge of the enemy; that is, the nation must know whom it is fighting.

Second: It must immediately realize the damage the enemy is able to inflict upon it.

Third and last, but really the most important: What damage is the nation able to inflict upon the enemy?

The United States is now at war. It has been at war for over a year; but still there is a large percentage of Americans in this country who do not know it, or, if they do, they attach very little importance to the fact. You and I have often heard this expression: "Why don't *they* do something?" The people asking this question do not realize that they themselves are at war; that if the war is to be won, they must ask themselves the question, "Why don't *I* do something?" When the time comes — and it will, as sure as there is a God in heaven — when ninety-five per cent. of the American public ask themselves the question, "Why don't *I* do something?" then, and only then, will victory loom in sight.

Who is the United States fighting? Americans, to answer this question, we must come down out of the clouds. In the early days of the war nearly all of us joined the Flying Corps, and we have been up in the air ever since on this vital question. We have been so high up in theory and sentiment that we have lost sight of the ground. To win this war, every American must plant his feet firmly in the mud, and look the tragic facts squarely in the face. Only then can we lick Germany. We are not fighting Prussianism and Militarism alone; *we are at war with Germany, the German people, and everything connected with Germany*, and the sooner we realize this, the sooner our boys will come marching home, with German helmets stuck on the tips of their bayonets, and with that baby-killing, crucifying Kaiser, and his idiotic son, the Crown Prince, by the scruff of the neck.

What damage can the enemy do to us? The Germans under arms will be taken care of by our fighting forces. Our army and navy are fully aware of the damage that can be inflicted by the enemy at the front and on the sea, but our real and most dangerous enemy is the German right here in these United States. It is not the German who gets out on the street, and shouts, "*Hoch der Kaiser*," that we have to fear. We know what to expect from him. He is a brave man and must be given credit for his nerve. Of course he is going to land in the hospital, and when he wakes up we can put him to sleep again. He is just as foolish as an American would be who ran through the streets of Berlin shouting, "Three cheers for President Wilson!"

Photograph by Lejaren Hiller

Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey going over the top. He has fought not only in France, but here. He was among the first to cry out against the German-language press in this country; and his ringing words have thrilled thousands of listeners. He is first and last a soldier — a soldier with a message

THE German that we have to watch and exterminate is the one who wears the American flag in the lapel of his coat. (I call them Lapel Americans); the one who wears the Red Cross and Liberty Loan buttons below this flag and who, under a camouflage of patriotism, stabs our fighting men in the backs; holds up war action; spreads his snake-like propaganda; creates an anti-Ally sentiment; preaches on inconclusive peace; spreads rumors of disaster to our troops at the front, and tries to cause general dissatisfaction against the method our government uses in conducting the war.

Americans, it is not the German we all suspected that is arrested as a spy. It is the one who has lived next door to you for twenty years, who has broken bread at your table, and who right now, this very minute, extends to you the glad hand, and boasts of what the United States will do to Germany. It is the one who has an oily smile on his face, and who is always advertising his patriotism. This is the type who, as soon as your back is turned, whispers "*Deutschland über Alles!*". Beware of the German who sympathizes with you and sheds crocodile tears when he reads the name of your son in a casualty list. When he leaves you and is alone, he takes that same casualty list and gloats over it, and prays to *Gott* that it will continue to lengthen.

Russia was not put out of the war by German and Austrian force of arms; she was defeated and poisoned at her own family table by the German assassin in the interior of Russia.

The Italian reverse was not caused by the German and Austrian armies; Italy was betrayed by the German propagandists from within. But mark my words, Americans, Italy is coming back, and is coming back strong, and will march beside the Allies when they enter Berlin. Her chin will be high in the air, on a level with the up-tilted chin whiskers of our dear old beloved Uncle Sam!

Remember, Americans, every citizen of the United States has a right to arrest any person uttering pro-German or anti-Ally sentiment. Remember this, and act accordingly. Constitute yourself a secret-service agent, and if at any time you hear a remark against our Government or against our Allies, no matter how trivial or unimportant it may seem to you, either arrest that person, or report to your nearest police station his or her name and address. Quick action will follow. The case will be very carefully investigated by the Department of Justice, and if the charges are substantiated, that German is going to disappear. Perhaps after the war we will see him again, and perhaps we won't. Let us hope we won't; for the United States will be well rid of a parasite on the folds of the Star Spangled Banner.

IF the United States throws an army of ten million men on the front against Germany, the war cannot be won unless this mighty army is backed up by a still more powerful army — "the army of the people who stay at home"; the over-aged, the women, the physically unfit and the under-aged. We are all privates in the army of Uncle Sam, whether we wear civilian clothes or a uniform; whether we are men, women or children; and Uncle Sam expects you to do your duty as a private. This war is not going to be over in a few months. We have three long years of fighting before us, and the United States must bear the brunt. There will be thousands of our boys who never will come home. They will rest under little wooden crosses somewhere in France. Did you ever see a little wooden cross somewhere in France? Do you realize what it means? Let me try to explain its significance.

Go over to the American Sector in France, this very night, about six or seven hundred yards behind the front line trench. A German shell bursts in the air and lights up the ground with a red flare. In this crimson light, ploughing forward, sinking over your shoe-tops in the mud, and in some places up to your knees, you will see, silhouetted against a red sky-line, two little rough pine boards, nailed together in the shape of a cross, standing at the head of a little heaped-up mound of dirt. Perhaps you will have to scrape mud from this little cross to decipher the crude inscription in black paint. It will read something like this:

Private John Smith, No. 5203,
Co. A, 169th U. S. Infty., 249th Brigade.
Killed in Action, July 1, 1918.
R. I. P.

This little wooden cross means that an American soldier is dead, and is buried in the ground of France, thousands of miles across the water, and that he is never again going to see this God's country of ours, and God's people. It means that he is lying over there, lonely, his soul praying to the army of the people who stay at home, either to avenge his death, or to support his mates, who are fighting above his head in the trenches of France. In time the elements will destroy that little cross, and perhaps a bursting shell will level that little mound of dirt, and all trace of the resting-place of that heroic soldier who gave his life for his country is wiped out forever.

It is up to the "army of the people who stay at home," to say whether or not hundreds of thousands of these crosses shall spring up all over France. For if you do not support our fighting army, it means that they will be improperly equipped, and improperly fed, thus causing hundreds of thousands of deaths. Even now, our wounded soldiers are returning. Some have an arm missing, others a leg gone, while others are sightless. Soon it will be a common thing to see a wounded soldier hobbling along on crutches, leading a blind mate — good pals, tried and true.

Now remember, Americans, [*Continued on page 46*]

Through the Haze

The American "Mr. Britling" and a Rattling Good War Novel

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

Chapter V

ON Sunday afternoon the same old crowd met again at the Country Club. Only this time Don was not with them.

While the others (except the ballroom dancers, who had returned to the city) recuperated themselves over Aldabo cocktails, Don lay once more upon the sloping hill. It was not his to know that in the stratum of American life in which he was attempting to adventure, even the cows kept the Sabbath. So, fruitlessly, he waited. Yet not entirely without result. A much-marked slip of paper between his elbows bore words — the words with which man, in contradistinction to the flowers and the birds, strives so pitifully to express himself. Again he had the wrong ones.

"The hours may come, the hours may go—"

For a long time he thought, palpitantly; a multitude of scratched-out lines showed how palpitantly.

He looked down the green hill toward the little cottage. No living thing could be seen. He sighed. He looked back at the golden treasure, half wrought. Suddenly there came to him other lines, of dross, latent in his recollection.

As a sculptor who crushes the half-formed clay that refuses to yield to his soul, he scrawled the final words:

"The hours may come, the hours may go,
But where they come from I don't know."

By and by he rolled over on his back and gazed up at the fragrant blossoms. He wondered vaguely where the robin was.

Vagrant thoughts flew through his mind. There came at length the thought of going home; which led him to think of those who lived there; which again brought him to the Country Club where they had gone; and at length to his sister. He had been thinking something about her. What was it? He pondered deeply.

At length it came to him. She had looked unhappy. But she had said that she wasn't unhappy. Now he remembered! Could one be unhappy without knowing it? That had been the thought.

Could one? He wondered. Suppose he applied the thought to himself. Was *he* happy? Certainly. He felt all right — a bit tired, perhaps; but that was only natural after being up all night and going horseback-riding besides; and — nothing worried him.

But, after all, that was a negative sort of happiness. Was he really happy?

Well, when you come down to that, what is happiness, anyhow? Isn't being happy the state of not being unhappy?

Meanwhile, at the Country Club, all made ready to go to the Hathaways' for bridge, until perhaps ten. All were tired; and the men, or most of them, would have to go to the city on the following morning.

Craig helped Constance on with her silk dust-coat.

For the moment Constance found herself almost wondering if what had had happened the night before really *had* happened, after all.

Chapter VI

TO tell what people are, it is easier, sometimes, to tell what they are not.

As the Ameses were neither of the very rich nor very poor, very intelligent nor very ignorant, very good nor very bad, very intellectual nor very foolish, neither were they of the many other things for which Americans have at times been so variously and vigorously scolded.

It has been said of us of America that, while being a nation of democrats, no country has been more impressed of, and by, the forms and usages of aristocracy. Certain classes of us have been reproached for being social climbers and title idolaters.

That there have been and are, social climbers, is undeniable. But social climbing is but a mild sort of dissipation. It inflicts injury to none; and misery to but the climbers themselves who, because of the very fact that they are what they are, can never be happy. As Alexander sighed for new worlds to conquer and found them not, so do social climbers, at whatever height, long for yet rarer altitudes. Social climbing, like ambition, is the foe of contentment; and unlike ambition, the result of uselessness. And it, happily, popular world opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, is confined to the few.

And as the Ameses were not any of the other things to which we have alluded, so were they neither title idolaters nor social climbers. With what they were, and where they were, they were content.

Their world was an irregular ellipse that went as far as went certain of their friends or interests, and there curved gracefully to meet the next.

Meanwhile they flipped and flopped in the golden flood, much as plays a school of tarpon in the shimmering waters that are their own.

BUT even to the tarpon, all does not glitter. And so one summer day to the Ameses, in their amethyst play-ground, came Uncle Victor.

Ames it was that brought him; a thin wisp of a man, sandy-haired, sandy-skinned, with a long sandy walrus-like mustache. He was sitting hat in hand on the bench in the outer office when Ames returned from lunch. Ames did not notice him then. His presence first became known when, on reaching his desk, Ames saw the little electrically-driven pencil of his annunciator indite upon its pad the name, "Mr. Victor Warren."

To Ames the name meant nothing. So he rang for his secretary.

"Victor Warren?" he asked, indicating the written name. "Who's Victor Warren?"

"He says he's Mrs. Ames's uncle," the secretary answered.

"Mrs. Ames's uncle!" repeated Ames. "I didn't even know she had one!"

He considered.

"Wait a minute," he commanded. There came to him hazy recollections of strange Christmas cards depicting foreign scenes with a wealth of color beyond anything to which Nature might ever hope, or dare, to aspire; cards on which were written, in a painfully cramped yet at the same time dashingly flourishing hand such sentiments as, "A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year from Yrs Rspcty Uncle Victor," or "Its turribel hot here. Wisht you was with us." Other post-cards he recalled that contained printed sentiments of an almost passionate devotion. He remembered, also, two small and very green gold nuggets. To his secretary he said:

"Show him in, by all means."

Uncle Victor came, hesitantly, almost timidly.

He grasped Ames's hand with a strength entirely unsuspected. With a quick lighting of little blue-white eyes he inquired as to the health of Constance, and of Don. On being told that they were well, and at home, he expressed so earnest, so sincere a desire to see them that Ames, carried off his mental feet by the unprecedented circumstance of a visit from an in-law whose existence he had quite forgotten, closed his desk and offered to take him there at once. . . . An offer of which he later repented.

The trip from the office was of the strangest and of the most uncomfortable, within Ames's recollection. Personalities exhausted, there seemed to be no other subject that suggested itself.

To be sure, taxi-ing to the station, Uncle Victor expressed a sincere conviction that the municipality in which Ames conducted his fiscal endeavors was "some town!" His appraisal of the railroad station was couched in similar phraseology; as was his opinion of the train; of the station at which they alighted; of the car that there met them; of the house at which they finally arrived.

Leaving him twiddling his old black hat uncomfortably, in the great, cool hall, Ames went to find Constance. Her uncle's eyes lighted up again on seeing her. On her part, she tried to cover the sudden sinking sensation that she felt with an air of cordiality that she did not feel.

He gazed at her with a besotted expression, his jaw dropping.

"My, my!" was all he was able to say. And again, "My, *my!*"

The greetings over, they turned him over to the august hospitality of Wason, the butler. And in the privacy of their own rooms, Ames attempted to explain, while Constance attempted to listen.

"But what could I do?" he demanded. "He seemed to take it for granted that we'd want him — that he'd be welcome here. I tried to suggest a hotel, or a club — I could have sent him to the Union; it's so much like a hotel that he wouldn't be noticed — but he just kept saying how anxious he was to see little Connie, and the baby — I suppose he meant Don by that — and — and — oh, confound it, I hadn't the heart to throw him down cold! And," extenuatingly, "he *is* your uncle, you know."

Constance, placing silken ankles together, surveyed the jeweled buckles of tiny slippers.

"But what *shall* we *do* with him!"

"We'll have to put up with him, I suppose," returned her husband; "that is, until we can make some decent excuse to get rid of the poor old chap."

"We might," she said, "if it weren't for that dinner to-night."

"Dinner?" murmured Ames.

"Good heavens! You hadn't forgotten, had you?" she cried.

He nodded slowly.

"His coming, like this, just knocked everything out of my head!" he muttered.

"And I don't suppose," said Constance, "that he has even a dress-suit."

Ames recalled painfully the battered telescope bag that had been his uncle-in-law's sole impedimenta.

"I could lend him one of mine," he ventured, desperately.

She shook her head.

"Don's would fit him better. But even a dress-suit wouldn't make him *talk* right! Did you hear that awful thing he said?"

"No," he said. "What was it?"

"It was about his going to Mexico, or some such outlandish place — from which he's just come; and he said, 'If I'd 'a' knowed them fellers was a-goin' to do that I wouldn't 'a' went.' . . . He tried to shake hands with Wason!"

Ames was silent for a moment.

"But what," he queried, at length, "would you suggest?"

She shook her head.

"That's just the trouble!" she cried. "I can't!"

"Well," said Ames, defensively, "he's *your* uncle, you know." She flashed a glance at him. "That may be true," she said, with a hauteur unmoved of so colorless a thing as truth, "but all the same I don't think it's very nice of you to — to rub it in!"

WHEN Don came back from golf, they broke the news to him. He seemed more interested than horrified.

"Uncle Victor here!" he repeated. "Why, I thought he was dead!"

"He's alive," rejoined Constance; "and what is worse, he's here, and I'm afraid we've got to ask him to dinner to-night."

"Why not?" demanded Don. "He's probably hungry."

"Wait," said Constance, coldly, "until you see him."

Don turned. "Is he as bad as that?" he demanded.

"Worse!" sighed Constance, with a shudder. "He's quite impossible!"

"I'll go have a look at him," volunteered Don. "Maybe we can mend him up some way. Put him next to me. I'll see that he doesn't break anything; and at that I'll

"Father reads a great deal," she said; "mostly German papers — and a few books. He seems never to forget that he is German"

"And you?" asked Don. "Do you feel that you are German, too?" She shook her head

enjoy him better than Enid Haynes. He won't try to flirt with me, anyway."

"Don!" cried his sister.

"Listen, sis," he adjured. "I'm a free-born American citizen. And if there's any one thing a man should be allowed to choose for himself it's a wife. . . . Where is he? Uncle Vic, I mean?"

"In the blue room."

Don went to inspect him.

He found him seated in a chair, in the mathematical center of the room, his hat on his knees, his telescope bag at his feet. . . . He had not moved since Wason had placed him there.

"Uncle Victor?" queried Don, advancing with outstretched hand.

The old man blinked, his jaw dropping. He was speechless.

"You are Uncle Victor, aren't you?" asked Don.

Uncle Victor swallowed.

"Who're you?" he demanded.

Don laughed. "I'm Donald," he returned.

Uncle Victor blinked again. "I got 'em," he murmured, softly. "I know I got 'em!"

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Don, puzzledly.

The old man pointed at him a gnarled and wavering finger.

"You," he mumbled, hoarsely, "you ain't — the baby!"

"I was a baby, I suppose, once."

The old man's head was shaking. Realization was slowly coming.

"My, my!" he murmured. "My, my, *my!*"

He shook his head again.

"I leave him a nursin' baby an' I come back an' find him nine foot high an' wearin' long pants! An' it don't seem like I be'n gone a minute, hardly!"

"Time flies," laughed Don.

"Flies!" said Uncle Victor. "She don't fly. She shoots!" He shook his head again. "If your pore mother could only 'a' lived to see you now! . . . And little Connie! She's growed, too."

"Yes," agreed Don, seriously. "She's quite a big girl now."

Uncle Victor caught the mischievous light in his eye. He grinned, widely.

"Shake," he said, thrusting out his hand. Don did. And suddenly all barriers of strangeness between them had gone.

"Been makin' out good?" demanded Uncle Victor, at length.

"Yes," said Don. "How about you?"

"Oh, all right," returned Uncle Victor. "I got a little dinero left in the war bags; though at present," he continued, "I'm sufferin' what I once heard one o' them orator fellers classify as a hiatus. It struck me as bein' a good word at the time; so I looked it up. It's come in a heap useful to me ever sence."

"A hiatus?" queried Don.

"Hiatusses, that way, is common, in Mexico," said Uncle Victor.

"Have you been in Mexico?" queried Don.

Uncle Victor nodded.

"Off and on," he replied. "I've had to come up once in a while for air. That's why I'm here now," he went on. "It's the open season for white men down there now. So I think to myself I'll just come away until the law goes on again. An' thinkin' about comin' away, I thinks where'll I go? An' thinkin' about where'll I go, I thinks about here. An' so here," he finished, "I am."

"And I'm mighty glad," said Don, earnestly, "to see you."

"Thanks, son," said Uncle Victor, "I b'lieve you are."

It was Don who arrayed him for dinner. It was a task from which he emerged warm and dishevelled. Coat, waistcoat, shirt, trousers and collar had fitted well enough. For, although Don was a bit taller, the current fashions had proclaimed a scantiness in apparel that sufficed to dignify Uncle Victor at least longitudinally; and they were of about the same lateral measurements. But it took the combined efforts of both of them to encase Uncle Victor's feet into Don's patent pumps.

"Show me the feller that says you can't put a quart into a pint measure," continued Uncle Victor, ruefully surveying his pedal extremities, "an' I'll show him how it's did!"

Chapter VII

THE dinner that evening included several new guests, and several old. Craig had been invited. An unattached bachelor of means, presentability, charm and distinction is well-nigh irreplaceable.

It was with the least bit of a qualm that Constance had set his name down upon the list, and only after she had exhausted all other possibilities, even to the extent of appealing to her husband for suggestions. Ames, quickly and a little impatiently, had suggested the very name that even then she had begun to write.

As for herself — well, it had been one of those very lively parties. Craig had perhaps been drinking a bit too much. And nothing like it had ever happened before.

She had not told Ames of what had happened. She feared that it might create bad feeling, or result in a scene. Above all else, Constance dreaded and hated scenes. It had really meant nothing, anyway. And, of course, it would never happen again.

There were, as other house guests, Mrs. Blair, charming, indolent and adaptable, just back from two weeks on the water; Gordon Blythe-Dorrien, a broad-shouldered, lean-hipped Canadian whom they had met while crossing on the *Lusitania*, and Mrs. Drayton, a neighbor in the city whose husband had been lost on the *Titanic* and whose only son, a boy of Don's age, deprived of fatherly guidance, was beginning to go the pace. Constance asked her largely from sympathy. Not that she was unattractive. She had been altogether charming. But her black gowns and helpless eyes were rather a damper.

And there were, as dinner guests, besides the Anstruthers and the Hathaways (and, of course, Enid Haynes), Senator and Mrs. Evans, and the Giffords.

Senator Evans was by way of being of the type of vanishing statesman that, happily, is beginning to be as obsolete as the hoop-skirt. He affected the regalia of the frock coat, the string tie and the soft hat, and ran to ornate and orotund periods. Physically and sartorially a relic of the mid-Victorian period, his mouth had never given his mind a chance to grow. Yet he was supposed, by the still unthinking, to lend tone to an occasion — like a family portrait or a Britannia urn. His wife, through years of self-elimination, had come to be a sort of uxorial ditto mark.

The Giffords were of the type of modern thinkers, so called because they are not modern and do not think. But they were esteemed clever because no matter what anybody said, they disagreed. They were against anything that is, and for anything that isn't. They wore tortoise-shell glasses, shoes that were nearly as flat as their heads, and didn't believe in marriage, religion, art, science or ethics. They even expressed some doubts as to the multiplication table. Yet while filled with a consuming scorn for anything that did not abide in, or emanate from, a certain section of New York that had formerly consisted mostly of stables (and sad it is to reflect to what base uses really good stables can sometimes come!), they were seldom, if ever, known to refuse invitations to eat, drink, or visit elsewhere. Possibly they felt that they were the divine missionaries of Truth carrying the light into the darkling shadows of civilizational benightedness. If they didn't, at least this was what they said.

During the cocktail hour that preceded dinner, Uncle Victor kept close to Don with an almost pathetic timidity. He was as a child, who, walking in strange places, fears to lose the sanctuary of his father's side.

He confined himself, on introduction, to a handshake with the men and a quaintly embarrassed, "Your servant, ma'am," with the women. He strove valiantly to keep his eyes from gowns cut extremely décolleté both at top and at hem. He knew their wearers must be good women, else they would not be found at the home of his niece; and yet never before had he seen good women . . . . . .

Caviar-laden crackers, passed with the cocktails, he inspected twice. But on seeing Enid Haynes nibbling daintily, he bravely gulped one down. The cocktails themselves he eyed strangely.

"Liquor?" he queried.

Don nodded.

"Take one," he urged. "They aren't at all bad."

Uncle Victor shook his head.

"No, thanks," he said.

He surveyed the guests with marked interest; an interest not at all tempered by the fact that by the guests he was virtually ignored. Strange relatives have become, in America, a common cross to be borne as painlessly and as unobtrusively [*Continued on page 50*]

Free!

by Mary Carolyn Davies

"I'M having the time of my life,"
He writes, "Don't worry for me."
For it took danger and strife
To make him free.

War gave him the freedom and friends
That poverty cheated him of. . . .
Shells, do not drop near his post!
Bullets, fly safely above!

There's a long line of men for your prey;
There are men who have lived more, to hit.
He has found his youth now. Shrapnel, guns,
Let him enjoy it a bit.

Benefits Forgot

by Louise Closser Hale

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

"HAT," said Maude to me as we were taking a taxi home from rehearsal, "now that we are New York favorites we ought to go about among the best people."

"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"Well," she replied, sort of thinking it over. Not that she thinks much, I do the thinking — she the feeling. "Well, so that we can feel we're just as good as anybody."

I kept at her. "Is that the reason women lose so many of their old friends, and make new ones?"

"Yes. They can't help it — something drives them onward and upward."

"Like second-story men?"

"Not like second-story men. They go higher than that. They are more in the class of that youth named Excelsior who kept upideeing-upidying himself up the slopes."

I looked at our nice clothes and our gold purses without a subway ticket in them, and full of money to pay for the taxi. "We've upideed-upidied ourselves along artistically, and that ought to be enough."

But, "No," she contended, bouncing out the word as we hit a loose Broadway plank, "this is something that is due our families."

I could understand what she meant by that. That was something I could get my teeth into, as we say of a good rôle. I speculated on it while we were slewing about the other vehicles on Central Park West. (I always try to think of something far removed from death when on that street.) Maude and I come from two of the very nicest families in our Iowa town. My father ran for mayor three times and was almost elected, and Maude's had been sheriff until her mother made him send in his notice — in stage parlance — so that he wouldn't have to hang a sort of relative of hers. We simply know all the best people out there, and during the first years in our profession when we were struggling so hard to get New York engagements, we often remarked what a curious thing it was not to know any of the best people in the metropolis.

They have phonographs in the trenches and they have vaudeville and side-shows back of the lines — all of these to take the bitter taste of war away for a moment or two. That's why we put a gay story like this into our Win-the-War Magazine every once in a while

For some time after we began creating rôles on Broadway we forgot about the best people. It was all-sufficient to go among the very finest of the actor crowd, and I could see that this renewed desire of Maude's to become fashionable was prompted by her mother. Both of our maternal parents kept writing to ask who called upon us, and sending us card-salvers for Christmas gifts. Except that the increase in our salaries would suggest it our mothers couldn't see anything successful in playing New York all year when it was so much pleasanter to travel and observe the scenery.

We tried to quiet them, but it was no use writing home that we went to the Fifty Dancing Club every Saturday night after the play, and there met just the dearest people in the world — who, of course, are players. We did write once, and both mothers hurried postals to us hoping on them that we got back to our flat before Sunday morning. To be sure, we had made the acquaintance of some young men who were carrying with more or less dignity names great enough for Iowa, but a sort of instinct kept us from writing to the folks about these boys.

Yet along with their mothers and their sisters and their aunts two young men of the very cream of society were woven into our lives, and, I may add right here, were raveled out again with satisfaction to all. I am glad they composed part of the woof and warp of our social experience.

One could see how the idea of being fashionable had taken hold of Maude when we descended at our apartment and for the first time she showed dissatisfaction with our surroundings. "It ought to be on the East Side," she murmured, as we let ourselves in with a latch key and smelled the fricassee chicken our colored maid was cooking.

It made me rather grim when I recalled how we had longed for a flat over near Riverside, and, once acquiring it, how proud we had been when the davenport had been derricked up through the window. "To Iowa visitors living on the East Side means Chinatown," I told her. "They visit it in Yap wagons."

"It isn't what Iowa thinks, it's what They think," said Maude. And when I heard her referring to the best people as They I knew she was pretty well under the spell. Heretofore we had spoken only of managers as They.

We kept on arguing as we were freshening up for our early dinner, calling from room to room so that about forty families with bedroom windows also on

the court knew that Maude thought them socially unfit — and for three days afterwards the cream was missing.

"You may get into society, Maude," I called, "but you might as well live in a pig-pen for all 'They' care."

One must understand that Maude and I, having made hits for three seasons in New York successes, had already gone about a little, and we were not at all deceived as to the social status of the merely rich who now and then asked us out to supper after the play. They did it because they didn't have anyone else to ask. Indeed, they were rather proud to be seen with us, and I swallowed their food without a struggle for I was giving them the best of myself while they were giving me their best. It was, vulgarly speaking, "fifty-fifty."

"Perhaps you don't realize that we have already started toward the goal," Maude said, as she came out of her room looking so well coifed and pretty that one would think she could walk into any house that pleased her — yes, and be kissed by the butler in welcome.

"I haven't noticed it," I answered stonily.

"One doesn't. It's like evolution, but we've upidied quite a little socially. Trace it back."

GETTING into society from the first step is all business. When a girl makes a hit in New York about the first person she sees the second night of the play is the press agent. He doesn't want to take her out and buy her anything, he just wants some photographs. So she rushes off early the next morning, and pretty soon they are in the Sunday papers. Shortly after she gets into the press he brings around a newspaper man, who doesn't want to take her out or do anything either that involves money, but he gets an interview and after it has come out she writes and thanks him for expressing her so well, although she probably thinks she could have written a better one herself.

However — he comes back to see her a little later with a young man who is interested in the theatre and hopes to have a very, very little one himself some day. That's the man that asks a girl to go out and have a bite — that's the first bite offered her — but, of course, she doesn't go, and it disappoints the reporter. She invites him to call on her some day, for you never can tell what kind of rôles there might be for her in these little-theatre productions. "And bring your sister," Maude always adds, to give the invitation tone.

He never brings his sister, although one of them Maude met later said she had wanted awfully to come but her brother thought it would put a crimp in his style. Yet he does bring an earnest young woman along with him, who has a great deal of personality in her hair, and believes his little theatre has a great future. She wants to be the play reader.

In our first case of this sort the little-theatre young man passed out of our lives as soon as he said that true disciples of art took no cognizance of salary, adding that he would begin rehearsing the plays as soon as his subscription list was satisfactory. But the next Sunday evening we attended what his companion called a bohemian supper in her house.

"What is a bohemian supper?" Maude asked me as soon as they were gone.

I had to think it over, for that's the way I am—thoughtful. And it wasn't until we had attended a number of such parties that I decided a hostess called a supper bohemian when she wasn't sure if it was going to be good. Maude got mad when people kept asking us to such affairs. It was her fixed idea that a supper was called bohemian because we were expected. That's the funny thing about the application of the word as regards people: all who aren't bohemians want to be and all who are — if an artistic calling stamps them as such — refuse to entertain the idea for a moment. As far as I can make out, as soon as you say you're a bohemian you aren't.

Anyway, we went to this party given by Miss Dreer — she of the individual hair —feeling that since she lived in an entire house we were getting on rapidly. It was in Greenwich Village, she said, which we feared would be a long way out in the country but was really quite near Eighth Avenue with grocery stores all about it — very convenient, as I told her when we got in.

Getting in was most inconvenient. She had said that she hoped it wouldn't be raining, as the tunnel was so damp, but I put that down as some figurative expression until we arrived in front of an area door with the number of the mysterious house (which we couldn't see) chalked up over the mouth to the tunnel. We found it by striking matches which went out, as it was raining very hard indeed. Maude had the matches in her pocket and I scolded her right on the pavement, for anyone could see that she was preparing to learn to smoke. She snapped back that she would have to learn sometime if she was going out in the world and she'd rather have the first experience in some other house than her own — which was disgusting.

By this time the door had swung gruesomely open in response to our ring and a far light invited us to wade through the tunnel which ran under the house facing the street, and evidently led to Miss Dreer's fortress. When we had heeled through the water, our toes in the air and arrived at a paved court, we saw a whole row of small houses running in between those facing the two streets, such as we put up at home for negro families. Many of the small windows were lighted, entertaining us with views of draperies upheld by spears.

"So this is where they've gone!" exclaimed Maude. "Where what's gone? Don't keep me in suspense."

"I'd like you in the family," she said

"Cozy corners," she replied, for even in Iowa cozy corners have folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away — evidently to Greenwich Village. We could see our hostess working herself up by a series of contortions from the sagging springs of her cozy corner and advancing to the door. Miss Dreer's house is the rather old kind that makes you say when you go into the living-room, "What a lovely fireplace!" as there is almost nothing else to say.

I sha'n't go into the form of entertainment, although it was very elevating. Maude didn't bring out her little package of cigarettes at first for fear she would shock them and later, when Miss Dreer smoked a short pipe she was ashamed to bring them out, as a lady smoking cigarettes seemed so old-fashioned. So, I am glad to say, she hasn't begun yet. They were all scornful of anything that happened out of Greenwich Village. They said it comprised the best of everything, and that was when I spoke of the grocery stores, remarking that they looked very nice. But here's a funny thing: the woman who received the most attention of all was the secretary of a prominent society leader.

It wasn't so very different from a play

I WOULDN'T bother to speak about it save that it is most important. As Maude and I went through all the layers of New York life we found this same respectful attitude toward anybody that had to do with society. Maude used it as one of her justifications for getting acquainted with the best people.

"We're all trying for the same goal, but we aren't after it for the same reason," she would contend.

"What's ours?" I grumbled out.

"My gracious, I've said it over and over. Since to be in society is the highest peak of metropolitan aspirations we've got to get up on that peak. It's due our mothers."

Maude said this a month after the taxi ride which began this story. Our play had opened and we had made such a hit that I hoped she would forget about this extraordinary way of being kind to her mother, but as soon as she had read her notices she was scouting over the same trail, glorifying her ambitions now by calling them aspirations. I was about worn out and I finally said to her:

"Maude, if you and I get up on that peak — if I help you to get up — will you promise to come right down again?"

"Yes," she promised; then, coughing slightly, "unless we find the atmosphere invigorating."

So we went on up the ladder and I think even Maude would have enjoyed sitting down on one or two of the rounds where we found awfully kind and amusing people; and as for me, I tried to arrange to keep on

the good side of them so that we could make protracted visits on the return trip.

We left Miss Dreer far behind, associating ourselves with the secretary of the *femme du monde* (they use that in our third act) for a while, who invited us to her club. It was clubs that did it at last, but we suffered frightfully meeting all those women and fearing that we were not progressing clubbily. It seemed to me at times that instead of porch-climbing we were down in the cellar digging our way through to China.

"Don't you know," I would groan on the way home from these affairs where we had been guests of honor, "don't you *see* they're only using us? They pretend to be doing us a courtesy and we're really there just to draw a crowd."

"I get it all," disposed Maude briefly. "And so do they, but what they don't get is that we're using them too. Now, some day we'll find a woman guest at one of these clubs who is trying to work them also, and that's the one for us to hang on to."

The very next time Maude's prognos— (can't spell it) predictions came true. We heard all about it on the other side of the screen in the cloak-room of the club. One of the club members, the kind that gets up things and always waits until the last minute to dress, was talking to a fellow member. "We have procured two actresses — they're decorative, if dull — and Mrs. Jastrow will do the talking. I got her."

We didn't care a bit if we were decorative and dull; what was interesting to us was the probable meeting with Mrs. Jastrow. It would be a great relief to Iowa to have us know this great lady whose name was in the papers as often as our names were — only in different columns. I wasn't afraid of her, for I understood that we would have a kindred feeling because we were all three working to some secret end or we wouldn't have been there.

Mrs. Jastrow didn't keep her errand secret, however — at least not from us. She came in late, smiling amiably but not apologetically, and nodding to those who looked as though they wanted to pretend to know her. You could see she was out for something. When we were presented to her she extended her hand formally, then her eyes seemed to embrace us with understanding.

"Of course," she exclaimed. "You girls are in all the plays worth while these days. I went with my son last night. So amusing! Such charming frocks!"

And as she paid us compliments we could see a sort of set purpose stealing into her face, an intention of commercializing us — of adapting us to her needs. Even I saw it although I didn't yet believe *haute monde* had any needs they themselves couldn't gratify.

WHEN she made her speech to the club she was every inch on the job. She said she hadn't come to talk but to meet women; said she was fond of women and, although she had never before been within its hospitable door, that she was fond of this club; said it represented the flower of America; the women who did things (I could not find that they did anything except go to the club); said the great desire had suddenly come sweeping over her, as she had mounted the platform and looked at the sea of faces to make *her* interests theirs; said it is the women who *do* things of whom we *ask* things.

In this way Mrs. Jastrow sprung upon them her pet charity, and with lightning rapidity enrolled all the club members as hard-working members and collected dues from some. She declared that she was staggered by their response — it made her feel that each woman present was a personal friend. And each club member felt as Mrs. Jastrow left them — never to come again — that the social world was hers.

Maude and I did better than that: we drove home with her to tea. For Maude had whispered in her ear a single word that made plain to me her whole plan of attack. It was no doubt the word that Mrs. Jastrow intended her to whisper, for Mrs. Jastrow as well as Maude appreciated that its seven letters link the social and dramatic world. It is the only word that does — the word which old Webster admits is "advantage; profit; use;" as though abetting us in our scheming. But he grants one more defining word, and that is Service! And if Maude and I did not grasp the import of that lovely synonym at first, we later recognized its sweet significance. Yes, now that it is all over I think that humble Service is always present, no matter how proud the Benefit.

FOR it is by Benefits that we players come in touch with the Mrs. Jastrows of life, and again, I say it, the game is "fifty-fifty." The able lady knew to a cent the value of our services. What staggered me was the consciousness that we were of value. A sensation of power filled me as I sat drinking tea with Mrs. Jastrow and talking over plans and plays.

That was the beginning of many teas and informal calls upon her and other women, women who seemed to do nothing but have their hair marcelled but really accomplish more work than the actor has any knowledge of. Right from the start we were not awed by our surroundings — we have always been in society plays and have sat on just as good furniture in just as good rooms done by the very best scene-painters.

We pushed open Maude's door without preliminaries. "I should think," said Mrs. Jastrow, "that this is hardly the moment for illicit love-making!"

There was nothing at all terrifying about the people who owned these houses. Their unaffected cordiality was disarming, and as time went on even I wondered if they were not accepting us because they liked us and not because they liked the Benefit. Of course Mrs. Jastrow didn't count on her boy, Roy, falling in love with Maude, and I am sure that bubbling little Mrs. de Perez had no thought of her dreamy son, Mendoza, taking to anything as blunt and practical as I am.

The two young men demonstrated differently, or, as we would say in the theatre, treated the same situation from different angles; but the conclusion was the same. It wasn't so very different from a play, and I think I may say that the ending was more satisfactory than the average drama nowadays, from which you go away not knowing whether they did or they didn't.

Roy might be put down as the juvenile, a perfectly transparent character, but my Mendoza was a peculiar type who would have kept any audience wavering between thinking him a detective, a leading man intent on good, and the villain.

There was no subtlety about Roy except that he loved to sit in the dark house — the auditorium, I mean — while Maude would be rehearsing on the stage. I sometimes thought he did this to hide from his mother who had grown so bohemian that she would actually enter by the stage door — that is if the stage doorkeeper didn't throw her out. Later he asked to act as prompter for the play Maude was in, and bought a beautiful portfolio like a parchment missal in which to carry the extra manuscript back and forth from the rehearsals. It made the stage-manager sick.

But it didn't make Maude sick. I could see that she was touched by this desire to make her interests his. She said he might develop into a producer — not have anything to do with the play, understand, but just put up the money. "I could keep him from offering suggestions," she boasted.

We were having supper alone the night she said this and I put down my chicken leg and arraigned her. "You're perfectly cold-blooded! You'd actually work this boy for his money."

She went right on with her own leg — chicken leg — complacently. "You don't work a man when you're married to him; at least, you don't call it that. It is called sharing each other's joys."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"He asks me every day."

"What do you say?"

"I say 'after the Benefit.'"

I stared in horror. To think that only a Benefit stood between her and a marriage service with that alien! It was really serious. If he had clung to his polo and squash court she would have felt as lonely as an Hawaiian dancer at a Sunday-school, but he had gone over to her side, fooling her with the idea that the union would be one of artistic value to the world. He wasn't asking her to abandon anything, as Mendoza was asking me.

I HADN'T told her much about Mendoza because I couldn't find out what it was he wanted me to abandon. He was one of those awfully sensitive young men to whom anything like a direct question would act as a cudgel upon his quivering nerves. He had a lot of principles — he had principles sticking out all over him, and he had a noble desire to share them that almost drove me crazy.

Yet he was lenient, oh, yes, lenient. If I came into a restaurant a little late for our luncheon appointment and would start to tell him of the splendid row I had been having with the property man he would smile indulgently and shake a reproving finger at me. "I am not your keeper," he would say, as though he didn't believe a word of my story and thought I had been sniffing cocaine up an alley — as though he *preferred* to believe it.

And he would want me to drink champagne! I don't like champagne. We don't have it in Iowa and it goes up my nose, yet I never had a bite with him at any hour of the day but he would say: "I'm not going to be hard on you, dear child; you are to have a little bottle just to prove to you I'm not a monster."

"Well, what are you, anyway?" I would long to shout at him roughly. And sometimes when I got impatient and flounced about he would say gently: "There are happier times ahead of you, dear girl. Sit tight and bite on the bullet," or, "Go to mother. Oh, the loving-kindness of a mother! You don't know her."

This was absurd. In the first place, I had no bullet but I did have a mother of my own, and in the second place, I knew his mother much better than he did. She was a peach although she never stopped dancing long enough for me to find out about her loving-kindness.

Mendoza was less impetuous than Roy. He didn't propose to me until two hours before the doors were opened for the Benefit. The mere fact [*Continued on page 43*]

The Re-born Spirit of '76

by Anna Steese Richardson

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

PERHAPS you have met him, too — the kind of professional pessimist who does more to help lose the war than he knows. I ran across him only yesterday. The skies lowered, the news from overseas was depressing, a senatorial committee had unearthed fresh evidences of profiteering, and a broken water-main had flooded the cellar of his suburban home. He regarded me with a gloomy eye.

"The entire world has gone mad! The nations which are not at war are on the verge of starvation. America hasn't a ghost of a chance. Eventually we'll have to sign a peace treaty, whether it hurts our national pride or not."

I shook my head.

"Yes!" he stormed, "and you and I will pay taxes that will make this year's income check look like a bell-boy's tip. Why, look at our army! What is it?"

"A magnificent fighting force," I shot back. "Your estimate of the army is founded on congressional squabbles and sensational headlines. You are merely drawing conclusions. I have been studying the new National Army in the making, and I *know*. You judge armies from numbers, equipment, training. I have been watching the reincarnation of that American fighting spirit which is popularly supposed to have died with our Revolutionary ancestors. Stand behind the American men in France and in training, and they will protect you from the Imperial Tax Collector."

He uttered an incredulous grunt and rang for his stenographer. I fared forth from his presence, head high and lips smiling; which is the way I have walked ever since my return from a tour of the training camps!

"I should think General Pershing would uv sent for you. My, but that uniform's becoming!"

FOR the re-birth of the fighting spirit in twentieth-century Americans is the most significant, the most hopeful, the most poignantly inspiring feature of life as it is lived in a training camp. The American Revolutionists whose bravery and patriotism we laud were pioneers who came overseas to blaze a trail in freedom's name. Whether they went forth to till the soil, to trade beads for land, or to worship God, they carried guns on their shoulders. But the men in the training camps from which I have just come were born in the liberty for which their forebears died. They were trained in peaceful pursuits, lived under the slogan of Safety First, and were subject to arrest and fine if they carried firearms.

The hero of '76 fought for liberty in its most primitive and elemental form. Fully seventy-five per cent. of the 1917–'18 drafted men when mustered in did not realize that America's liberty was threatened. They had been fed up with the German propaganda that this is England's war, France's war, Europe's war — any nation's war but America's.

To-day, whether or not they have had time to analyze the real aims and designs of the Prussian military party, they believe that the United States having gone into the fight, it is their present job to win it. And they have gone at the tremendous unfamiliar task in the same absorbed, intensive fashion that they once brought to bear on athletic contests in school or college, or success in business. Best of all, thousands of young men who were floundering in civil life for lack of direction are developing unsuspected concentration and power in the army.

The development of this feeling which army officers describe as *esprit de corps*, but which to the layman looks like simple, elemental courage and patriotism, is a thrilling thing to watch.

Years fling a sparkling veil over events and motives, and foster hero worship. But my tour of the training camps has eliminated from my vocabulary that phrase of unwarranted comparison, "the good old days." As a child I often stood spellbound before two fine engravings which hung on the wall of my grandfather's home, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and "Washington at Prayer." To-day I cannot believe that Washington's tattered forces, braving the ice-choked river on the trail of the Hessians, were one whit more courageous than the little group of men I met the other day in a Southern encampment, returning from a gas-mask drill held in a hut filled with deadly fumes. And the same spirit of humility and faith which illumined the engraved face of Washington kneeling in the snow at Valley Forge, I saw duplicated in the living faces of men who, with the Red Triangle of the Y. M. C. A. on their sleeves, turned out one gray, rain-soaked daybreak to meet and serve a thousand recruits who entered the cantonment with the fear of military slavery instilled by German propaganda, chilling them marrow and soul.

Watching one regiment on parade, watching another building trenches and a third at bayonet practise is interesting, but the simple relations of camp life, man to man, officer to private, are convincing.

As an example, permit me to introduce Private S——.

On the day I first met him, nearly a hundred men who could not write, speak nor understand English had been mustered in. Under the direction of the Depot Brigade Chaplain, a fine military figure with a profound respect for rules and regulations, they had been herded into the class-room of a Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.

They personified sodden despair. Some had come from collieries, some from lonely farms, some from factories. Most of them bore the stamp of under-nourishment and impure air. Many were pallid with fear of what the next hour, the next moment, might bring forth. As distant doors opened and closed, the blood flowed and ebbed in their cheeks. They moistened dry lips with nervous tongues. Their hats hung from lifeless hands. They huddled together staring dumbly at the floor, or occasionally shot fearful glances at the Chaplain who leaned against the wall, his strong arms crossed on his broad chest.

The door opened quickly, and a lithe, wiry, upstanding young figure strode into the room. Keen, but kindly brown eyes illumined rather sharp features, tanned from drill in all sorts of weather.

Private S—— saluted the Chaplain and turned to the group of recruits on his right, saying in purest Italian:

"Italians, I welcome you. We are glad that you have joined us to fight for the land of your birth and for this, your adopted country. We must all be good soldiers together."

A spirit like a wave of warmth swept over the group of Italians. They raised their heads and smiled with quick Latin sympathy. Some of the brown eyes were filmed with tears, tears of relief and happiness.

Private S—— swung to the left and spoke in Yiddish. Again that impalpable wave of relief, and more heads were raised. While the Russian Jews listened intently, the Italians began babbling among themselves. The Chaplain spoke sharply.

"Tell them they must not talk when you are speaking."

Private S—— saluted and swung back into Italian. Silence fell upon the room. He turned apologetically to the Chaplain.

"They did not mean to be discourteous, sir. They were so grateful to hear their own language in what they felt to be an alien camp."

The Chaplain unbent and flung the shining-eyed Italians a kindly glance. They caught it and beamed. Here was another understanding man!

Private S—— turned to the smallest group of all. He tried Bohemian, German, Finnish. The men shook their heads. A man who was plucking at a huge cap made of black and yellow cat-skin, muttered a few words. Private S—— bent closer and smiled.

"Ah, Danish!" Without a second's hesitation he rattled off his little welcome in the language which these young farmers could understand. And their heavy faces lightened.

At the conclusion of these greetings, Private S—— took each group by turn for its first lesson, the single but significant word, "Halt." Next he announced, simply and explicitly, where each group would find its religious services, Knights of Columbus buildings for the Catholics, Y. M. C. A. Huts for the Protestants, and Young Men's Hebrew Welfare House for the Jews.

As the third step, he separated into one class all those who could not write their own names, even in their own language, and the balance, according to nationality, for interpretative lessons in the manual of arms.

AND finally, he led them all out for "colors," and as the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," he explained to them with rapid-fire changes from language to language, how to stand at attention and the meaning of this beautiful every-day ceremony in camp.

Day after day, I saw Private S—— give these men intensive training in military English and then turn them over, one by one, to the different Depot Brigade Sergeants. Just a private with the gift of tongues, but, in common with the Y. M. C. A. workers and the officers who knew of his work, I often

felt the impulse to salute him when we passed on the camp streets.

Private S—— can speak and conduct correspondence in eight languages. When war was declared, he announced his intention of entering a training school for officers. His employers, a prominent importing firm, induced him to take his chances on the draft. They needed his services sorely. His number was among the first called. As he possesses the peculiar co-ordination of muscle and mind, and the powers of concentration from which officers are made, he immediately attracted the attention of regimental officers as a likely candidate for the officers' training class. But one day when a luckless sergeant was struggling with a squad of Italian recruits, Private S—— volunteered his services as interpreter.

To-day, after six months of co-operation with the chaplain, the commander of the Depot Brigade, and the Y. M. C. A. educational secretary, he is still Private S——, volunteer interpreter for the non-English speaking recruits. He has watched men less worthy of promotion pass from the ranks to the post of corporal or sergeant. He has seen men of less intelligence and efficiency receive commissions. But hardest of all, he has seen messmates march off to adventures and glory overseas.

One day curiosity overmastered discretion. I asked Private S—— how long he expected to remain at the cantonment. He replied simply:

"As long as the Major General needs me here. This war demands specialists in every branch of service. My specialty is languages."

But army regulations provide no commissions for interpreters. Private S——, who received two hundred dollars a month as foreign correspondence clerk, is working for his country at thirty dollars and keep!

Sergeant Bill—Mess Sergeant, if you please — is another chap who made me believe in the solidarity of this new army.

Private Bill brought to the cantonment an enviable record as an athlete. He won favor in the eyes of his drill sergeant, and his second lieutenant reported him to the captain as the one man in the company who had learned to make his bed military fashion within forty-eight hours after being mustered in. The Y. M. C. A. athletic director promptly selected him as a leader in the sports.

"Italians, I welcome you. We are glad you have joined us. We must all be good soldiers together"

And then Bill took his turn at kitchen policing, which is the army phrase for waiting on table. As a K. P., Bill offered the mess sergeant a few practical ideas he had acquired during many summers of camp life in Maine's unrivaled fishing grounds. When the mess sergeant came down with the measles, he begged piteously that Bill should substitute for him, and Bill did, with such efficiency that there was great joy in the company who fed at his board.

By the time the invalid returned, Private Bill's fame had spread to regimental headquarters. So one afternoon when Bill came in from a hike that had set every drop of blood in his stalwart body tingling, he was summoned into the presence of his superiors and ordered to take over the mess-hall for non-commissioned officers. The language which Bill used when safe beyond the range of official ears is said to have turned a perfectly good golden sunset blue, and it has no place in this story nor any other intended for polite reading.

ON the evening when the Y. M. C. A. secretaries who mess with the "non-coms" escorted me to Sergeant Bill's mess-hall for supper, his irate and apoplectic father appeared suddenly on the scene. He was armed with a special pass from headquarters which he little dreamed was issued in compliment to the efficiency of his son. He arrived when the mess hall was practically empty and the Y. M. C. A. workers were lingering over the task of washing their mess-kits. Evidently Sergeant Bill had but recently written home about his new job. He tried to stem the indignation of his parent and supervise the mixing of Hamburger steak for the morrow's breakfast simultaneously.

"Cut it out, dad. Cooking's not menial work in the army. It's making men fit to fight. And if I can make a hundred, two hundred men fitter to lick the Huns, I'm worth more to Uncle Sam than if I was carrying one gun over the top. . . . Hi, Pete, mix in more onion and mix it well. Don't throw in gobs like that. . . . I'm not crazy about feeding instead of fighting—but you and mother have got to understand that down here we take orders, no matter what they are. And I'm making good—I can fling balanced rations all over the place. I took my examination in dietetics yesterday. Sailed right through it as if it was trigonometry or physics. After this week, I won't be a chef. The C. O.'s going to put me in charge of three mess-halls —get that? I'm one of Uncle Sam's dietitians."

Sergeant Bill's father went home unconvinced and rebellious, but Sergeant Bill whistled at his task of making men fit.

Of absorbing interest is the study of this clash between home and camp influences.

It is practically impossible for a writer with a large circle of acquaintances to enter a camp without meeting sons of relatives, friends or neighbors. So it is not remarkable that I had occasion to look up Eddie and Jack when I reached a certain National Guard camp. Eddie is the son of a moderately prosperous merchant, youngest child of his neurotic and emotional mother. He could not hold a position even in his father's store. His mother denied herself to keep him in good clothes and spending money.

On the day when he announced that he had "signed up" at the Armory around the corner, his mother's hysterics penetrated to the apartment on the floor below where I was having tea with a friend. Mary Healey, privileged handmaid of my hostess, deposited a plate of golden brown toast before us, and paused, arms akimbo, eyes flashing scorn.

"Sure, and she might well be glad, for it may be th' makin' uv th' lad. It's me should be worried at th' thought uv her Eddie signed up in th' same company with my Jack. You should hear her whin he comes in fur breakfast, along about noon: 'Eddie, dear, now have a bit uv orange juice. 'Tis grand this morning.' "

For six months this doting mother has done absolutely nothing but devise "treats" for her soldier-son. Twice a week she has shipped boxes of food, his favorite crackers, cakes, pies, salads, pressed meats and sweets. She is an authority on containers and has made a study of mail trains. She sends him the same allowance that he enjoyed at home, and she refunds the premiums on the insurance which his officers shamed him into taking. Her daughters have been denied the pretty things girls like, that Eddie might have more knitted garments than an entire squad would require, a down quilt covered with khaki-colored sateen, and the finest grade of khaki silk handkerchiefs. She has taken no part in Red Cross work or Liberty Bond campaigns. From day to day she has lived on her boy's highly colored descriptions of the privations from which her boxes have saved him and his pals.

In camp, chaplain and officers alike shook their heads over Eddie, and admitted that he cares more for gambling than for drill. But Jack Healey is a sergeant of parts. Said he, saluting smartly:

"If you should see mother, tell her I'm doing fine, and 'tis a grand life. Is she getting her allotment money regular, do you know? There's been talk here that it's not always paid. And tell her I'll be sending her my Liberty Bond next week. And we've steam heat now in the barracks, as snug as our flat at home." His eyes twinkled. "And tell her if you like that I'm thinking how some uv the beatings she gave me has saved me many an hour in the guard-house here. 'Twill please her, no doubt."

If a boy writes to *you* that the life agrees with him and he likes it, *believe him.* Nine times out of ten he is telling the truth. If he is not, the very lie he has written proves that he is struggling toward that Spirit of '76 which some of us have mourned as dead. And then write him a letter bubbling over with pride in his service to his country.

A STALWART, clear-eyed corporal asked me to help him pack an illuminated Roll of Honor, with his photograph in the oval.

"This will please your mother immensely," I commented as we fastened the cord and adjusted the stamp.

"Think so? Well, she's some mother. You ought to taste the war bread she makes — sent me a loaf in a tin can. She writes they haven't had white bread on the table in four months. That's going some! Thanks for your help."

He touched his campaign hat and turned away. The Y. M. C. A. secretary at my elbow followed the olive drab figure with a smilingly reminiscent glance.

"You ought to have seen that lad when he landed in this cantonment five months ago. It had rained furiously all night, and just at daybreak I heard our religious worker shaking down the stove outside his room; then a door slammed and the empty auditorium rang with oaths that brought every secretary in the building out of bed. But as we stuck our heads out of the door, the religious worker signaled 'everything clear' and we knew he would handle the situation. It turned out that a train load of recruits had arrived in the night, and a green officer had balled things up. The poor devils had been marched through the rain to the mustering office where they had gotten their first shot (inoculation); then they had been marched through more rain to barracks, which were already filled. While the officer in charge of the recruits hustled off for orders, the boys huddled under a tree. This particular lad had seen the sign, 'Everybody Welcome' and the light flare up in the religious worker's window, so he had taken a chance and run for shelter.

"There he stood before the fire, water dripping from his clothes, and cuss words from his lips. He laid out President Wilson for declaring war, the draft, the officers of the camp and the M.D. who had inoculated him. The religious worker went right on poking up the fire and taking an occasional look at the pot steaming over his little alcohol stove. Finally, when the boy had exhausted his rage and his voice was beginning to break with wretchedness and homesickness, he turned on our man.

" 'You're over the draft age. What in —— did you come here for?' "

"The secretary handed the recruit the cup of coffee he had been brewing and answered quietly, 'Because somebody must be here to meet boys like you who might get the wrong idea of camp life. We're all bound to make mistakes — but we all right them in time. The result is going to be an invincible army. Suppose we pray for the officer who made this mistake. He will have a nasty half-hour up at headquarters!' "

But it was Private Bert J—— who proved to me the efficacy of camp life in developing stunted, warped man-power.

I met Private Bert through Mary Louise Hammond. A sudden downpour had sent me scurrying into the Y. M. C. A. Hostess House. The only other visitor in the huge, empty room, she flung me a hopeful glance. I fixed my gaze determinedly on my steaming boot soles, but it was useless. Mary Louise Hammond had been silent just as long as a woman of her type could be.

"Waiting for one of the boys?"

I shook my head.

"I am. Been waiting since [*Continued on page 41*]

She saw him fall, with arms flung wide and a still look on his face

Anne — *by* Lily A. Long

Illustration by Fanny Munsell

PAUL ASHE made his second visit to Allentown frankly in quest of sensation.

"I am coming up," he wrote, "ostensibly to see you and my always adored Mrs. Allen, but really in the hope of getting material for another play out of that anachronism you call your factory. I scorn pretences. 'Chained to the Wheels' has about run its course, and they want another of the same sort, only more so."

Allen read the letter at the breakfast table, and handed it to his wife without comment.

"Well," she temporized, with a tolerant inflection in her voice. And then she laughed a little. "Shall you tell him about Anne?"

"Not a word." He spoke with energy.

"I'm afraid he'll be disappointed when he sees what you have done," she said. She was smiling, but she raised her eyebrows with an air of anxiety only half assumed.

"He got his old 'Chained to the Wheels' out of us," Allen said shortly. "That's enough."

"I wonder what he'll think about Anne," Eleanor Allen mused. She looked down into her coffee-cup with the blank gaze of a seeress reading the future. She had forgotten that she expected a reply, and started a little at the sound of her husband's voice.

"He won't come within a thousand years of understanding her," he was saying vigorously. "Ashe is clever — but his range of vision is limited to the seven primary colors. Anne Douglas isn't for his sort."

"No, he probably *would* find her rather dull," Eleanor murmured, with delicate malice. Of course Anne was her friend, but it wasn't necessary to speak as though she were unique in the world. And then, being Eleanor, she forgot her momentary pique. "It will be pleasant, having him here, won't it? Paul is so entertaining."

"If you like concentrated extract of Broadway," Charles said, without enthusiasm.

Charles Allen was a shoe manufacturer by the irony of inheritance. He had expected to capitalize his taste and his knowledge of pictures by doing something in the line of art commissions for a living; but the year he left Harvard a cousin had died and left him heir to an established business in a distant village named Allentown. Charles understood theoretically that the business consisted of the manufacture of shoes, but when his lawyer had gone over the balance sheets with him, he could realize it in no other light than as an amazing manufacture of dividends. He promptly married Eleanor, to whom he had long been engaged on hopeless prospects, and they sailed for Italy on a honeymoon which lasted for four years.

When they returned to Boston, they brought Paul Ashe in their train. Ashe had already written a successful play, and he now went about the world looking at everything as "material." A vivid personality, and an absorbing interest in his own relation to life, made him always the central figure in any group. Fame courted him, instead of waiting for him to sue. Allen, critical and fastidious by nature, regarded Paul's audacities with amused tolerance, but Eleanor frankly delighted in him.

It was on the occasion of their return to America that Allen made his first visit to his shoe factory.

"I believe I'll just go up and look at that place," he said one day, on an impulse.

"I'll go, too," offered Ashe, promptly. "Maybe I'll get an idea."

Allentown proved to be a tiny old village hidden among the New England hills. It was in effect nothing but a setting for the shoe factory, about which it had grown up in a haphazard and unbeautiful manner. Allen regarded it with distaste, and Eleanor reflected with thankfulness that they were not going to live there.

They took a keener and more genuine interest in exploring the old Colonial house which had come to them as a pendant to the factory, and found that it held some very good old mahogany. It was all interesting to the new owners, and they had a very good time. It did not occur to them till afterward that Paul Ashe was the one who had made himself acquainted with the factory, while its ostensible owner was studying the markings of the pewter in the ancestral dining-room. The result of Paul's curious interest was shown the next fall when his play, "Chained to the Wheels," was put on the boards. It was a dramatic picture of the conditions of the factory-worker's life, and it soon became an open secret that the dramatist had made his studies at Allentown.

Charles and Eleanor went to see the play, and as a result, the Allens moved to their country home at Allentown and Eleanor wrote for Anne Douglas.

Anne was an old college-mate of Eleanor's who had "gone in" for social service; and while Eleanor was sipping esthetic honey from the flowers of Italy, she had been developing welfare work in a western factory.

"Anne doesn't talk much, but she is the understanding sort," Eleanor explained.

That Anne did not talk much was almost dismayingly evident when, in answer to their appeal, she freed herself from other engagements and came to them. There was understanding, certainly, in her still eyes, but there was no honey on her tongue. She did not even seem to regard the situation as extraordinary. Still, at the end of the year Allen drew a long breath, and sent to London for a descriptive catalogue of old pewter. The Anne Douglas experiment was working so well that he could afford to let his mind return to its natural channels.

Allen's conviction that Ashe would not be sensitive enough to catch the peculiar shimmer of personality that made Anne's silence vibrant was apparently justified from the outset. So was Eleanor's intuition that the dramatist was going to be disappointed in Allentown as it stood to-day.

"What under the sun have you been doing to things?" he demanded. His tone was aggrieved. "Where are those frightful, tumbled down houses that used to be here?"

"Torn down. Place turned into that baseball ground."

Ashe looked at him as an artist might look at an artisan who had "restored" an old master.

"And you've moved your people into those bungalows, I suppose," he said sarcastically, turning to view some attractive cottages which were unmistakably new.

"Yes."

"And I suppose you have a club-room and rest-rooms and a restaurant and a reading-room in the factory itself."

"Oh, yes," Allen admitted cheerfully. "You must let Miss Douglas take you about and explain it all."

"Not while I have breath," said Ashe vigorously. "If this is the work of Miss Douglas, I don't care to meet her."

And although they dined together that evening at the Allens', and he saw her, perforce, every day of the

time he spent there, it might almost be said that he never did meet her. He let her, in a manner, slide past him.

Such an attitude, maintained beyond the first days, could not be entirely unconscious. You can't avoid a person day in and day out without being watchful of her comings and goings. If it was at the beginning something of a game on Paul's part, Anne's refusal to play up, her quiet acceptance of his attitude, made it at the end almost embarrassingly serious.

There was, indeed, a hint of something apologetic in Paul's manner on the last evening of his visit, when Anne had gone up-stairs, and the others had drawn together before the fireplace. It was he who broke the silence with the wholly irrelevant remark:

"She hasn't much to say for herself, your Anne Douglas."

"She doesn't chatter," said Allen, quickly defensive. "But what she accomplishes —! Eleanor and I won't soon forget the way she handled the situation when an epidemic of typhoid broke out the first month she was here. You should see her among those ignorant women and stunted children ——"

"I can believe, without actually seeing it," Ashe interrupted shortly. "I am not blind. But she has had you, with your money and your authority, back of her."

"I could give money and authority, but nothing else," Allen answered. "She knows what to do."

"Yes, I understand that it is a regular profession," Ashe retorted. "They teach you how to improve your neighbors by rule and measure."

"Good heavens, man," said Allen bluntly, "it was your play that put us up to this improvement business."

"Then Anne Douglas ought to see some merit in me," he said, impishly.

The next morning Ashe departed on an expedition which promised more success in his quest for sensation, and Anne did not even know he was gone until she came into Eleanor's room in the afternoon for a cup of tea.

"Paul Ashe is just a bundle of impulses," said Eleanor, with disapproval. "He catches an idea as though it were a bird — something that comes to him out of space, and for which he has no responsibility. He just thought of this plan, and inside of an hour it was all settled."

"What plan?" Anne asked, politely.

"Why, he's going over to France. To work with the American Ambulance Corps. He has gone to Washington now to get the necessary papers and pull wires. You can't just go, you know. It has to be arranged."

She glanced at Anne as she spoke, expecting some response, and while her heart beat twice she held her breath. Then she went on with her tale, and no change in her voice betrayed that she had seen.

Anne, with her chin cupped on her hand, was absorbed in fitting Paul Ashe into the mental pictures she had of battle-fields. In one illuminating flash of imagination she saw him guiding a heavy car over a ploughed-up field, she saw the shells raining upon him, she saw him fall, with arms flung wide and a strangely still look on his face ——

She rose. "Linda Berg is better," she said casually. Then she went out without further words.

All her life Anne Douglas had suffered from the consciousness that she was unable to express herself. She knew there was that within her which was worth expressing. She had recognized herself when she read that haunting poem of Fannie Stearns Davis —

"My Soul goes clad in gorgeous things,
"Scarlet and gold and blue.
"And at her shoulder sudden wings
"Like long flames flicker through.

"O folk who scorn my stiff grey gown,
"My dull and foolish face,
"Can you not see my Soul flash down,
"A singing flame through space?"

Extensive experience had told her that they could not and did not, and she had finally reconciled herself to the knowledge, just as she had been obliged, in her serious childhood, to reconcile herself to the fact that her hair was not curly. There were facts in life which simply had to be faced and accepted, even at the age of ten. Her hair was irredeemably straight and her tongue irresponsibly shy. Growing up had not greatly changed the latter trouble. Fortunately, in the work upon which she had undertaken to spend herself, doing was more important than talking.

And this had been on the whole sufficient until Paul Ashe came to Allentown. Then, for the first time since she had grown up, the old childish agony about the discrepancy between the inner reality and the outer show returned.

She was quite aware of the fact that Ashe had had no real glimpse of her.

"If I wore a different hat, and came upon him in another town, he probably would not remember that we had met before," she told herself. There was amusement as well as bitterness in the thought, as she decided she would forget the whole episode.

Now, to set forgetfulness deliberately as a task is a very assured way of remembering. Anne had so completely failed to forget that when, at the end of six months, Eleanor announced that Paul Ashe was returning to America, and had cabled that he was coming direct to Allentown, she was for a moment paralyzed with an emotion not unlike terror. Eleanor herself seemed less elated than might have been expected.

"I suppose he will have no end of things to tell us," she finished lamely.

"When is he coming?" Anne asked, casually.

"On the twentieth."

"Then I shall probably just miss seeing him."

Eleanor stared, for once caught off her feminine guard.

Anne drooped with an air of weariness. "I have been thinking for some time that I'd like to go away for a while, and now is a good time. There is nothing here that can't get along without me."

"Good heavens, we shall be lost without you," Allen protested. Then he caught a glance from Eleanor. "Though of course you mustn't consider that," he added.

Anne smiled, a little wanly.

"Thank you," she said.

Charles waited impatiently to appeal to Eleanor for enlightenment.

"You don't think she is in for a nervous breakdown, or anything like that?" he asked. "I should think she would at least wait a few days to hear what Paul has to tell us."

Eleanor did not answer, but Charles was sometimes disconcertingly perceptive. He opened his eyes suddenly and then turned abruptly away with a muttered "Oh!"

So it came about that when Paul Ashe arrived in Allentown, Anne was not there.

"Where is Miss Douglas?" he asked with his second breath.

"Gone away for a rest. Were your letters subject to censorship, Paul? You have been most uncommunicative."

"Too busy to write. Where has she gone?"

"Who? Oh, Miss Douglas? South, somewhere. I suppose you have come back with loads of 'material.'"

Ashe did not smile at the old word.

"Oh,— material! I don't know. What is her address?"

"Whose? Anne's? What is Anne's address, Eleanor?"

"She hasn't any address for the present," Eleanor said placidly. "She's just traveling. When do you think the war will be over, Paul?"

"But how perfectly absurd!" Paul broke in. "You don't mean that she has just dropped out of sight and that you don't know where she is?"

"Why, she'll write, in time, of course," said Allen easily. "At any rate, she knows where we are. What is the feeling in France in regard to America?"

Ashe had perforce to follow the only conversational trail his hosts left open, but he cut his visit to Allentown quite short. Before he went he had a brief but tense interview with Eleanor.

"Will you be so good as to let me have Miss Douglas's address as soon as you know what it is?" he asked.

"Oh, of course," said Eleanor, easily. "Or I can forward anything you want to send her."

"I don't want to send her anything. I want to see her."

Eleanor opened her eyes. "But you hardly know her! You never noticed her." There was an ancient reproach in her tone as well as a new surprise.

"Nevertheless, I have a message for her," he said doggedly.

But Eleanor had her own ideas. Later when Paul telegraphed impatiently, "Haven't you got address yet?" she wired back, "Anne is traveling, no permanent address," and left her conscience to settle matters with her judgment as best it could. She would certainly have been surprised if she could have known that Paul had practically given up for the time being every interest in life except the wilful determination to find Anne Douglas. All trails led to Allentown,— and thither Paul at last followed them in person.

"Are you trying to hide Anne Douglas from me?" he asked Eleanor with an unsmiling directness that made evasion impossible.

This was hardly the Paul of other days. Eleanor saw the new lines of purpose that marked his mouth and eyes, and, almost without consenting to what she did, she went to her writing desk. Anne's latest note had indicated that she would be in New Orleans before sailing for Cuba and Panama. She handed it to Paul without comment.

"No time to lose," he said cheerfully, "I'll just be able to catch her."

The glint in his eye said more.

Yes, certainly Paul was changed.

Some weeks after Paul made his first polite inquiries for Miss Douglas in Allentown, he walked up the steps of her hotel in the old French Quarter of New Orleans, and encountered Anne herself coming down. For a breathless moment they looked into each other's eyes, questioning, declaring, demanding. Then, though Anne's heart had gone as far beyond her reach as a lark that had soared into the sky, she murmured with formal sweetness,—

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Ashe?"

Paul smiled. "Let us go where we can talk," he said.

Yet when they were walking down one of the narrow, shut-in streets that give old New Orleans the air of isolation of a foreign city, he did not speak. Glancing aside she saw his tense face, and a sudden panic overcame her.

"Do you know New Orleans?" she asked, clutching hastily at the nearest conversational straw.

"No," he said briefly. "Isn't there a quiet spot nearby? I want to tell you — I must explain ——"

She guided him to the old Place d'Armes — scene of many surrenders! — and he chose a seat screened by oleanders and viburnum from the passing tourist.

"I have been trying to find you ever since I came back," he said abruptly.

He turned to look at her a moment, and then dropped his eyes. "It is hard for me to keep in mind that to you I must seem almost a stranger,— you know so little of me, and that little —" He shrugged his shoulders. "But I have thought of you so continuously — I feel so sure in my knowledge of you —" Again he broke off.

"It was remembering that you were in the world that saved me from — I don't know what — when I was at Verdun. I didn't suppose that anything in the world could go beyond my imagination. But when I saw what madness could do, I thought for a time that I, too, would go mad. Then, for my salvation, I remembered you. It was like a steadying hand. I saw you gathering up the tragedies of life and somehow transmuting them, in your heart, into blessings. You were something to rest on, to believe in, when everything else had gone down in the smash." He shuddered in the grip of memory, and drew a deep breath. "I could not have endured anyone else," he went on, impetuously. "I tried. I turned in thought to the other women I have known. They were all too shallow. My God, what do safe people know? But you — when I thought of you I could still believe in — something. There was a great man once — I remember reading it — who said to his wife, when he lay dying, 'In thy face have I seen the Eternal.' Well — it was just that. Verdun has meant different things to different people, but to me it meant — that. And now I don't dare lose you again. That's the truth. If I could make you forget to think of me as a stranger! I'm not, really. I know it, and sometime you'll know it. But — I can't lose you. I'm not going to."

He looked at her half defiantly, half in pleading.

Anne dropped her eyes, lest he should read too soon the answer that was already there.

THE August McClure's will be a war fiction number. It will breathe patriotism from cover to cover. The authors who are helping make this great August number include such names as Booth Tarkington, Arthur Train, Marie Manning, Dana Gatlin, H. C. Witwer, Dana Burnet, Porter Emerson Browne, Cleveland Moffett, E. M. Woolley, Hildegarde Hawthorne and Frank Goewey Jones. The magazine will hold illustrations by the best artists, and in addition there will be two full-page pictures by Seddie Aspell and R. M. Crosby

Food of Patriots

Are You Friend or Foe?

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

TO-DAY there are only two classes of people in the United States — friends or foes, and the time has now come when those who refuse to hear the food cry of the world must be regarded as definitely in league with the German cause.

In spite of a food situation that has grown increasingly critical, and in spite, too, of the encouraging reports from Washington — both in the number of food-savers, and the quantity of food saved and shipped to Europe, in spite of our wheatless and meatless homes, our wheatless clubs, hotels, towns, counties, even states, there are still at large among us those who do not or will not realize that a food-need exists. Personal appetite, habit, desire must be catered to at the cost of life and freedom. These people claim allegiance to and protection from our flag, they accept without conscience the sacrifice of those who, singing as they sail away, renounce without a thought for self, all that youth holds, and life in its fullest can ever offer.

That this is so, is unthinkable, but it is true, nevertheless. We hear it from the woman who sits next to us in the street car, from the man we pass on the street; we realize it when our hostess at dinner serves wheat bread, spaghetti, wheat dumplings with the chicken, and later, fine white cake or pastry for dessert; we realize it again when the grocer's clerk, who is trying to do his bit by diverting the orders of his customers into a safe channel, writes as follows:

"I am an order clerk in a country grocery store, and for the last year we have all been preaching economy in the use of foodstuffs. As a general thing, our talks on this line are received by our patrons with the proper spirit, but for all that we find that a goodly number of our customers, and they without exception are in very moderate circumstances as far as finances are concerned, refuse to listen to our little sermons on conservation, and demand the best the store has in stock, with no regard as to price or quantity available. I am very sure that half of my trade are in that frame of mind at the present time, and if it were possible to procure wheat flour without a substitute, they would not hesitate to do so."

How many there are still among us who refuse to be inconvenienced, who still think of self, and appetite, and taste, and flavor in this hour of need and sacrifice and slaughter that the world is passing through, we do not know. That they do exist we do know. Whatever work we can do at home toward the freedom of our world is important, but at best, it is small compared to the sacrifices made in Europe. Unless we are willing now, to-day, every one of us — "to make of every meal a sacrament," have we any right to the protection of the trenches? Unless we think now, before we eat, is the day of the "hunger flag," even in this great land of growing things, impossible? Ignorance on food matters can no longer be accepted as an excuse for not meeting to the last crumb the pleas that come from our Food Administration. Food literature in every conceivable form — great quantities of it — is ours; we have only to ask, or reach. If you do not know where to find it, look over the following list:

Where To Go For Help

Valuable information covering every phase of the food problem — production, control, conservation — may be obtained from the State Agricultural Colleges, or through the Office of Information, or the Office of Home Economics, the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or from the Washington office or any state branch of the United States Food Administration. Bulletins, news sheets, food leaflets and cards prepared by specialists of recognized authority and containing the most practical information, advice, and instructions are issued from time to time by these institutions, and are available free of charge for the asking or for a very nominal sum only. Special bulletins containing series of lessons arranged for school, club, and neighborhood work are also available. Become familiar with and take advantage of this free information and wealth of material that is printed and so generously distributed by these agencies. Watch for new bulletins as they may be announced. Letters asking for special help in solving any food problems are answered with the best advice obtainable.

A food conservation bibliography containing a comprehensive survey and summary of current food literature, both books as well as articles in periodicals, is also available from the United States Food Administration.

Before writing to Washington, however, for any information consult the Official Bulletin — a Government newspaper published under the "authority of and by direction of" the President. It is possible the needed information may be printed somewhere on its pages, and the paper is published primarily to save time, national expense, and congestion in the mails. This publication prints every day "all of the more important rulings, decisions, regulations, proclamations, orders, etc., and they are promulgated by the several departments and the many special committees and agencies now in operation at the national capital, and is posted each day in every post-office in the United States — more than 56,000 in number, and may also be found on file at all libraries, boards of trade, and chambers of Commerce, the offices of Mayors and Governors and Federal Officials. By consulting these files most questions will be found readily answered. There will be little necessity for letter-writing; the unnecessary congestion of the mails will be relieved; the railroads will be called to move fewer correspondence sacks, and the mass of business that is piling up in the government departments will be eased considerably. Hundreds of clerks now answering correspondence will be enabled to give their time to essential war work and a fundamentally patriotic service will have been performed by the public."

In addition to the above sources of information, the following publications are invaluable and intensely interesting:

The Food Problem, Kellogg and Taylor, The Macmillan Co., New York.

The World's Food, Volume LXXIV, No. 163 (Nov., 1917), of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, 36th Street and Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia.

Food in War Time, Graham Lusk, W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia.

Successful Canning and Preserving, Ola Powell, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The Journal of Home Economics, Published monthly by the American Home Economic Association, Baltimore, Md. This periodical in addition to practical articles on the subject of food publishes each month a bibliography of recent food books, pamphlets, and current periodical literature, dealing with the very many phases of the food and feeding problem.

Articles covering particular and timely aspects of the food problem may also be found in The Journal of the American Medical Association, the Economic World, the Atlantic Monthly, the Scientific American, and other publications of merit.

"Garbage Utilization," a recently published and particularly timely bulletin. U. S. Food Administration, Washington, D. C. This bulletin contains "aside from methods of disposal, garbage collections, household treatment, etc., a detailed exposition of the methods and value of disposal by feeding."

Last month we published in this department a list of bulletins on canning, packing, preserving, drying and storing fruit and vegetables. These bulletins were prepared by specialists and are obtainable free of cost from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. This list will be sent to you on request. Address the Editorial Department. This service is free to McClure readers.

"Food and Freedom" by Mabel Dulon Purdy. Harper and Bros. $1.00

When Shadows Fall Westward

That is, in the morning—let a dish of some Puffed Grain greet your folks at breakfast.

If you serve berries, mix the puffed grains with them. Or serve like any cereal. There is no other way even half so delightful for serving Rice, Wheat or Corn.

These are bubble grains, puffed by steam explosion to eight times former size. They are thin and flimsy, crisp and toasted, and they have a nut-like flavor.

They seem like breakfast confections. Yet they are grain foods—two of them whole grains. Every food cell has been blasted so they easily digest.

These are the ideal foods, the desired foods. Start every summer day with one of them.

Three Bubble Grains

Puffed Rice — Puffed Wheat — Corn Puffs

Each 15c—Except in Far West

When Shadows Fall Eastward

At supper-time or children's bedtime, serve some Puffed Grain in a bowl of milk.

Here are airy, toasted morsels, vastly better than the best of bread or crackers.

In Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat you get the whole grains. In Corn Puffs you get hominy puffed. In all you get scientific foods, made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is broken so that every atom feeds.

Then scatter these flaky, flavory grains on your dishes of ice cream. Use them in your soups. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts when at play.

Puffed Grains are all-day foods in homes where children get what they like best.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

(1926)

What made Johnson laugh—

QUINN hitched uneasily in his chair. "I wish, Johnson," he said, "that you insurance men wouldn't use the word 'risk' to describe my property. It's an unpleasant word and I don't like the sound of it."

"Everything we insure is a 'risk,'" said Johnson.

"Yes, I know; but it isn't a fair name for a place like mine. Just consider this property a moment: Here I've got concrete walls and floors, wire-glass windows, isolated stairways and elevator-shafts. What does the risk of fire amount to here?"

"You're paying a rate of $1.00 per hundred aren't you?" asked Johnson.

"Yes."

"Well, there are half a dozen firms in town that are paying only 25 cents. Some of them only 10 cents."

"Yes, that's what makes me so sore," snapped Quinn. "There is Henry Simpson, on the other side of the river: He's got a brick-and-wood plant that is forty years old and he's getting a rate of 30 cents. I can't see the reasonableness of it."

"That means that your plant is about three times as liable to burn up as his," said Johnson.

"But *why?*" persisted Quinn. "Look at those dry old wooden floors of his and that mass of kindling in his shipping-room. Why, I could go over there and strike a match and the place would be a heap of smoking ashes in twenty minutes."

Johnson threw back his head and roared. "That's pretty good! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

"Why, man, if you started a fire in his place you'd stand a good chance of getting half drowned in about two minutes!

"Go try it some time and see! In about half a minute you might have a cheerful blaze about the size of a barrel, but there would be a little click up near the ceiling and your nice little fire would be deluged with a drenching downpour of rain, the alarm-bells would be ringing all over the plant automatically, and the Fire Department would be coming on the run!"

"Is that what happened over there when that crazy little Austrian —"

"Yes," chuckled Johnson. "When Simpson started in on Government orders, that little Austrian conceived it to be his loyal Austrian duty to burn the place up. He started two lively fires — and automatic sprinklers nabbed both of them on the spot!"

"Yes, I can see that Simpson would have to have sprinklers in *his* plant because it is full of fire-hazards. But tell me — just tell me: how can this reinforced-concrete building burn down?"

"It can't; but what of it? Neither can a stove burn down. But you can have a lovely hot fire in a stove and you can have a lovely hot fire in this concrete grate of yours.

"To begin with, consider your neighbors: This man to the west of you keeps his oil-tank close to the boundary-line; on the north there's a fellow with an old wooden mill; on the east is the railroad with its sparks and embers and all kinds of cargoes; across the street is a row of tenements with all kinds of tenants, and rubbish in every cellar. Such exposure-hazards account for 28 per cent. of all the fires.

"Then comes friction — hot bearings, overheated belts in the presence of oil. And you've got lubricating oil and oily waste, a favorite cause of spontaneous combustion.

"You've got hot steam-pipes and radiators and you can't be sure that garments or inflammable goods will not be placed next to them. Then there's lightning and sparks which are responsible for 7 per cent. of the fire-loss in America. Matches and tobacco, of course. Gasoline and paint. Defective or worn-out electric-wiring.

"And finally the unknown causes which are more than 25 per cent. of them all.

"There's nothing in this world that will prevent fires from occurring, even in the best-regulated property."

"You make it seem rather hopeless," said Quinn.

"No, not at all. While there's no infallible protection against fires *starting*, there is absolute protection against fires *spreading*.

"You must adopt the remedy. With this fine building your rate will be about 12 cents if you put in sprinklers. The average fire-loss under sprinklers is negligible."

"They cost too much," ventured Quinn.

Johnson looked at him shrewdly. "Don't theorize—*get the figures*," he said. "Why, man, sprinklers will earn money for you! You can't afford to be without them, and you can't afford to get any but the best. Send for a copy of the Grinnell Exemption Blanks and let them tell you how much sprinklers will *save* you *in cash* each year."

Now, Mr. Reader, to get the figures, just write to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 285 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

Behind the Door — *Continued from page 8*

carried us clear of the ship, and a good piece off shore. There was nothing to do about it; oars and sails all lost over — everything out of the boat except Alice and me and the water she'd shipped — just enough to wash around. So we rode high and light and made tracks for the middle of the Mediterranean where the wind had free scope and the seas were rugged.

"We didn't say much about the other people. I was happy, I guess. It was wonderful to be alone with her in the boat. It had made the last lap of courtship so short and easy. I just had to reach for her and she came into my arms and against my side as if she'd practised doing just that. I kissed her wet salty face all over, and patted it with my free hand. It wouldn't matter what happened. If we both had to die, well and good. We were living!

"But we borrowed no trouble about death. We looked straight ahead to what must lie beyond our danger. She said she couldn't have me going to sea and leaving her for months at a time. Wasn't there some way I could make a living ashore? And then I told her how I'd used to mount birds and beasts when I was a boy, and had a real knack for it, and had always wanted to set up shop as a taxidermist.

"We planned how we'd go to live in Bangor or maybe some other big base for hunters going into the woods, and get their specimens to mount when they came out. And we planned what kind of a house we'd have and how Alice could give singing lessons.

"I never put in such a happy night. And the happiest part for me was toward dawn when she got sleepy like a little child and cuddled against me and hid her eyes from the light.

"We were like that when the U-98 bumped suddenly out of the sea right across our path — all wet and satiny like a big fish. She tried to get between us and the wind, and then bore down on us swinging, passed close, running very slow, and laid us alongside with a boat-hook. I'd waked Alice and told her not to be afraid.

"I'm of German descent, my name is German and I'd been slow to believe anything against the Germans. I looked at that submarine with the same gratitude that I'd have looked at an American ship come to pick us up. The commanding officer had come on deck and I spoke to him in German.

"He had steps lowered, and though it wasn't easy or safe, because of the sea, I managed to get Alice aboard them, when one of the Germans caught her by the arm and steadied her. At the same second the sub began to move, and the man with the boat-hook gave the No. 5 life-boat a powerful shove.

"I was so taken aback that I just stood with my mouth open. Then Alice turned and saw what had happened, and she made a break to jump overboard and swim to me. But the commanding officer caught her round the waist and held her."

Captain Krug paused and drew a shaking hand across his eyes as if to shut out something from his sight.

"The last I saw — she was fighting against them like a wildcat, and they were laughing — I could hear 'em — and forcing her down through the hatch. I was shaking my fists and yelling like a madman. Then the hatch closed and the sub began to go under. . . . I guess I would have thrown myself into the sea, if No. 5 hadn't given a sudden lurch that yanked me off my balance so that I fell hard and something merciful knocked me senseless.

"So yesterday when I looked down and saw the commander of the U-98 as good as drowned, you can bet I jumped to save him."

Tavish jerked his thumb toward the bedroom door.

"You mean to say Lieutenant Brant is the same man that ——"

"Exactly," said Captain Krug. "It wouldn't do to let such a specimen of Kultur drown. So I took a big chance — but I guess God helped me — and went overboard for him. I was afraid he might recognize me, but he didn't, not at first. You see, I've grown a beard since he saw me, and I look a good many years older — hundreds of years.

"You'll be wondering how I could keep down what I felt and treat him like a long-lost brother. It wasn't easy; but I did it. I just managed. You see, I had an axe to grind. I had to be very *sure*, before I did what I'd sworn to do if I ever caught him. To know what it seemed to me I had to know — definitely — I had to win his confidence. It wasn't easy; but when he was dry and warm and had had some hot drinks I told him I was damned sorry I'd had to sink him, that already I'd let one sub go, that the crew was very American and inclined to be mutinous, and that either I had to sink him if I could, or else all chances for me to serve the Fatherland in the future were knocked into a cocked hat. I lied and lied to him and told him dozens of things I'd been mixed in to help the Fatherland. And what with the liquor, we got mighty friendly and began to swap yarns, and I led him to talk about women. . . and I said how life aboard a submarine cut off from all that sort of thing must be perfect Hell. . . . And he winked and said how it wasn't always as bad as it might seem — and that sometimes after you'd sunk a ship you'd find mermaids floating round in the water. . . 'Life's cramped aboard a submarine,' he said; 'everything is fitted into her like the works into a watch-case, but there's always room for a pretty woman or two — always room and welcome.'

"At last I got what I had to hear. After he had tired of her my Alice hadn't lived very long. You see, the U-98 was one of the very latest class and carried a big crew.

"When I'd heard *that* I got up as if to stretch my legs. His head was forward and his jaw loose. I hit for all I was worth. You know my little shower-bath arrangement. . . . Well, when Lieutenant Brant came to, he was hanging by the hands to the sprinkler and his feet were tied to the grating that drains off the water. . . . while I cut his clothes off I told him who I was.

"'You wouldn't remember,' I said, 'but you had fair warning. I told you what I'd do to you if I ever caught you, and now I've caught you, and I'm going to do it. . . But you needn't be nervous. I know I'm out of practise, but I used to be quite expert — and it's sure to come back to me, because this is a job I can put my whole heart into. . . . Then I got to work. He was pretty well gagged or you'd have heard him. . . ."

Tavish, with a kind of grunt of horror, jumped up and flung open the bedroom door. The room was empty. Then he pushed open the door into the shower-bath and his head came back as if he had been hit between the eyes.

Over Tavish's shoulder I saw it, too. It looked like an anatomical model for a medical museum — a model to show the muscular system of the human body — executed in a clear and glistening pink enamel.

I clutched Tavish for support. We leaned against each other — and like something far off in a dream we heard Captain Krug's voice.

"I told him," he said, "that if I ever caught him I'd skin him alive; but he died before I'd finished. . . . Damn him!"

COMING in August, "The Loneliness," by Booth Tarkington. In this little masterpiece, Mr. Tarkington has done a brave thing: he has looked upon the Kaiser when he shall be dead. There are many of us who have in our hearts consigned the All Highest of Germany to the place to which we think he should go when he will have finished his work on earth. Mr. Tarkington has thought out a new and subtler punishment for Wilhelm; one that at first glance seems to be out of all proportion in its quietness, but there isn't one of us who would not prefer the fabled imps of Hades to the thing the Kaiser has to face in the end. There have been greater and longer articles on the Hohenzollern, but no one who reads this brief story by Mr. Tarkington will ever forget it.

Daredevils! — *Continued from page 14*

which enabled me to turn and go at him head on, and then jockey for position. He was shooting all the time, but by luck and dexterity I escaped getting hit, and before I could assume the position I wanted, in order to use my remaining cartridges to the best advantage, my opponent suddenly dove off toward his aviation field. I had scarcely started for home when the German anti-aircraft batteries almost got me, one of their shells exploding not more than forty yards away and ripping a hole in one of my wings. Altogether, it had been a rather thrilling flight.

In a Shell-Hole

By Lester Collier
(Formerly of Section 7, 21st Div., French Ambulance Corps)

IT was on the road between Soissons and Laon, in the famous Drive on Laon, that my most thrilling moments were spent, more thrilling even than those anxious days we spent at Verdun. We were right in the midst of some batteries that were being shelled, and this *poste* was the transfer point for grenades and other ammunition, which were deposited here by wagons and carried into the lines by burro- or man-power. We were allowed only one ambulance at a time at this point, as the danger was great that the whole place might be blown up at any time.

Rain had fallen all day and the roads were full of pools. The car ahead of us at the field hospital had been hit with an air bomb, and so had the hospital, and all was excitement. We delivered our load and went to the relief station, where a shell narrowly missed us. Darting down the open stretch to the *poste*, again and again we escaped being hit by narrow margins, in evidence of which I might add that one piece of shell buried itself in the back of the seat between my comrade and me. Then directly ahead of us an incendiary shell struck an ammunition dump, and in the resultant roar and confusion amounting almost to panic, my car got into a deep shell-hole and stuck. The car was so exposed that it would make an excellent mark for Hun airmen, and my most exciting moments were now to follow, as I had to retrace my way over that shell-torn road on foot. As the shells came whistling over I would often drop to the ground to reduce the chances of decapitation. One thing that added to the strain was the fact that I did not dare to smoke, for a light would have promptly drawn the fire of the Germans. I covered the distance, finally, half-dazed, but unharmed, and succeeded in bringing back another car and towing my own out of that shell-hole before daybreak.

Crawling Back to Safety

By Lieut. Pat O'Brien, R.F.C.
Author of "Outwitting the Hun"

I FIGURE that the most exciting moment in my life was after I had spent seventy-two days getting across three countries, Germany, Luxemburg and Belgium, and I was finally baffled by the electric wires. I had made a crude ladder that I thought would enable me to get across these wires, which guard every foot of the frontier between Belgium and Holland. The Germans had boasted that there was no man living who could get through. I had tried to get over with the ladder, made of small trees, but as it still contained sap, it answered the purpose of a conductor of electricity, and I was almost killed.

I didn't know exactly what to do but I knew then that the only way to get over was to dig underneath. I had dug a hole just big enough for my body to pass underneath the electric wires, and between the wires and my body there was not over an inch or an inch and a half at the very most. I crawled through that hole, with my head and shoulders in Holland and the rest of me in Belgium and hostile territory. That was the most exciting moment of my life.

All of the "Daredevils" mentioned in this article are lecturing throughout the United States under the direction of Mr. Lee Keedick

The Perfect End of a Day

[Continued from page 16]

goose flies," said Mr. Crow, somewhat curtly.

"Well, you have heard the proposition I bring from my employers in New York City. Think it over to-night, Mr. Crow.

"Then, we will meet to-morrow morning at your office to complete our plans. I shall be prepared to hand you a draft for two hundred dollars to bind the bargain What time do you reach your office?"

"Ginerally some'eres between six and a quarter-past."

"My God!" muttered Mr. Bonaparte.

"We will be there at six-fifteen," said Mr. Bacon firmly. "Good evening, Mr. Crow."

Far in the night, Mrs. Crow peevishly mumbled to her bedfellow: "What ails you, Anderson Crow? Go to sleep!"

"Never mind, never mind. I can't tell you, so don't pester me. All I 'ast of you is to wake me at five if I happen to oversleep."

"Well, of all the — do you suppose I'm goin' to lay awake here all night waitin' for five o'clock to— —"

"How in thunder do you expect me to go to sleep, Eva, if you keep jabberin' away to me all night long like this? Ding it all to gosh, here it is after one o'clock an' you still talkin'. Don't do it, I say. Don't ast another question till five o'clock, an' then all you got to do is to ast me if I'm awake."

"Umph!" said Mrs. Crow.

MESSRS. Bacon and Bonaparte were an hour and forty minutes late.

It was nearly eight o'clock when the two gentlemen came hurrying around the corner into Sickle street, piloted by Alf Reesling, the town drunkard.

A long, important-looking cigar propitiated Mr. Crow, and after Mr. Reesling and other citizens had been given to understand that the strangers were figuring on buying all the timber on Crow's Mountain, the three principals set forth in Anderson's buckboard.

In due time they arrived at the top of the "Mountain." Now, Crow's Mountain was no mountain at all. It was a thickly wooded hill that had achieved eminence by happening to be a scant fifty feet higher than the knolls surrounding it. From the low-lying pastures and grain-fields to the top of the outstanding pine that reared its blasted storm-stripped tip far above its fellows, the elevation was not more than three hundred feet. Nevertheless, it was the loftiest hill in all that region and capped Anderson Crow's agricultural possessions.

Just before the Boggs City National Bank at the county seat closed that afternoon Mr. Crow appeared at the receiving-teller's window. He deposited two hundred dollars in currency. Mr. Bacon had decided that a draft on New York might excite undue curiosity.

"If people were to get wise to what we are really after up here on this mountain, Mr. Crow," said he, "it would play hob with everything. If it gets out that we are after gold— why, the price of land would be so high we couldn't ——"

"Lot of these hayseeds been wantin' to sell fer years, the derned rubes," broke in Anderson, pityingly.

"Well, you get me, don't you? Keep our eyes open and our mouths closed, and we will be millionaires inside of a year — or two, at the outside."

"Mum's the word, as the feller said," agreed Mr. Crow.

"And of course you see the advisability of having our articles of incorporation filed secretly in New Jersey. This contract we have signed will be ratified by our employers in New York, and the regular articles drawn up at once. *[Continued on page 47]*

THE flower boxes in the windows of many of our buildings are only outward and visible symbols of the freshness and cleanness that prevail within the kitchens and throughout all the Heinz establishments.

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HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

IT is difficult to describe a flavor. That is why we cannot express in words the appetizing taste that Heinz Vinegars give to foods. And that is the purpose of vinegar—to impart a flavor —not simply a sourness. All of the care taken in selecting materials, the skill in preparation, the aging and the bottling of Heinz Vinegars are for the purpose of creating and retaining that rich, mellow tang which has made Heinz Vinegars worthy of a place among the 57.

These vinegars, which have made so many of our own foods so desirable, are offered you, so that you can put something of the Heinz flavor into the food you prepare.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider, in pints, quarts and half-gallons.

HEINZ
Imported Olive Oil
In bottles and cans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

"CO-OPERATION Will Win the War"— a cartoon by R. M. Crosby will be given a prominent place in the August McClure's. For warm human feeling, Mr. Crosby has never done anything better than this

certain governmental policies. This is well illustrated by the four Food Administration posters, the work of four different artists.

The first of these was one of the early Food Administration posters. It was the policy of the Food Administration, at the time this drawing was made, not to appeal to our reason or our emotions, but simply to instruct us as to what kinds of food we might eat freely in order to save other kinds of food. The early posters, then, were purely educational. That is why this first poster was appetizing rather than dramatic. It represented an effort to interest us in the kind of food Mr. Hoover wished us to eat.

Later, the Food Administration began to allow the poster men more latitude. John E. Sheridan's poster, "Food Is Ammunition," represents the period of transition, when the idea of war was first definitely connected with the idea of saving food. We see an inviting basket of fruit and vegetables in the foreground, but in the background we see a vision of American troops. This poster, then, reminds us *why* we ought to eat fruit and vegetables, rather than beef and wheat. It is because of those soldiers, back there.

Wallace Morgan's "Feed a Fighter," reproduced with this article, showing a soldier having his soup in the trenches, is a further step in the direction of an appeal with a "punch" behind it. Besides being a superb drawing it calls upon our patriotic sense of fair play. "If our men are sitting in the mud of the trenches," it makes us think, "eating what they can get when they can get it, then the least *I* can do, in common decency, is to cut down on such food as they need. For they surely need it more than I do."

Later still in the food series is Henry Raleigh's lithograph, "Hunger," picturing the abject misery of a starving Belgian mother and her tragic little children. This poster, as much if not more than any the war has produced in this country, touches the heart; and it is a fact (and one which sometimes seems regrettable) that, as a nation, we are more easily reached through our hearts than through our heads.

I doubt that the average citizen realizes the enormous influence exercised on public sentiment by graphic art. He does not see through the paint and visualize the artist, or the artist's creative effort. It is the idea expressed that engages his attention. His consciousness of the artist comes, if at all, as an afterthought. It is the same with the art of writing. When we read a story by O. Henry, we are not thinking of O. Henry himself, but of what O. Henry wanted us to think about. We are thinking about the story. We are wondering how the old hobo is going to get out of that house with the hundred-dollar bill, escaping the three thugs waiting at the gate. Thus our thought, and frequently our action, is directed by art, without our being in the least aware that art is the great power which is moving us.

In the perfect poster there must be two kinds of bigness: a big idea and a big art. There can exist, to be sure, ideas so big that they seize hold upon the public mind, even though they are expressed in common-place fashion — a fact well illustrated by Thomas Nast's conception of the Tammany tiger devouring the finances of New York City. Nast's idea has survived because of its own strength as an idea; not because it was powerfully drawn. Look at Charles Livingston Bull's masterly poster of the fighting eagles, and imagine how Mr. Bull might have rendered Nast's idea, making the tiger a living, breathing, clawing beast.

Henry Raleigh has made a hit with this powerful pictorial appeal — a poster that is seen everywhere. A wonderful piece of composition

Neysa McMein, who does the covers for McClure's, is now on her way to the war zone, where she will send back her vivid work. This is one of her best posters

Not all our war posters have expressed big ideas; not all of them have been expressed in a big way. If the fate of the first and second Liberty Loans had depended upon the merit of the posters issued in the interest of these loans, Mr. McAdoo might now be scratching for the money to pay General Pershing's modest salary.

The outstanding fact, however, is not that some of the government's posters have been lacking in ideas and in art, but that so many of them have achieved both kinds of bigness.

Daily, hourly, the country is being flooded with posters, the volume and nobility of which are steadily increasing. It seems possible that the great mass of war-born art confronting us everywhere, will not alone stimulate us to patriotic exaltation, but will tend to cultivate in us an improved national taste. And who knows but that from this development of taste may result the obsequies of that characterless, sugary, doll-faced darling, the stenciled "pretty girl" of the magazine cover. Should such a change occur, the war will not have been entirely in vain!

The fact that we all hate war, that we all wish war might be abolished from the world, need not cause us to deny such benefits as the accursed thing may bring. War teaches us to face facts and think straight. If it endures long enough, it *compels* us to.

The Dogs of War are not only fighting-dogs; they are also hunting-dogs. They did out-harry, and (let us hope)! exterminate those fuzzy, futile animals of the mind, pacifism, internationalism, mawkish sentimentality, demagogy and the rest, which, in times of peace, gnaw at the roots of thought in our intellectual garden.

Spiritually, we are in many ways better for the war, and, naturally, the artist, like the rest of us — probably more than the rest of us, because his perceptions are generally keener than ours — has been uplifted. His art shows it. Here at last is a theme worthy of his highest aspirations. War! A subject for Kipling's artist in heaven who paints on "a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair."

Wallace Morgan is now a captain, sent to France to draw official pictures of actual fighting

Leyendecker's posters are sharp and realistic. They bring the war's grim hardships home to the man in the street

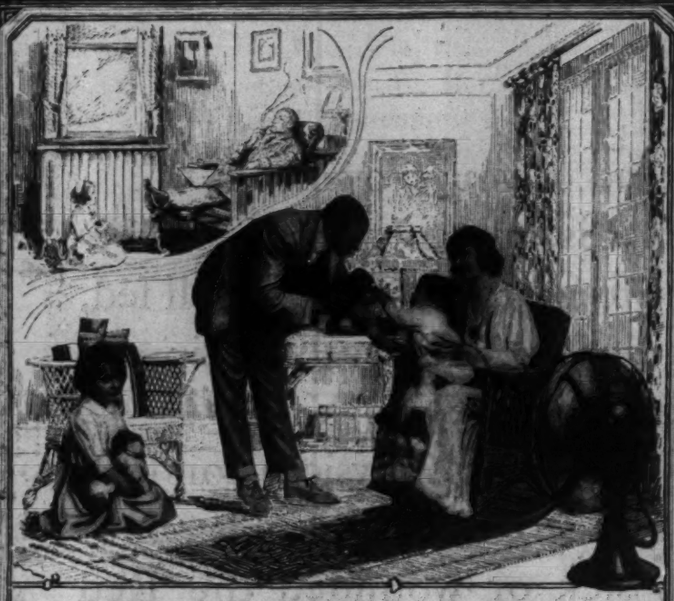
That lad of yours, over seas.

All that is humanly possible is being done to see to it that he is well fed, well clothed and efficiently equipped. Organizations like the Y. M. C. A., are looking to his physical comfort, healthful recreation and clean fun. If he is sick or wounded the Red Cross will provide for him with tender, loving care.

Yet there is one thing that will bring a smile to his face and a joy to his heart that none of these can give; that only you can give—
your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



AS NECESSARY AS HEAT IN WINTER

You would as soon dispense with your heating apparatus as to endure a sweltering summer without Emerson Fans, once they have made your nights comfortable and your days fit to work in.

The added efficiency that results from being comfortable 24 hours a day pays big dividends on the small amount invested.

And Emerson Fans are very sparing consumers of electricity. You will hardly notice the increase in your bills. Ask your dealer.

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
Also manufacturers of ceiling fans and motors up to 2 h. p.

EMERSON FANS
With 5 Year Factory-to-User Guarantee
84

"PRISONER, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again!"
—The Man Without a Country.

worth its weight in gold but yours for 50 cents.

"The Man Without a Country"

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

A MASTERPIECE of fiction—the noblest lesson in patriotism that has ever appeared between book covers—a volume every patriotic citizen should have in his home—is offered you at a price so small that you will not hesitate a moment in sending for a copy.

This book is bound in beautiful, red leatherette, title and decoration stamped in gold. It is from the press of a maker of fine books. To close out our small stock of them we offer them to you at a reduced price. Merely send us 50 cents and your copy will come postpaid.

At this price, these dainty little volumes will go quickly. First come, first served—order your copy at once.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 5th Ave. and 13th St., New York City

Thingumajee Thingumabob Jones

[*Continued from page 11*]

both Americans. I know. But—" he drawled with a sort of naive, puzzled wonder, "don't you reckon that I can go round with whom I please?"

Kent felt nonplussed. The other was looking at him with that curious expression of innocence in his brown eyes. The boy (for he was not much more than a boy) seemed clean and fine to the core. Romantic? Yes. Perhaps even slightly affected, but quite apart from the muddy ways of treachery, too cogently conscious of what he owed to his many names, his race, his breeding, to be attracted by the world-wide mazes of a cause that had been taboo through the accumulated decency of half the world.

And yet. . . .

"Don't you know that von Pappenheim is a German? And a particularly unsavory specimen?"

"I reckon I can go with whom I please," repeated Jones, in the same languid accents: but somehow there was a hidden threat of finality in his last word which caused Kent to bow and leave.

IV

SO the indignation grew. Even far beyond the Model Settlements, it bubbled over.

Belle Ryan, San Francisco bred, known on the western "kerosene oil" circuit as "Dancing Belle Ryan," recently arrived in Shanghai on the off-chance of a vaudeville job that had not materialized, showed threatening claws to the French girl who was the star and glory of the local European theatre and who was giving her lodging and drink and food and an occasional amber-colored opium pill.

"Look a-here," she said. "Look a-here, Collette. That's a bully lot you've drawn, that Thingumajee Jones. I used to think him just a romantic nut, but — my Gawd! — he's a traitor! He and that Dutchman are as thick as thieves!"

Collette shrugged her dimpled shoulders. She continued massaging her face in front of the mirror, appreciatively studying her superb eyes and her russet-colored, unlikely hair that piled up like a carved golden Florentine helmet. "What do I care, *ma p'tite?*" she asked. "I — *enfin* — I know no nationality."

"I'm an American—and you're French!"

"*Bon sang!* I mock myself of France and Germany and what-not. I get money where I can. The theatre — well — it does not give me a billion. Money knows no nation. All money is clean —" thereby unwittingly paraphrasing a Roman Emperor's caustic saying.

Belle Ryan, patriotic to the core, choked back the vituperative words that crowded on her lips. She could not afford to tell Collette what she thought of her and her economic views. For she had not succeeded in finding an engagement, however modest, with the shabby little local theatre; nor had Sir Silas, in spite of vague promises, as yet seen fit to come to her assistance. So she could not break with Collette, but neither could she keep a sarcastic note from creeping into her voice as, looking out on the white sweep of Foochow Road, she saw Jones, red-lined cape thrown across his shoulder, open the garden gate.

"Here he comes now," she said "your romantic — well, I hate to call him an American. Pappenheim's with him. And. . ."

Suddenly her voice leaped up extraordinarily strong, incredulity, amazement, and rage peaking to a cracked yell: "Say! They got a Chinkie in tow! Yes, sir — a Chinkie!" And, as Collette did not reply, only laughed softly: "You don't mean to say you're goin' to let a Chink in here?"

Collette had stepped up to the window. "That isn't a Chinaman," she said. "He is Duke Kung Yi-Hsin. He's a Manchu, an aristocrat. Some people say it was he who started the Boxer outbreaks. He is very famous—and very dangerous."

"I don't care. Manchu or plain Chink, he's yellow, and I ain't goin' to hobnob with Yellows. Not *yet* awhile! Excuse me, Collie!" — and she flung out of the room, slamming the door.

A minute later the three men entered, ushered in by Wen Yat, the red-faced Kansuh butler. Collette shook hands with Jones and von Pappenheim, calling both by familiar and undignified nicknames — "Hello Thingumajee!" "Hello, Pappy!" — and bowed before the Manchu Duke.

He was an immensely tall and immensely fat man with a square, dead-white, expressionless face. He looked at the world through narrow-lidded, purple-black eyes. His lower lip, coarse, sagging, sensual, was in hideous contrast to the upper which was thin and straight and ascetic. The whole impression was one of ancient culture, polished smooth by personal contact with ancient evil. The sunlight, drifting through half-closed blinds, danced on his loose brocade jacket woven of star beams and running water and embroidered over the left shoulder — in spite of the regulation of the new Chinese Republic—with a golden, three-toed dragon, the hereditary 'scutcheon of an Imperial Clansman.

"Collette," said Jones, "allow me to introduce my friend, Duke Kung Yi-Hsin."

"You see," laughed the German, "I am ostracized by Shanghai society because I go about with the Duke, Thingumajee is ostracized because he goes about with me, and so . . ."

"So you came to me," softly interrupted Collette.

Again she bowed to the Manchu, and he looked at her. He studied her as he would an exotic and rather amusing animal, not sure if he should pet it or simply ignore its existence. He did not say a word, nor did the others. For he had an odd, magnetic trick of spreading a sort of hush about him. Gradually the silence became oppressive — physically oppressive. Jones twisted the crimson lining of his cape with nervous fingers, while the German stifled an exclamation of impatience.

Then, suddenly, Collette smiled at the Manchu.

It was a smile that was sweet and poignant; at the same moment, from under her heavy eyelids, she sent out a sidelong glance—hard, keen, narrow, like the curling glitter of sunrays on forged steel.

The Manchu sucked in his breath. He looked at her steadily, and spoke.

"Your figure, dear lady, is superb."

He said it with the utter brutality of a Mongol gentleman, and he held out his hand. It was evident that he expected her to kiss it, and she did.

The whole scene was unexpected, ugly, in a way acutely tragic, and again von Pappenheim suppressed an impatient exclamation while Jones stood like a stone, staring straight ahead, something like a veil of pain blurring his curiously innocent brown eyes. As Collette passed him on her way to the couch he whispered to her, rather apologetically: "Don't you mind, Collette!"

Rapidly she whispered back:

"*Mais non, mon p'tit!* It's *you* who mustn't mind!"

Kung Yi-Hsin had taken a tiny, exquisite ivory fan from his voluminous sleeves and was fanning himself slowly.

"Mademoiselle!" he called.

"Yes?"

"You have champagne here? For sale, of course?"

She curtsied.

"Nearly everything is for sale here, Duke!" The words were very low, very distinct.

"Ah!" whispered the Manchu; and this time von Pappenheim did not quite succeed in choking back his impatience. He made a great gesture with his hairy fist and addressed Jones in furious, sibilant German:

"There are some things I won't stand for, Jones! In spite of hell and damnation!"

"In spite of Germany?" asked the Virginian, and at exactly the same fraction of a second the Duke turned and said gently, in excellent German:

"I, too, speak the language of your interesting and civilized country, von Pappenheim." His purple-black eyes held the German's gray-blue eyes as a forest pool holds the picture of a cloudy sky. Then he smiled. "Let us drink," he went on as Wen Yat, who had entered with bottles and glasses, was pouring the bubbling wine — "let us drink to. . . ."

"To — your ambition, and mine?" suggested the German with a forced laugh.

"Indeed!" agreed the Duke. "To —

your ambition, and mine! To — Collette's red lips!" And he sat down beside the girl and put his stout arm about her waist with an air of calm, insolent ownership.

Jones looked from the German to the Manchu. Then he drained his glass.

V

SIR SILAS was eminently middle-class British. His common sense was superior to his ethics, his shrewdness to his impulses. His stupidity — in everything except matters connected with trade, wherein he was a genius — was genuine and spontaneous. He delivered a platitude, reminiscent of the Moral Reader, as impressively as if it were an epigram coined by George Ade, and he had the habit of stating tiresome truths that nobody cared to hear — nor to believe. But withal he was a strong man and often overwhelmed those who came into contact with him.

For he was respectable.

Even frivolity, under his influence, became incongruously Puritan, and Belle Ryan having left him shortly after midnight was still under the bleak shadow of his personality when she entered Collette's villa on the Foochow Road.

Thus, when she heard sounds of drunken revelry issuing from the Ming salon, she pursed her rouged lips in a markedly mid-Victorian manner. Crossing the yellow drawing-room on her way to her bedchamber, she saw the curtains to the Ming salon flapping in the scented garden breeze. She stood still and looked in.

Collette was sitting on the couch, her left foot doubled underneath her, the other, minus shoe and stocking, wiggling its tiny pink toes in an ecstasy of delight. The Manchu—still dignified, but with that grim, self-conscious dignity bred by alcohol—was holding her right slipper to his lips and pouring the bubbling contents down his throat, while von Pappenheim knelt in front of her, his head on her lap, sobbing as if his heart would break. He looked up once in a while and broke into snatches of sentimental German song:

"Du — Du liegst mir im Herzen,
Du — Du liegst mir im Sinn,"

his rough basso creaked out, winding up in a tremendous hiccough; and again he put his head on her lap and howled dismally.

The talking-machine in the corner was playing a faun-like rhythm from Berlioz, throbbing with frivolity and light, foaming passion. The butler kept dropping in with relays of champagne and, in the opposite corner, another servant was feeding incense crystals to a carved burner — a gold dragon rising from a pedestal of nacre and ebony — that filled the air with a lasciviously perfumed veil of smoke, glowing through lemon and grayish-green to amber and deep rose pink, floating up in an opalescent mass until the single, enormous electric globe, sunk into the center of the ceiling, looking down like a drunken, crimson star.

Jones sat a little apart, a pale gleam in his brown eyes, a fixed smile on his lips, his hands busy with bottle and glass, his right foot keeping time to the swing of the music. But even Belle, though hardly a trained student of psychology, could not help observing that he was affecting — and not very successfully —his devil-may-care attitude. Too, she saw that now and again he flashed a glance at Collette, who would rapidly wink back.

The Manchu had taken a string of diamond-tipped jade beads from his wide sleeve with a conjurer's sleight-of-hand gesture and was hanging it around the girl's neck while the German, not to be outdone, was digging in his pocket and producing a fat roll of rupee notes.

Belle was appalled.

A German and a yellow Chink! And Collette! And Thingumajee Jones! . . . She felt sick at heart and turned to go, and the last she saw was the Virginian suddenly rising, crossing over to the talking-machine, switching off the operatic air that whirled its waxed disc, and inserting another record.

It was a sensuous American ragtime. He started it with a twirl and, as the tune gathered speed and noise and wickedness, he pirouetted into the middle of the room, snapping his long white fingers like castanets, and stamping his feet to the measure of the wild music.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Come on! Let's dance!" And, with answering shouts, Collette, von Pappenheim, and Kung Yi-Hsin jumped up, joined hands, and danced around and around, roaring at the pitch of their voices, tripping over rugs.

A table fell over. Glass crashed and splintered. . . .

Belle Ryan related this incident and the many like it that followed to Sir Silas, cleverly using it as a lever wherewith to pry enough money from his purse to come to better financial assistance.

"You can't expect me to keep on livin' with Collie, can you, old dear?" she wheedled. "Say — a Chink, a Dutchman, and that Thingumajee Jones! Three of a kind — deuces runnin' wild — and little me! Can't be done. Come across!"

Sir Silas "came across"; and thus it was with the added prick of a personal injury that he held forth to his fellow members of the Shanghai Club.

"But Collette's a nice girl of her sort," insisted Addison. "She — and a Chinaman? Impossible."

"Impossible!" echoed the American consul. "I've been thinking about Thingumajee, and I tell you what's wrong with him. He's a romantic donkey. . . ."

"My dear fellow," interrupted Carley, "we had all that before. If he were romantic, he'd be doing his bloody bit."

"Wait," Kent continued. "Don't you see what I mean? He's young, and an enthusiast. The brand of romantic donkey who thinks it's — oh — anointed martyrdom to put himself above the opinions of the majority, the sort who . . ."

"Peace nut, you mean?"

"Sure. Humanitarian nut. Sees that all the world fights shy of von Pappenheim, and so, out of mere, blessed, youthful, enthusiastic cussedness, he ties up to him."

"What about those goings-on on the Foochow Road?" repeated Sir Silas. "And what about that Manchu chap? Granted you're right about Jones and the Hun, that still leaves the Manchu unaccounted for, and even Jones must know the man's reputation. Why — Kung's the most dangerous man in Asia to-day. He stands for everything our countries are fighting — tyranny, oppression, brutality. He was a chum of the old Dowager Empress. He's a natural friend of Kaiser Bill. And there he and Jones and von Pappenheim chum it together at Collette's. You should hear Belle's tales."

"Belle may have lied."

And Sir Silas, thinking of his pocketbook and Belle's demands, was fair enough to admit such a possibility.

VI

BUT a few days later, as he was riding in the direction of Chinkiang to oversee the erection of some warehouses which his firm was building, he came face to face with an ocular proof that Belle had spoken the truth.

It was a splendid afternoon of late spring, scarlet and gold and deep fox-brown, and even Sir Silas, choleric by birth and bilious through long residence East of Suez, fell under the spell. To the south, obliquely away from the murmuring Whangpoa, the soil was a marquetry of emerald wheat and yellow mustard, red poppies and the delicate bluish snow of the young rice, with tiny shining turkis flowers nodding their feathery heads and over all the heavy scent of saffron and purple clover. The air was drowsy and warm, an enormous sun blazing in the sky, and one pure-white cloud dipping lazily in the distance. Little rice birds rose and fluttered before his mare's pattering feet; sometimes a beady-eyed lizard swished over a mossy stone; sometimes a grass snake uncurled and streamed away like a narrow green flag.

The melody of spring was in the air, and Sir Silas was at peace with the world.

Then, suddenly, peace flew away.

It flew away in a riot of voices, in brassy shouts, in loud songs flung shamelessly to the sky, and a woman's metallic, staccato laughter.

From the opposite direction a low victoria, drawn by a brace of splendid Maltese Arabs, came breasting the whirling yellow dust of the road, preceded and followed by armed and mounted servants They were typical Manchus, with their coppery faces, aquiline noses, high cheek-bones, wide shoulders, and narrow hips. They wore purple tunics bordered with orange and embroidered front and back with Duke Kung's initials in mandarin ideographs.

Sir Silas felt a little nervous. He was away from the beaten track, he was not popular with the natives, and the noises these Manchus were making smacked of a prolonged opium spree. But he was not a

A Lively Interest

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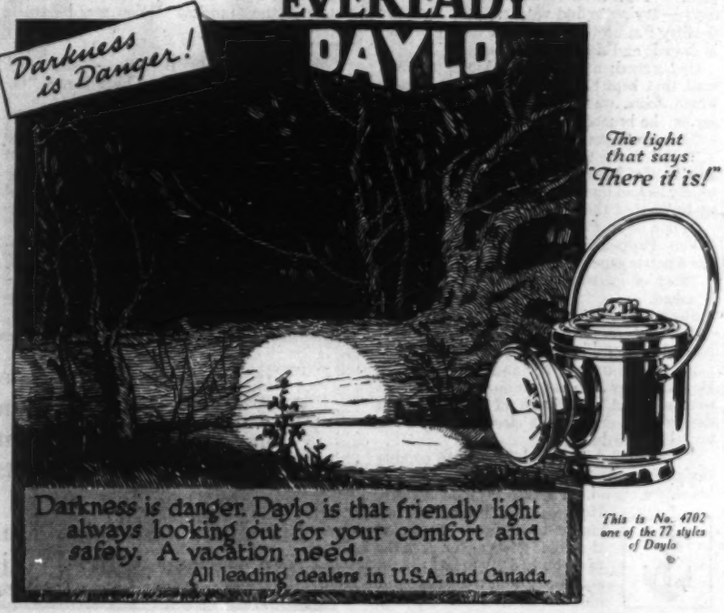

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coward. Whatever his faults, he was unfamiliar with that complicated emotion called Fear. When he was furious, all restraining thoughts suddenly ebbed away from his brain and left it vacant, dry, crimson; and as, lolling in the front seat of the carriage, he beheld Jones and on the back seat Collette squeezed in between Kung Yi-Hsin and von Pappenheim, all three shouting and singing. Sir Silas turned, pushed straight through the Manchu cavalcade, and pulled his horse to a trot alongside the victoria.

"Jones," he said, "I'm sorry that there are limitations to the King's English. But allow me to tell you that you are a damned. . . ." and he used the one epithet which, according to Kent, when said to a Virginian means immediate death unless accompanied by a smile.

And he did not smile.

Jones turned a deadly white, and his hand instinctively twitched to his hip-pocket. Then he dropped his hand.

"I reckon I can't blame you for thinking so, sir," he said languidly. "And now — unless you want to join us in a little party in Collette's villa — you'd better be on your way, sir. . . ."

If Sir Silas had accepted the invitation instead of riding straight to the Governor's mansion where he demanded once more the immediate internment of von Pappenheim, this time demanding furthermore that the Chinese authorities arrest the Duke, try and banish him — "he's intriguing with the German, there's no doubt of it, and you know yourself what dangerous customers these aristocratic Manchus are in spite of your brand-new Republic, Your Excellency!" — to be met by the Governor's bland prayer to be shown proof. . . . If, to resume, Sir Silas had accepted Jones' invitation, he might have been a witness to the dénouement of the drama which had agitated Shanghai for so many days.

VII

LET it be said here that both the Manchu and the German were absolutely sure of themselves. They had matched their wits against the picked brains of half the world and had always emerged victorious. Thus they were armed against all contingencies — except the obvious. And it was the obvious which happened that night, beginning in a man's low, wicked laugh, to wind up. . . . Where? Perhaps in the *Weisser Saal* of the German Emperor's palace, perhaps in the swishing steel of a Hopeh executioner. . . .

The scene at Collette's was the same as usual. Champagne corks popped. The steel needle whirred its mad spirals on the machine records. Incense floated up to the ceiling in a lascivious, opalescent mass.

The only different note was struck by Jones. For he was drunk. Not lugubriously, nor quarrelsomely, but dead drunk.

He was stretched full length on a low divan, snoring stertorously, and the sight amused von Pappenheim. Collette was leaning over the boy, caressing his moist black curls.

"Look at Thingumajee!" jeered the German. "He's been trying to pump me for days — trying to find what especial Teutonic deviltry I'm up to now. Must have given up in despair and drowned his sorrow!"

He laughed; and it was his laugh, rasping, loud, that kept him from hearing the words which Jones was whispering into Collette's ear as she brushed his forehead with her lips:

"It's up to you. Remember."

"I'll turn the trick," she murmured back, and as the Manchu, who was sitting on the couch, looked up suspiciously, she murmured again, so that the others could hear:

"Poor boy! *Pauvre, pauvre p'tit!*"

Von Pappenheim picked up the words like a battle gage.

"Sort of interested in him, aren't you?" he asked.

She smiled; and he repeated the question — he had been drinking heavily and his eyes were bloodshot — "Are you, girl?"

He walked over to her and pulled her up. He seized her arm threateningly. But, the next moment, the touch of her soft flesh through the diaphanous sleeve changed his brutality into desire.

"Never mind," he said, his breath coming sibilantly; and with a rapid twist he pushed up her sleeve, exposing a beautifully modeled arm.

He pressed his lips on it. But, almost immediately, he pulled the sleeve down again. For the Manchu had risen, fat, yellow, enormous, and was staring at him through half-closed eyelids.

There was a question in the purple-black eyes, a threat, and hate, and passion; and Collette, looking from the German to the Manchu, then at the stiff form of Jones, shivered. She suppressed a sob.

The atmosphere was tense, tragic, suffused with a sort of honey-sweet, subtle violence. There was the poignant odor of stale wine; the ludicrous talking-machine creaking something about "*You'se gwine to love me — yes — yo' is*"; Collette, leaning over Jones' rigid body; the German, his long, hairy fingers twitching nervously, his alcohol-soddened face standing out like a crimson blotch above the immaculate white of his evening-dress shirt; and the Manchu, inscrutable, gigantic, yellow, very quiet.

Collette had one hand on Jones' arm. Her thoughts raced madly. The thought of what the young Virginian had told her, how he had confided in her, how he had said to her — only yesterday, "You are French — I'm an American — we're Allies in this, I reckon, and I've tried my best. I've failed — and now it's up to you, child!" — he had called her "child." . . . Then she considered that she was an actress, trained to the game.

Her hand tightened on his arm. Something like an electric thrill passed rapidly from his body into hers, bringing with it a voiceless message, a terrible, steely encouragement, and, very suddenly, she faced the two men.

"You asked me if I take an interest in this boy? *Eh bien* — I do!" Challengingly she looked at the German, as challengingly at the Manchu. "You see, he trusts me!"

"He does?"

"Yes. He does. Because —" she whispered the words as if they hurt her — "because he loves me. . . ."

The German smiled.

"Loves — *you*?" He filled his glass and drained it. "Heavens above! And what does a woman like you know of love?"

"What do I know? Why, *mon vieux*, what is it then that you want of me — you yourself — unless it is love, *hein*? And you!" suddenly turning, and addressing the Manchu. "What do *you* want of me, *gros cheri*, unless that same something — that love — of which you —" again turning and flinging the words directly at von Pappenheim — "say that I know nothing!"

The German had taken a step in the direction of Kung Yi-Hsin, and the latter, who had been staring at Collette, all at once curved his immense, fat back, bent his stout neck and brought his eyes to a level with von Pappenheim's chin, looking for all the world like some fantastic gorilla dressed in gorgeous robes, and ready to jump and kill. And Collette, quick to sense the minatory undercurrent that surged between the two men, grasped her chance.

There was a little hysterical, triumphant catch in her voice.

"Yes! What do you want of me except love? Love!" She shrilled the word. "Both of you! *Ah — boug' de saligauds! Ah — espèces de. . . .*" and she launched into a stream of Parisian gutter abuse.

Von Pappenheim jerked his head, indicating the Manchu.

"He — he has spoken to you *of*. . . ?"

"Of love? But yes. You know it, don't you, big fool?" She burst into laughter. "Has he talked to me of love? Of love? And what else do you think he says to me when he calls on me?"

"I know he. . . ." the German stammered. "I've seen. . . ."

"Yes. You have seen. You have heard. You have seen him put his arm about me and talk to me — *enfin, des petites cochonneries!* In your presence, *hein*? As the matter of a little joke between yourself and him, because you are such great friends. Yes! But. . . ." she put her arm through the Manchu's and patted it. "Don't you know that he calls on me too when you are not here to — to chaperon us, *gros chouchou*? And of what do you think he talks to me then — when you are not here? When we are alone together? Ah — I tell you, fool! Then he whispers in my ear and. . . ." She danced up to von Pappenheim and snapped her fingers beneath his nose. "One speaks of love in Chinese, too, Monsieur!"

The Manchu smiled.

"To be sure one does." He took the girl around the waist and pressed her to him. "One speaks of love — eh? The one thing in life. . . ."

She looked up at him rapturously.

"Yes," she cried. "The one thing in life. A force of nature, absolutely — *comment dire*? — irresistible — something like thunder, like a rising flood — like a storm. . . ."

"*Ahi!* Like a storm!" echoed Kung Yi-Hsin.

He bent down and kissed her pouting red lips. All his Mongol phlegm danced away in a whirlwind of passion. A light like a slow-eddying flame came into his half-closed eyes. His fingers, caressing her shoulders, twitched spasmodically. Again and again he kissed her and then, with utter, dramatic suddenness, he flung her away.

"Look — out!"

She heard Jones's voice as from a great distance and she saw the German come on, fists raised high, features distorted, Berserker rage burning in his deep-set eyes.

"You — you yellow swine!"

On he came, like a huge, crunching Jagannath of Fate.

The other met him standing, his bull neck down and to one side and, at the very last, just as the German closed in, Collette saw a glisten of steel in the Manchu's right hand.

Von Pappenheim rushed straight into it.

"*Ach Gott!*"

He clutched his breast. For a moment he stood there, perfectly rigid. His blue-gray eyes, slowly glazing, were round with wonder, with a certain naive astonishment.

He tottered.

He stared at the Manchu.

"You — you fool!" His words, weak, curiously high-pitched, were immensely tragic, immensely ironic. "You — might have been Emperor of China — brother and ally to my own Emperor — invincible both. . . . and you. . . . you. . . ."

The last words gurgled out in a stream of dark blood. He fell back, dead; and, the next moment, Jones had jumped from the divan and cleared the width of the room.

His voice was steady — there was not the slightest trace of drunkenness — and so was his right hand which gripped an ugly, blue automatic.

"Put up your hands!" he ordered the Manchu. "There — drop that knife. I am sorry," he went on as, acting under his orders, Collette tied Kung Yi-Hsin securely with curtain ropes. "I'm sorry, Duke. I am in the United States Secret Service, and I've been trying for weeks to find out what you and —" he lowered his voice — "von Pappenheim were up to."

The Manchu gave a low laugh.

"Well — you didn't find out, did you?"

Jones inclined his head.

"You're right, Duke. I did not find out. You are a clever man — and so was von Pappenheim. I did not succeed in matching my brain against yours — and his. But —" he shrugged his shoulders — "I did the next best thing. I eliminated you both — with the help of a woman's heart — a brave French woman's heart. Von Pappenheim is dead. And you yourself — well — I doubt that the authorities of Republican China will show great mercy to a Manchu aristocrat. . . ."

Sir Silas was intrinsically honest.

"Mr. Jones," he said the next afternoon at the Club after the sensational news had come from the Governor's palace that the German arch-intriguer had been killed and that the Manchu intriguer, Duke Kung Yi-Hsin, was the murderer and stood a good chance of losing his head as a result, "you have rendered a great service to the cause of the Allies. You have succeeded in eliminating two of the most dangerous Teuton agents in the Far East. You have shown yourself to be a remarkable Secret Service man. Yes, sir! A most remarkable Secret Service man! Your disguise — your crimson-lined cape, your wide-brimmed hat, the very names you use. . . . extraordinary! You had us all fooled!"

Jones looked at Sir Silas without a smile.

"I reckon you're making a slight mistake, sir," he drawled. "I'm not in the habit of using a disguise."

"Not in the habit . . . . "

"No, sir. I have always considered a cape lined with a rich shade of red silk a most becoming choice for a gentleman's wearing apparel. And as to my names — permit me to tell you, sir, that the Calthropes, the de Wintons, the Lees, and the Blennerhassets, are most aristocratic names in the annals of the ancient State of Virginia, sir. Yes, sir — I'll take a little Bourbon, I reckon. . . ."

I Will!

by **Jewett E. Ricker, Jr.**

I WILL accept and steadfastly practise the doctrine of Washington—"To the interest of our country, all inferior considerations must yield."

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I WILL subscribe to the platform of Rufus Choate that "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

I WILL pledge myself to the principles of Webster: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

I WILL stand ready to make any sacrifice required of me toward the end that my country may be strengthened in "the great task remaining before us."

I WILL practise conservation in my business and in my home — gladly foregoing any comforts and pleasures not compatible with the common needs of the hour.

I WILL lay aside the hammer for the period of the war and confine myself to constructive criticism, realizing full well that in a time like this the knocker is a public nuisance and a national enemy.

I WILL uphold at all times the honor of the United States and our Allies, making it my personal business to see that all enemy propaganda and anti-American sentiment are promptly and properly dealt with.

I WILL realize with the President that "The supreme test of the Nation has come. We must all speak, act and serve together." And — toward that end —

I WILL pledge my money, my strength, my life — all I have or ever hope to have — to the successful prosecution of this war; that "This Nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

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[Continued from page 18]

think you can, how to prolong the efficiency of these high-salaried men for a few years, you will be doing us such a service that we can afford to pay you very handsomely."

The Yale veteran replied that he could not accept this tempting offer, as he was doing what he regards as a more important national service; but he agreed to give a practical example of steps that should be taken by our industrial magnates (and by the Federal Government as well) to safeguard the health not only of men who have superior intelligence, but of all kinds of men.

And Camp did this. He invited about fifty prominent men of New Haven, capitalists, presidents of companies, business and professional men, to meet him in regard to a plan for greater war efficiency. When they were gathered together he addressed them:

"Gentlemen, you are all successful men, hard workers, but this war will put a greater pressure on you than you realize. You may be called upon to work twice as hard as you have ever worked before. How are you going to do it?"

"We can't do it," one of them answered. "It will kill us if we have to work under greater pressure."

"Exactly," agreed the health expert; "it will kill you unless you can improve your capacity for effort. How can you do this? It is perfectly simple: by taking care of your bodies, by getting rid of interfering fat, by strengthening your muscles, especially your abdominal muscles, by eliminating intestinal poisons that slow up your efficiency. All of which means regular bodily exercise. I'm going to show you how to take it. If you gentlemen will sign up in this physical-culture effort for ninety days (this was in the spring of 1917) I will guarantee that you can bear the extra war-pressure without breaking down. In fact, you will go through this next summer, feeling better than you have felt for years."

This promise was more than fulfilled. Every morning Camp gave the class ten minutes of setting-up exercises followed by a vigorous walk for half or three-quarters of an hour. Sometimes he formed a flying squadron to go ahead at double quick. Sometimes he would start the men with a brisk walk of five hundred yards, returning to the gymnasium at a quicker pace. Later on they did marching exercises, carrying iron rods cut in three-foot lengths to represent rifles and weighing about nine pounds each. On one occasion these physically lazy, short-winded, fat, half broken-down New Haven notables, all of them over forty-five and some over seventy, did a twelve-mile march without any bad consequences.

A few weeks ago in Washington I had a talk with Surgeon General Gorgas, who is not only an inspiring promoter of health-efficiency but an example in his personal life of the benefits that come from right living. He is over sixty, but he handles with splendid efficiency an immense load of work and responsibility because he takes care of his body. Every day he walks a mile and a half and back from his house to his office and he practises abstemiousness in eating.

In the course of our talk the Surgeon General made the rather startling statement that, speaking in a broad racial sense, there will be no loss of human life for America in consequence of the war, but an actual gain in human life.

"What I mean," he explained, "is that, however great our war casualties may be, the gain in health among the survivors will so lengthen their terms of years as to more than offset that loss; or, to be more specific, we can expect confidently that these survivors, (say eighty-five or ninety out of a hundred) will live through an aggregate of more man-years after the war, than the original hundred would have lived through, if there had been no war. And with this life gain, there will be a corresponding efficiency gain and character gain. Not only will these men live longer, but they will be superior men, better Americans than they would have been."

"How about middle-aged Americans, those who do not go to the war, but learn to live right in the matter of exercise and diet?" I asked.

"They will benefit correspondingly. If middle-aged Americans will follow out a proper physical-culture plan for one hour a day, six days a week, and will adhere to a restricted diet régime, with a little meat, plenty of fruit, vegetables, coarse bread, salads, consuming not more than 3,000 calories of food a day, they will add several years to their lives, perhaps many years."

"Do you favor universal physical training for our public schools and colleges?"

"Most decidedly. It would double the efficiency of this nation. God knows what trials the next generation will have to bear, and it is up to us to give our children this health foundation of sound manhood and womanhood. In my opinion there is no better service that the doctors, writers, ministers of America can render than to preach the gospel of universal physical training."

Strangely enough, there is no class in the nation who needs to follow these health precepts more than doctors themselves, and the war is compelling them to do this in two immense Medical Officers' Training Camps, at Fort Oglethorpe, and Fort Riley.

While I was in Washington I heard a story from Colonel E. L. Munson, who is at the head of the Division of Medical Officers' Training Camps, that shows what a wonderful transformation this war is accomplishing in the medical profession. It seems that among the doctors who came to Fort Oglethorpe soon after war was declared, there was a distinguished specialist from one of our great cities, a man who earned $40,000 or $50,000 a year from his profession and was happy to give this up for the modest $2,000 salary that his lieutenant's commission (he has since been promoted) brought him. It happened, however, that he was also the dean of a great university where his abilities were soon so much missed by his associates that a special appeal was made to Washington for his release from war service.

But when the official document that returned this big doctor to civil life was handed to him, he simply wrote across it, "Recommendation disapproved," and refused to leave camp. The great university might worry along without him, he was getting back his health.

"Why, I didn't know how to live until I came here," he said. "We doctors never know how to live. We never walk, we rush about in automobiles; we never sleep peacefully; we work too hard, we eat too much, we kill ourselves. No, sir, I'm going to stay right here. This is the greatest thing I ever did—open-air life, horseback, wholesome food and early to bed. My wife says I look ten years younger and I feel — well, I'm a new man, hard as nails, stronger, more efficient in every way."

It is the sacred duty of every American doctor in this critical period of the nation's life to keep himself in fine physical condition. To fail in this is to fail in patriotism.

Let the oldest, the fattest, the softest doctors in the land show by their personal example that they believe in physical fitness. Let them get busy in gymnasiums and on golf courses. We must set the fashion of physical fitness — that is the way to beat Germany. *It is men that will win this war* — perhaps the last million American men!

A man sees another man in a restaurant reading a German newspaper. Finally, he says to the reader: "Do you know what country you are living in?"

The man looked up from his paper and replied: "The same country you are living in."

"Are you an American citizen?"

"Yes, sir, I am proud to be one."

"Then what are you reading that German paper for? Cannot you get the same news in an American paper?"

"That's my business," the man answered defiantly; whereupon the American struck him and the restaurant became the scene of a near-riot.

From next month's article by Cleveland Moffett - "A Level Head and a High Heart."

The Re-born Spirit of '76

[*Continued from page 28*]

ten o'clock. Bert'll be here any minute now, the lady at the desk says."

"Is this visiting day?" I inquired.

"No — I got a special permit. Bert's going to France ahead of his company." Her voice thrilled with pride. "General Pershing's sent for motor-truck mechanics."

I had heard that a hundred mechanics were to be transferred to an embarkation camp at dusk.

"Seems the oddest ever, Bert's taking to motors and machines when he'd lived all his life on a farm. But then you never can tell what's going on in the back of a boy's head."

Plainly comment was expected.

"Then your home is a farm?"

"Land, no! I live in H——. Bert isn't my boy."

Another pregnant pause of invitation.

"Your brother?"

"No blood tie at all. I just adopted him for the war."

I turned to study her spare, gray-clad figure. She saw that my glance had settled on the service pin attached to the left revers of black velvet.

"Bert sent it to me, and the chairman of our Red Cross Chapter said it was all right for me to wear it, being as he has no people of his own. I know it sounds sort of scand'lous, talking about my boy, when I ain't even married, but it was one of them things that just had to be done. You see, when the draft called out a lot of men from our neighborhood, we formed a sort of 'back home society' to make sure that each one was looked after. There was some Polacks from the tin plant, and two boys from De Luca's shoe-shining parlor whose people are in Italy — oh, you know the kind. They drift into a town like ours, Lord knows where from.

"Well, anyhow, we fixed them all out with godmothers — and if one woman felt she couldn't afford to take over a boy alone, we gave him two godmothers instead of one, and they divided the expense of knitted things, comfort kits and all that. But somehow Bert was overlooked — he worked on Henley's farm — and Mrs. Henley being sick and Henley as close as bark on a tree, when the send-off day exercises started, there stood Bert without so much as a muffler to his throat.

"I handed my ice-cream spoon to Martha Kenyon and lit out for the Red Cross room. One woman finished off a sweater, while I packed a comfort bag, but there was nobody offered to take him on. He isn't the kind that makes friends, always acts sort of dazed or stupid like, I don't know as I ever saw him when he didn't have a cold in his head or a boil on his neck. Well, while the committee was discussing what was to be done with him, I put the things into his hands. The emptiness of them, with the other boys all fitted out, made me ache clear through.

He looked at his sweater and stuff, then back to me.

"'Thank you, ma'am,' he said, 'it'll make me feel as if somebody cares.'

"'Cares for what?' I asked.

"'If I get hurt or killed.'

"Land! you could uv knocked me over with a feather.

"'Of course we care. The whole town's proud of you boys.'

"He stood there picking at the sweater with his chapped fingers, and all of a sudden it came to me that it isn't a whole town that a man going to war cares about.

"'Haven't you written your mother?' I asked.

"'She's dead.'

"'Will you take me for a mother — for the term of the war?' I added for safety.

"He nodded. I took him by the arm and led him over to the committee and the chairman wrote my name on a slip of paper. 'Give that to the officer who musters you in at camp. Mary Louise Hammond is your nearest friend.'

"I had to go back to the refreshment table, but twice when I looked across the room, I saw Bert take that slip of paper out of his pocketbook and stare at it. That's how I came to take on Bert, and it's been real exciting and pleasant. Postals and letters regular, and then this service pin. I got a service flag in my front window, too. It's a lot more real than winding bandages and making pajamas for men Lord knows where."

"And you've come all the way through this frightful weather to see him off?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Flaherty went clear to New York to say good-by to their boy and they got more mouths to fill on less money than I have."

The front door opened and closed. Mary Louise Hammond looked up, gasped, then half rose, gripping the arms of her chair for support.

"Bert — my land, look at him!"

An alert, upstanding young soldier crossed the floor. If his shoulders had ever hunched, drill had squared them. If his eyes had been dull, new interests and a fair chance among men had cleared them.

They stood apart looking at each other. A moment of hesitation, a quick rise and fall of the Adam's apple in the boy's throat, then he bent and kissed her.

"It sure was good of you to come, Mother Hammond."

"Good!" she murmured incoherently. "You lamb — you look just grand! They wouldn't know you back home — ain't you grown some?" Then she added fatuously: "I should think General Pershing *would* uv sent for you. My, but that uniform's becoming!"

When I left, they were bending over a sheet of paper. He was explaining, by the aid of rude drawings, how he had jacked a coal truck out of a mud hole while his sergeant had gone to telephone for help. She was trying hard to follow what he said, but any woman with a cinder in her eye could see that her glance, wandering from the pencil in his hand to his smooth, firm flesh and sleek hair was mutely asking what magic had turned her ugly duckling into this swan of khaki plumage!

The head secretary of our Hut who had gone to regimental headquarters for information about some new orders, came back with eyes shining.

"Have a look!"

He held up a small roll of bills.

"From Major ——. He called me into his office and said, 'That's a sad lot of rookies we got in this morning. Don't look as if they had much change in their pockets. I wish you'd take hold of the situation. If there are any boys without the price of postals or stamps for writing home, fix them up. And if it keeps on raining, give them some sort of spread to-night, pie, coffee, ice-cream — whatever you think best.. Darn weather conditions that send rain whenever recruits come in. It's a wonder we don't have an epidemic of suicide.' Irritable, like that! Then he shoved this roll into my hand."

Two hundred dollars!

A man of means, the Major, and charitable, but this money was not given in the spirit of charity. He wants a cheerful regiment, an efficient regiment, a regiment which will march forth believing that it has all America behind it.

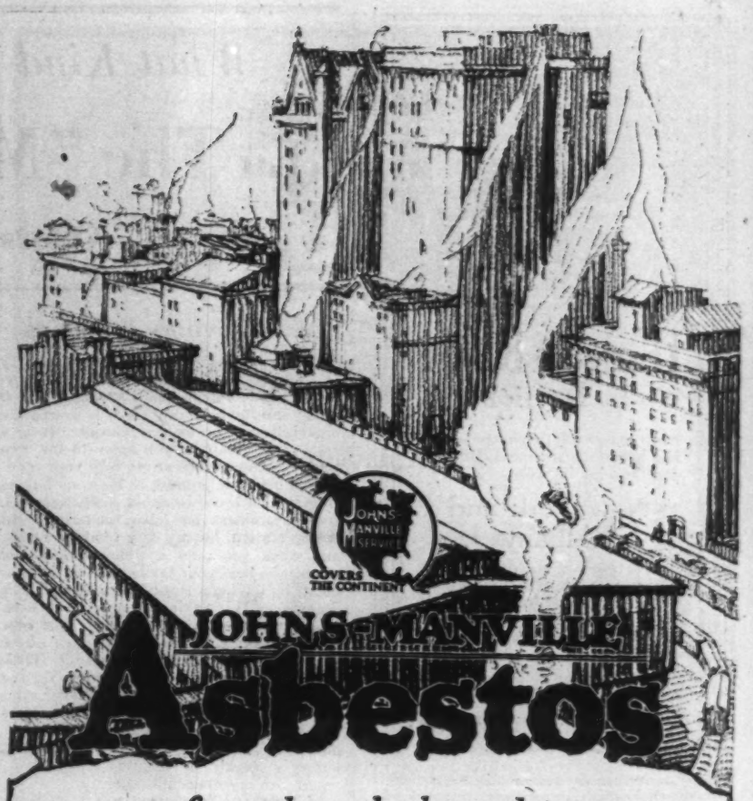
All officers in the new National Army are not efficient and human, but neither are all employers in civil life.

All its soldiers are not willing, cheerful and patriotic, but the proportion of sullen men grows less as plain simple talks on American ideals replace the pro-German propaganda heard in civil life. All soldiers are not clean of body and soul, but army regulations make them bathe, and the preponderance of decent men in each regiment is cleaning up their speech.

All cantonments are not yet supplied with their full complement of buildings, conveniences and equipment. The further a cantonment from Washington, the more trouble its officers have in equipping and safeguarding the health of their regiments.

In buildings, equipment and supplies, unquestionably Camp Meade, located at Admiral, Maryland, is the model cantonment. It lies within an hour's run of Washington. President Wilson, Secretary Baker and distinguished representatives of the Allies may drop in at any time, without notice. Here contractors, ordnance chiefs and the quartermaster's department have done themselves proud, and recruits are supplied with uniforms within a few days after they are mustered in. At other cantonments and camps, resourcefulness is a highly desirable qualification at division headquarters.

But from the very ground of the most poorly equipped camp, from the most harassed headquarters, from the roughest and least personable of privates, it wells up like the spirit of earth throwing off the bondage of winter, the fighting patriotism of '76, reborn in its country's hour of need.



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Elect a chairman and secretary. Their first duty will be to secure members for the society and see that each new member signs the application blank, and agrees to purchase stamps regularly. In addition to this the secretary makes a weekly or monthly report of memberships and total purchases of stamps to the National War Savings Society at Washington.

Here is a splendid opportunity for service if teachers will organize these societies in their schools. Not only will the children under their charge thus learn the valuable habit of saving regularly, but they will be doing their bit for their country at the same time.

Heads of big business concerns and factories can organize War Savings Societies among their employees. In these cases it may be advisable to have short talks of ten minutes or more, and allow members to discuss the plan, ask questions, and offer suggestions. For these little talks, or for larger, more formal meetings of a similar nature, speakers will be suggested, and material supplied by the National Committee.

Write to the "My America" Editor for plans and new ideas for rousing interest in this work, and for Thrift Slogans to post in prominent places. Don't put it off until to-morrow — we all know that that wonderful time never comes. Talk the matter over with your club, League or guild, and then sit down and write at once to the "My America" Editor, McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Slogans and Spies

IN the March number of McClure's we had an article on the "My America" page about forming Slogan Clubs throughout the country.

The idea roused a greater interest even than we had anticipated. From all parts of the United States, from big cities, small villages, and busy manufacturing towns, came requests for sample slogans and directions how to start the movement. Heads of factories asked for slogans, printers offered their services to print the placards, business men's clubs wrote to us, schools took up the idea.

Down in Charleston, West Virginia, a man who is at the head of a large printing establishment hit upon a practical plan. He gives the cards, the time of his men, and a splendid enthusiasm to the work. He has large placards printed for posting in cars, factories, and other public places, warning against the danger of careless talk in public, where spies might chance to overhear, and he also prints tiny slogan cards for distribution in trains, or for enclosing in business letters.

We offer his idea to other "My America" Leagues. Do you not know some patriotic printer who will give an hour or two a week to printing these warnings for your town? Write to us for our newest set of slogans and do your bit toward safe-guarding your country.

"A WISE SPY MAKETH A GLAD KAISER. DON'T LET THE SPY GET WISE!"

Our Service Editor

WILL be glad to be of assistance to officers or enlisted men of our army and navy, serving either here or in France, who wish any reasonable purchases made for them in New York shops. Owing to the crowded condition of the mails we cannot undertake to assume responsibility for packages reaching their destination, but all possible care on our part will be taken toward this end. Give full description (measurements, if wearing apparel), colors, etc., when writing. Send money and requests to McClure's Soldiers' and Sailors' Service Editor, McClure's Magazine, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Fourth of July, 1918

HOW are you going to keep the Fourth of July this year?

Why not make it a "My America" Fourth, and try to have that day's sun set upon a community of better, more patriotic citizens than it rose on that morning?

The day ought to begin with patriotic church services in every town, and then, of course, the young people will want a parade. Make it a Thrift Stamp parade, and let even your fun work for Uncle Sam.

The "My America" Editor will send you upon request a short novel programme suitable for a "My America" Fourth in your town.

If You Are a Man

ORGANIZE a "My America" League in your office, factory or shop. Good patriots are needed everywhere.

2. Interest your community in the problem of making real citizens of the aliens in your town.

3. Form one of the Slogan Clubs described on this page. Defeat the spies and pro-Germans by holding your tongue.

4. Plant a bigger war garden than last year.

5. The Boy Scouts need Scoutmasters; offer your services.

6. Put a few hours of your leisure at the service of your local Y. M. C. A.

7. Organize war gardening clubs among the boys of your town. Have a contest and offer some simple, practical prizes for the finest vegetables.

8. See that the Four Minute Men are speaking regularly in your nearest motion picture theatre.

9. The navy is asking for telescopes, spy-glasses, binoculars, sextants, and chronometers. Have "Navy Day" in your town, and find out who have any of these things to lend their country.

10. Collect books and magazines for our men in service. General Pershing wants 100,000 books a month.

11. Since you cannot knit, cut out a cigar or two and give the sacrifice-money to the free wool fund of the Comforts Committee of the Navy League.

12. Send tobacco to our boys in the trenches — they need it more than you do.

Now get in line, get to work, and write to us at once. Join the "My America" League.

If You Are a Woman

KNIT, and teach the young girls of your town to knit. Organize a unit of the Comforts Committee of the Navy League.

2. Make a war garden at least large enough to supply your own table this summer.

3. Put your kitchen on a war footing — conserve, save and serve! Urge your neighbors to do the same.

4. Be faithful in your attendance at your local Red Cross work-room. No matter if the weather is hot, or you are tired. The boys are hot and tired often in the trenches, but they cannot stop work, and you *must* not.

5. Make over out-grown clothing for destitute French and Belgian children.

6. Send to the Chicago Chapter of the American Fund for French Wounded for their patterns for the little refugee comfort bags.

7. Adopt a French or Belgian orphan through the American Girls' Aid, by paying a small monthly sum for its support. If you cannot undertake this alone, let your "My America" League or your sewing circle club together for this purpose.

8. Form a canning club in your community and secure the services of your State demonstrator.

9. Ransack your scrap-bag and your store-room. You can make ambulance pillows, cup-covers, trinket bags, etc., for men in hospitals abroad out of clean scraps of white or colored wash materials.

10. Collect books and magazines for the army.

11. Keep a "Sacrifice Bank" — any sealed box will answer the purpose — and deny yourself little luxuries in order to buy Thrift Stamps.

12. If there is a cantonment near your town make your house a place where the boys can come for a bit of home life. Invite a soldier or two to Sunday dinner once in a while, or to some little evening gathering or dance.

Write to the League Editor to-day and start something. Ask for a "My America" button.

If You Are a Child

SAVE your pennies, and earn more to put with them. Buy Thrift Stamps to help your big brothers fighting in France for you.

2. Learn to knit. Make "patch-work" quilts of various colored ends of worsted for hospital cots. Knit wash-cloths and mufflers for soldiers.

3. Make scrap books for the sailors on our battleships, or for men in the contagious wards of our cantonment hospitals.

4. Make as large a war garden as you can take care of faithfully, or get three or four friends to make one with you.

5. Join the Junior Red Cross, and work with it.

6. Canvass your neighborhood for books and magazines for the army.

7. Join the Boy Scouts or the Girl Scouts. They will train you for real service to your country, and train you in health and good habits as well.

8. Have "picking picnics" this summer, and gather berries for your mothers to can and preserve for next winter's supply.

9. Collect new three-cent stamps and send them to us for the "My America" League's French baby, little Hélène Thibault.

10. Write to us for one of the little Service Banks for saving your pennies in to send comfort packets to our boys in France.

Every child must help. Write and let us tell you how to form a "My America" League.

Benefits Forgot — *Continued from page 26*

of his disturbing an artist at such a time showed what a *mésalliance* it would have been for me. He would have been the kind of husband to invite a dinner party to the house on the eve of his wife's first appearance as a star.

It was during our only scenic rehearsal we had been able to arrange. The theatre was in use at night, and as their stuff was heavy it had been impossible to take it all out and get it back again for the evening except on the day of the Benefit. And there wasn't room for our scenery and that of the night bill, too. We had begun at eight and it was now noon with the last skit of the afternoon's bill just on. It was evident there would be no lunch — not that the players wanted any, they were too nervous — but the stage hands were cross and the charity committee sitting about the house almost frantic.

I was frantic but not about the performance or missing luncheon. I knew we would start on time and stop on time. But this last play — our *pièce de résistance* — was worrying me. It wasn't going well. The big star in the piece had a bad throat, and as I sat in a dim box — for I wasn't in this last play — I was so anxious I thought I should go out of my mind.

Then too Maude's Roy was acting like a fool. He was standing in the wings proudly prompting; not that he was ever there with the word when it was needed, but shouting out the lines of the actor with the bad throat before he got his cue. It was a very good part and you could see the prompter enjoyed playing it even from the wings. Maude acted opposite the sick man and one would have thought she would have become exasperated with Roy although he did want to marry her, but Roy didn't interfere with her lines, and an actress when at work thinks only of herself. It's piggish, but true.

It was at this stage of my mental agony that Mendoza came up behind my chair and began whispering. (What a time to whisper!) I didn't pay much attention to him at first until I caught: "Dear heart, I have decided. I will help you over the rough places."

AFTER that I knew perfectly well what he was about. That was just the way Mendoza would propose. I did feel helpless just then. There were rough places, particularly the big star's tonsils to be overcome, but I knew Mendoza would never think that they were bumps. I didn't see that putting my hand in his was going to restore a fading voice or muzzle the prompter. If Mendoza had been a throat specialist or a pugilist I might have considered him. I would have married anybody on the spot if it had insured us a smooth performance that afternoon. The Charity had done its share; the house had been sold out and it was up to Maude and me to deliver the goods. The weight of the responsibility was almost killing me, yet here was Mendoza wanting to take my hand and go hurtling over rough places.

I don't know what my answer would have been — something stereotyped, I expect, for in spite of his curious estimate of me I am just an ordinary girl from Iowa, but in the instant of my reply, my attention was held by a two-voiced declaration of love being made to Maude on the stage. One was from the star, who was saving his voice by whispering, and the other from Roy, loudly and jubilantly, under the impression that the actor had given up altogether.

This was too much for the distinguished man. With a return to full vocal power he roared out, "Gag that ass!" and then grew ominously silent. We could see him mouthing terrible words but his voice had entirely gone, and with his hands to his head, our best bet of the afternoon left shortly after his voice did — to return no more that day.

The players on the stage looked at each other in horror and Maude burst into tears and ran toward her dressing-room. We all felt the enormity of the loss; that is, all felt it but Mendoza. It never fazed him. Right through the fracas he was gently prodding me out of the chair and when I leaped to my feet to hurry after Maude he took it as a bow — no — a leap of promise. "That's right, that's right," he encouraged. "Come behind the curtains and give me one word — one word!"

Well, I gave it to him. I don't suppose any girl from Iowa ever replied to a proposal before in such a fashion. It was:

"Oh, the devil!"

But as I brushed past him I caught in Mendoza's face a look of elation. He was glad I had said it. Amazing young man!

I felt my way along the passage back of the boxes to the stage, and in the darkness ran into Mrs. Jastrow who had been out in front and was making for the scene of war also. Mrs. Jastrow had sense enough to know that the situation was serious, and together we sought out Maude to see what could be done. Her dressing-room was on the prompt side. It took us a few seconds to cross the stage, our anxiety so great that we pushed open Maude's closed but not latched door without preliminaries. And looking in we added further to our troubles, for Maude, if you please, was in the arms of Roy!

"Dearest, I will save you!" he was murmuring.

"Hand in hand," Maude answered ecstatically.

It seemed like some hideous new version of the Mendoza situation with what is generally called "a happy ending." Fortunately I didn't have to speak, so I don't know what oath I might have used. Mrs. Jastrow did the talking. They separated at her exclamation but we could see they were perfectly unashamed.

"I should think," said Mrs. Jastrow coldly, "that this is hardly the moment for illicit love-making!"

Illicit! Maude, Roy and I jumped at that.

"Pure as the snow, mater," said Roy ridiculously.

She waved him into silence. "It is now twelve-thirty; the doors open at two. If you find any solution to the present cataclysm by embracing I beg of you to continue — until the Benefit is over."

"I am sure Maude can explain," I hurried in, sure she could do nothing of the kind.

Maude picked me up there, all starry-eyed and full of nobility. "I can explain Mrs. Jastrow, but I am not going to. If it offers you any relief, however, the solution is found already and the embrace was the result of it."

"I love her and she is going to be my wife," burst out Roy juvenilely.

"Until the Benefit is over you can plan to be anything you please to this young woman," Mrs. Jastrow answered imperturbably.

I don't know why it is so insulting to be called a young woman, yet it filled me with anger even as I was admiring the way Mrs. Jastrow was keeping in mind that the play was the thing. If I had wandered from the opinion that we had any place in Mrs. Jastrow's life beyond being of use to her I was bounding back to it. I had forgotten all about being a factor, but it was evident that Maude had not. Maude was still beautiful, yet, somehow or other, she was beginning to look like a horse — a war horse, scenting with a good deal of pleasure a coming battle.

"I think it is for Roy and me to decide just what we are going to be to each other, Mrs. Jastrow," she said. "But the committee must know of this solution we have found to the present difficulty, and as you are chairman of the committee I suppose you will come in on it."

"Come in on it!" repeated Mrs. Jastrow, six generations of scorn in her voice.

"Yes," said Maude, meaning to be ugly; "get a look in."

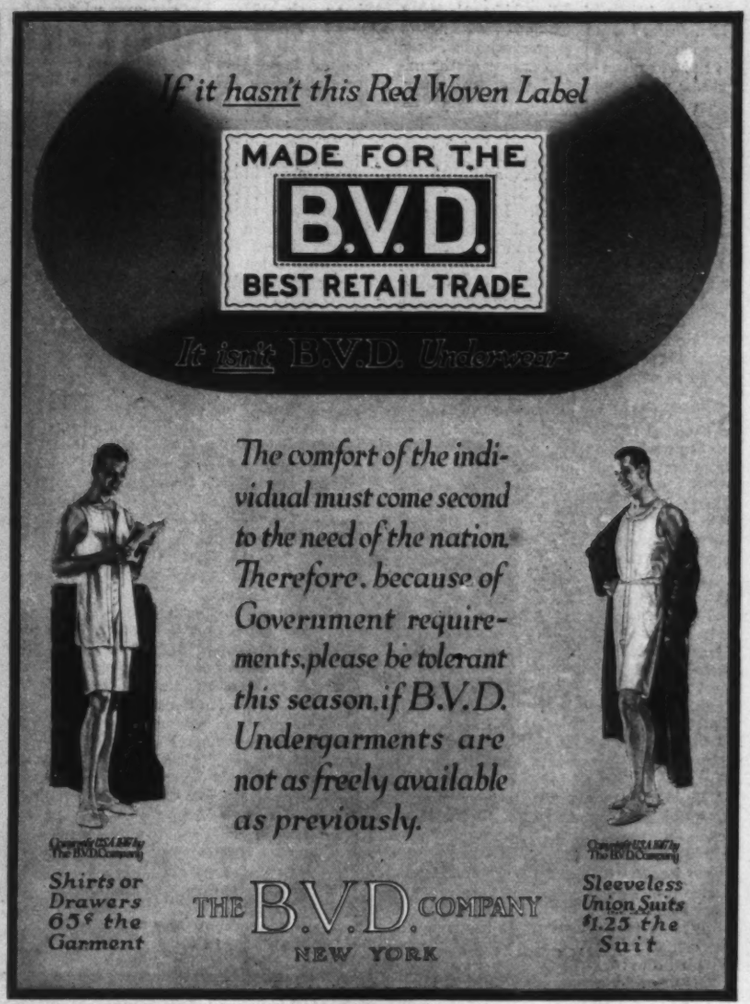
"Where are they?" I asked hastily, thinking as I saw Mrs. Jastrow's shocked face how delighted Mendoza would have been to have had me speak so roughly.

"They're in the flies," answered Roy.

Roy meant the wings. All outsiders say flies, and I hoped that a wave of repulsion would sweep over Maude at the possibility of marrying a man who didn't know the fly gallery from the floor.

"I'll call them *down*," I said pointedly, staring at Maude, but she never batted a humorous eyelid.

We met in the property room, as the dressing-rooms were full of actors not knowing whether to take off their clothes or put on their hats. The committee comprised Mrs. Jastrow and son, Mrs. de Perez and son, two other women and two more men — all worried over missing their luncheon. I think Mendoza was under the impression that we had summoned them to announce our engagement. He seemed charmed with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the idea and I saw him slip a bill to the property man for the purchase of champagne for the committee. The clearers who had been inactive since the disappearance of the ailing star were now intent upon their duty, trying to get into the property room with one small vase at a time so as to hear what was going on. I pushed them out, including the property man with Mendoza's ten to do what he pleased with, and shut the door.

Mrs. Jastrow was brief. In a voice so sharp that it would have cut fat bacon she introduced Maude as one who had hit upon a plan to save the day. "A young lady of resources," she delicately alluded to Maude, at which all the committee nodded approvingly in no way conscious of her irony. Maude smiled — as only an actress can smile when thoroughly mad — and proceeded to pay a tribute to the chairman.

"IT is for Mrs. Jastrow we must do this — we *must* make this afternoon successful. She has worked so hard — is so wonderfully executive. You are all so able," she continued, turning wickedly to the others. "We players can fill the house, we can exercise our artistry for the benefit of the sick and the poor and the unfortunate, but it is you who do the work and have the glory — I should say — the task of dispensing the fund after we of the stage have made it for you. We, alas, are not the ticket-sellers of life! That is *your* province." She paused at this and the old gentleman of the committee, astonished at being called a ticket-seller, knocked off a papier-mâché vase. It fell almost silently to the floor and Mendoza picked it up.

"I always thought these things were real!" he gabbled. Nobody paid any attention to him.

"No, the business end is your affair," continued Maude, "and it is all the more wonderful, since it would seem that Mrs. Jastrow is necessarily limited to the box-office, to announce that she had really crossed the gulf which separates the commercial side of the footlights from that of the domain of the artists. It has come to her, one might say, as a glad reward."

This was astonishing to all except Roy who was reaching up and playing a sort of little tune with prisms on an electrolier hanging above him. Mrs. Jastrow was too intrigued to resent openly the suggestion that she might once have been a Semitic manager and now, by some transmigration of the soul, had become an actress. As for me, while I was in the dark about the shape and size of the medal soon to be pinned upon Mrs. Jastrow's breast, I was beginning to feel — well — essential. I was beginning to understand what Maude had meant when she said she could become a factor.

The chairman turned to Maude. There were no longer any bouquets in her voice. "Am I to do any of these things to help out my new colleagues?"

Maude continued exalted. "Something better than that, Mrs. Jastrow, a greater gift, I may say, for it is more enduring than a single performance. It is the gift of your son."

"My son to what?" snapped the mother with great fright.

"To the stage," answered Maude.

So that was it! Roy was going to play that beautiful part — to play and make everlasting monkeys of us. But then he would not be permitted to play! Maude and he were standing side by side and instinctively I moved forward.

I found myself crying: "Absurd! Ridiculous! He can't do it!" And then I discovered I was crying through a noise, a noise of applause; that all but the Jastrows and Maude were ecstatically clapping this idea.

I found too that I was not alone in shouting words. Mrs. Jastrow was white and silent, Maude was rosy and silent, but Roy was chanting out a lot of stuff about his having loved the part from the first rehearsal, and, securing the manuscripts under the pretense of prompting, had studied in secret — probably willing the actor into tonsillitis. "I've sat up nights," he kept saying proudly; "I've given up dances. It's my work for life."

It was Mrs. Jastrow who, having got her second wind, silenced us. With one cautious hand she tried the door to see if it were tightly closed; the other was held up, commanding order. When she began to speak she made no gestures. Oh, she was *grande dame* every inch, but she was fighting for her son — for her class, and it was to her class she spoke.

"This is the influence of these two young women," she accused in her white heat. Maude's eyes met mine and we were one again. "In spite of what he tells you he has undoubtedly been coerced into taking up the stage as a profession. The *stage!* Why, it is *unthinkable!*" She turned to Maude and me imperiously. "You got him into this and you must get him out — or stand self-confessed as — tricksters."

We all leaped up. "Isabel!" "Mrs. Jastrow!" "Mother!" The air was thick.

"I love Maude and I will make her my wife," Roy cut in.

Maude tried to stop him, but it was now Mendoza's turn. "A knight! A knight!" he cried. "A supporter of the weak. I too Roy, am on the side of the unfortunate. You marry Maude and I will marry Har——"

"You won't. Hush up!" I managed to rush in. He was now making for me. I pushed him back and, I am really sorry to say, he fell into the glass crash. The noise was awful, topped by a wild hysterical giggle from little Mrs. de Perez. She was pulling her son out of the box of glass, but as she lifted her head I could see her eyes — sparkling, naughty, understanding eyes. She must have known long before I did what Mendoza had been up to. She knew what came to me but slowly. Mendoza had been trying to reform me! Me!

Right there in the midst of all that squabbling it came to me how to dispose of Mendoza. But the thing at hand was Mrs. Jastrow's insult. For Mrs. Jastrow, in spite of her friends' protestations, stuck to it that we were a couple of deep-sea divers seeking for pearls like Roy. She wouldn't even have us porch-climbers. Porch-climbers! How long ago it seemed — that taxi ride with Maude, when we had talked of breaking into society. And here I was trying to get away from a prominent young man and Maude was caught in the splendor of riches and position with no deliverance at hand. At least there were so many complications at the moment I didn't recognize how beautifully Roy's ambitions were serving me. Even so I do not think I would have bought Maude's freedom at the price of Roy spoiling our show. If I do say it, I am too much of an artist.

While I was urging Mrs. Jastrow to go out and engage anything she wanted, the committee suddenly realizing that it lay in their hands, moved that Roy be retained, seconded the motion, voted and passed upon it unanimously.

"So it is settled very pleasantly," concluded the old gentleman blandly. "And really, Isabel, I think Roy will make the sensation of the afternoon. I myself will make the announcement of his taking the part with but little time for preparation, and it would look very effective — loving, indeed — if he brought you before the curtain at the end of the play. It would give an impression of — er — co-ordination with the — er — with the ladies and gentlemen who have given their services this afternoon for our worthy cause."

"I shall do no such thing," exclaimed Mrs. Jastrow. "I will lend myself to nothing that would suggest accepting my son's hideous plans for his future. I will associate with no ——"

That was the last we heard from Mrs. Jastrow except in a general way. Maude broke her silence, firing out her words as though they had been too long restrained. "I'm just sick of these slaps, Mrs. Jastrow. No, you will not associate with us — and we will not associate with you." She turned to the committee. "It is all very well for you to move and second and vote and pass upon Mr. Jastrow playing this afternoon. But there is another way that obviates his appearing which lies entirely in my power, and as Mrs. Jastrow has bidden me employ whatever means I have at my command I move and second and vote and pass that we withdraw the Benefit altogether."

The committee huddled in a still tighter group — it would seem for defense. "But you can't," protested the old gentleman among the general exclamations of "Dear girl!" "Overwrought!" "Think it over!".

"Why can't I?" she demanded. "How can you *make* me play? If I went to my friends in these dressing-rooms and told them of Mrs. Jastrow's insinuations not one of them would step on the stage."

"My goodness," said the committee, visualizing the situation.

Red spots burned in Maude's cheeks. She was suddenly a very tall woman, Roy kept saying that he *wanted* to play, but no one noticed these little interpolations. There seemed to be nothing but Maude in the room.

"It wouldn't stop there —" she went on — "it needn't stop there. What if every man or woman who had to do with the stage — theatre or concert — refused ever to appear again at a Benefit? What would you do then? What would all your powerful committees do then? What would your dramatic teas do for people to come at a dollar a head and stare at us? What would your balls do without exhibition dancers these days? Who would storm Wall Street for you? Who would sing on street corners? Who would fill that huge stage of the Hippodrome Sunday night after Sunday night for some great charity? The whole situation is in our hands! And yet we have never misused it — we have never once misused it. Every other union in the world walks out now and then at a critical moment. But we haven't walked out. Well, I guess it's about time to begin. There's just one thing that would keep me from it. Just one thing——"

And at the thought of this just one thing — that I so perfectly understood and nobody else did — my darling's voice broke and she was a girl from Iowa crying and crying, with her forehead on a property shelf. And then — I stole the situation from her! I didn't steal it because I wanted to make a grand-stand play, but for the reason that Maude was down and out, and if I didn't do something quick Roy was going to exclaim that *he* was the "just one thing" and that would blur the whole scene.

I could see that the committee felt the whole jig was up.

"Maude's right," I said to them, "right from beginning to end — and you understand all *but* the end. You think we may not give a performance this afternoon — that we may never give any more. Why, *of course*, we will give this show to-day! *Of course* we will give others! For, don't you see, it is the best way we can help. Not help you — not help ourselves (I choked a little on that) but help the poor and the suffering. Everybody seems to forget about the motive for which we give our services. There is so much business to it that we lose the emotion in the practical side. But Maude and I have been looking over your literature about this organization. We've picked it up on tables, now and then, and we think it's just a splendid charity. You know, we work better when our hearts are stirred.

"Actors are like that. I often wonder at a Benefit as I look out in the audience just what comfort seat B-12 will buy; how Q-6 is going to be used. I wonder if the boxes will keep a whole lot of families, and if the balcony is going to pay the expenses so that all the two-dollar seats will be 'velvet' for the poor. It gives us a sort of stimulation for, really, we are awfully scared at Benefits."

I made a pause — not too long. It was something inside me that hadn't anything to do with the knowledge of how the scene should be played. Getting rid of Mendoza by adopting a pious attitude was of no importance. I suddenly found myself bleating out these things because they were true; because most of the dramatic things of life *are* true to an actor. We play at Benefits not for any mean little achieving of soluble relationships with the mighty, but for the reason way at the back of our minds that Service is the most beautiful thing in the whole world, and the only thing we Servants of the Public can do *is* serve. I got scared then, fearing the committee might say: "We won't *let* you give us a Benefit." I deepened my voice and continued quickly. Mendoza was already heart-broken at my rectitude, so I hadn't much more to accomplish.

"You know we marionettes of life work by strings, and here is where you come in, for someone must pull the strings or we couldn't entertain the public.

Everybody was very quiet and rather melting now. Maude's sobs had stopped and I finished — in a natural method. "I think that we're a better working combination — the stage and society — than might be expected, and it's because we are both working, although in different fashion, for the comfort of those less happy,"

I STOPPED there. If I do say it, I know when to stop. It was rather silly but, not knowing what else to do, they gave me a hand even as the hungry four were scrambling toward the door in the hope that they might squeeze in a squab. Mendoza walked out without so much as a glance at me; Maude stopped long enough to touch Mrs. Jastrow's stiff fingers extended rather as a truce than any form of permanent peace; and Roy had bounded directly to the stage intent upon running over his lines. I was very weak in the knees as I went to my dressing-room.

Mrs. de Perez had followed in my wake that she might covertly enjoy a cigarette. "I smoke to keep Mendoza interested in my case," she said wickedly.

We both laughed and sort of pawed each other. "All the same," she went on, "I'd like you in my family. Some practical girl like you might keep him straight. He's riding for a fall."

I could see the finish of Mendoza myself, but I didn't feel equal to the sacrifice. "Nothing doing," I told the gay little mama. "I prefer stage butlers to real ones — they're more sociable."

"Still, dear girl, you might do something for the reformer as well as for the unformed."

"My dear Mrs. de Perez," I was as earnest as one could be with cold cream on the face, "I have stated that the stage and society are a valuable combination — when we work together. But when we play together we can't get along. Our toys are different and we don't build with the same blocks. We had better keep out of each other's back-yards, and meet in the public parks."

Mrs. de Perez, a fashionable person, laid her cigarette down on the soap-dish carelessly, and I, a player, stubbed it carefully

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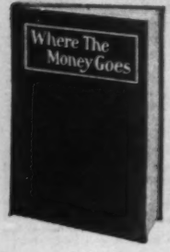

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Our Real Enemy — *Continued from page 21*

when the peace treaty is signed, either in Berlin or in Paris or Washington, as we dictate it to be signed, it does not mean that these boys will get their arms back, get their legs back, or have their sight restored. Perhaps in years to come, when this war is more or less dulled in our memories, and the deeds of our boys are forgotten, these handicapped lads will have to struggle for an existence. But the wonder of it is that on their faces is a beautiful smile. There is not a note of complaint in their voices. They figure it out this way: "Our country has been very generous to us. We offered our lives to her, and she saw fit to take only our arms, or our legs, or our sight."

Now, if these boys can look at it that way, what should we who stay at home do? It ought to make every American's blood boil. It ought to make every American give twenty-four hours a day to Uncle Sam for the duration of the war.

Are these wounded American soldiers to come back to the United States, the country they fought and bled for, and hear the German language spoken all around them? There is only one logical way to look at this issue. We are at war with Germany. If a man *cannot* speak English, and can speak only German, that man must be an enemy of the United States, because he does not understand this wonderful democracy of ours, or the principles for which we are fighting. But, if a man *can* speak English, and *prefers* to speak German, then, since it is war-time, that man must be doubly an enemy of the United States.

Americans, and our Allies, if you hear a German conversation going on around you, butt right into the middle of it, and ask "Why?" If they can give a satisfactory explanation (which they cannot), but if they can, apologize, and say that you are only practising a little American Kultur on them. But if they cannot give a satisfactory explanation, this is the issue: We are at war with Germany. There are two men in front of you who can speak English, but prefer to speak German. I cannot tell you what to do, but if you are a true American you will know. There is a slogan in this war that says, "*If you can't fight over there, fight over here.*"

Are these wounded Americans, after returning to their own country which they fought and bled for, to pick up a German newspaper from any newsstand, and read an American casualty list printed in German? Is that poor wounded lad going to be allowed to read under the caption "Wounded," his own name printed in German; or under the caption, "Killed," the names of his mates, printed in German, whom he saw killed in the front-line trenches of France by the Germans?

Americans, this is an insult to the Star Spangled Banner. This is an insult to your own intelligence, and an insult to every man who wears the uniform of the United States of America, and our Allies. I say, while we are at war with Germany (what you do afterwards, I don't give a damn) wipe out the German language in the United States, wipe out the German newspapers, and make this America for Americans.

If there are any persons in the United States of America, who have German blood in their veins, or who have not German blood in their veins, and who take the slightest offense at what I have written, I am tickled to death, because I want to reach them. They are not one hundred per cent. Americans. They must be pro-German, and, mark my words, before this war is over, they are going to be put where they belong —in an internment camp, behind barbed wire, with an American soldier standing guard over them with a fixed bayonet, watching their every move. But if I had my way, I would line them up against a wall in front of a firing squad, and shoot them as traitors and enemies of the United States of America.

Benefits Forgot — *Continued from page 44*

out — with a mind to the fireman. "Your little friend, Maude, doesn't think so," she contended, opening the door.

A bucket of iced tea thrown on me from the flies could no more completely have squelched my ardor. In my instinct to make up at the "half hour," I had forgotten about Maude. Mrs. de Perez recognized my drenched dismay, as, kimono-wrapped, I hurried past her to peer out on the stage. The crew had struck the set and the space before the curtain was bare except for the chairs and tables Roy would need as he rehearsed.

Roy was eating. Eating as he was running through the lines and business with Maude! He could actually swallow! He did more. As he tore through his speeches and made the moves, he would snap the fingers of his free hand in the air nonchalantly to show us how easy it was for him.

"Go on," I said to Mrs. de Perez, pushing her joyfully toward the stage door. "Go on out in front and sting your friends for programs. I've little more to trouble me."

"Yes, isn't he splendid?" answered Mrs. de Perez.

At two-fifteen, amidst the slamming down of seats the curtain went up with me on the stage, "discovered" as usual.

Roy was no longer worrying me, but I wondered just how anxious Maude was about him. We had no time for small talk — as small as Roy. Once she confided to me pathetically, "It was too late to teach him, Hat," and I agreed with her, commenting enthusiastically on his being "pat" in the part. It was some small consolation.

He continued calm. When the play was on he began valiantly and never missed a line. Encouraged by the applause of his friends on his entrance he not only never missed a line but he never missed anything else. He never missed killing everybody else's lines by speaking on them, cribbing other people's laughs by mugging on them; never missed keeping in the spot-light.

Maude bore it pretty well until she caught him nodding to a Johnny on the first row while she was delivering a long and serious speech straight to him. It staggered her, but her training was in a hard school and she went on. Besides, she was working up to an exit. It was a good exit and should have brought the hand of the afternoon. It would have brought it, but Roy stopped the applause as soon as she left the stage by an idle gesture. That's enough to stop the biggest hand in the world. I was holding her powder-puff and mirror in the wings, for my work was over for the day.

"How I hate a bad actor!" she said.

I didn't see myself how even Roy's friends out in front were going to swallow him in a passionate love scene. But a group of fashionable men and women will applaud an indifferent amateur show when they would sit with languid hands through the best Broadway production. As one of the ladies hanging about Roy said when it was all over: "You are *different!*"

Maude heard her. She and I stood on the stage among the others receiving our kindly meed of praise. Put she took my arm at this and wedged me out of the crowd.

"Different!" she cried when the door was closed. "That's it, of course."

Roy came to the door and I opened it. Mendoza was going by with a classic dancer who was ejaculating fiercely, "Your face is bare; why shouldn't my legs be?" But Roy came in — and went out. Maude suggested to him a certain deference to Mrs. Jastrow's wishes, and while he vowed he would play with her side by side through life, it may have passed through his mind that one with his future should not be tied down by mediocre talent.

We drove home in a taxi in preference to the motors of the rich. Once more on a business basis we had parted cordially with our business partners. Maude had even promised to do some little thing the following week — "A recitation, I think," she said to me as we bounced along as of old. I was too tired to answer and she lay back humming happily a little waltz. By and by she put words to the air as though in unconscious preparation for her recitation.

"Oh, East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet."

The Perfect End of a Day

[*Continued from page 33*]

Wait till you see the names of the men who are behind this enterprise. The first meeting of the board of directors will bring together a dozen of the greatest ——"

"Where will the meetin' be held?" broke in Anderson, somewhat anxiously.

"New York City, of course. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to see you elected President of the Corporation, Mr. Crow."

"Oh, gosh-a-mighty! I — I can't accept the honor, Mr. Bacon. It's too much of a responsibility. Besides, I don't see how I'm goin' to be able to get away from Tinkletown this fall to attend the meetin'. The County Fair opens next week at Boggs City, an' the second week in October there's to be a Baptist revival ——"

"You can send in your proxy, Mr. Crow," explained Mr. Bacon. "It will be all the same to us, you know."

"Well, I guess I better," said Anderson thoughtfully.

A fortnight went by. Crow's Mountain had become the scene of sharp but stealthy activity. Anderson went about the streets of Tinkletown as if in a daze. Acting upon the stern, almost offensive, advice of his new partners, he did not go near the "Mountain" after the first couple of days. They made it very plain to him that *everything* depended on his shrewdness in staying away from the "Mountain" altogether.

The Tinkletown *Banner*, in reporting the vast transaction, incorporated an interview with Mr. G. W. Bacon, who announced that the syndicate he represented had in mind a project to erect a huge summer hotel on top of the "most beautiful mountain east of the Rockies," in the event that satisfactory terms could be arranged with Mr. Crow. As a matter of fact, explained Mr. Bacon, he had been instructed to make certain preliminary investigations in regard to construction, and so forth — such as ascertaining how far down they would have to go to bed-rock, and all that sort of thing.

Practically all of the syndicate's preparatory work on Crow's Mountain was done under cover of night. Motor-trucks that were said to have been driven all the way from Pittsburg — on account of the dreadful congestion on the railroads — delivered machinery, tools, drills, rods, bolts, rivets and thin jangling strips of structural steel.

Marshal Crow, assuming an importance he did not feel, strutted about Tinkletown.

HIS abstraction had a good deal to do with the accident to old Mrs. Twiggers. He was dreamily cogitating at the time she was run down by Schultz's butcher-wagon, and as the catastrophe took place almost under his nose, more than one citizen called him names he wouldn't forget. The old lady had her spectacles smashed and lost a dozen eggs in the confusion. Moreover, Ed Higgins's hen-roost was robbed; and three tramps spent as much as half a day on Main street before Anderson took any notice of them. Ordinarily, he was death on tramps. Crime, as Mr. Harry Squires put it in a caustic editorial in the *Banner*, was rampant in Tinkletown. It was getting so rampant, he complained, that it wasn't safe to cross the street — especially while eggs were retailing at forty-two cents a dozen.

It remained for Alf Reesling, the town drunkard, to bring order out of chaos. Not that he seized the opportunity to go on a spree while Anderson was moon-gazing — not at all. Alf loathed intoxicating liquors. He did not drink himself, and he had a horror of any one who did. He had been drunk just three times in his life, but as he had managed to crowd the three exhibitions into the space of one week — some twenty years before — Tinkletown elected him forthwith for life to the office of town sot.

Now, Alf had a grievance. He finally got the ear of Marshal Crow and let loose in a way that startled the old man out of his daze.

"Here you been watchin' me, an' trailin' me, an' lecturin' me for twenty years, dern ye,— an' pleadin' with me to keep sober fer the sake of Tinkletown's fair name, an' you let this feller Bonyparte git full an' keep people awake half the night. He's been drunk more times in the last three weeks than I ever was in all my life. He ——"

"What's that? Did you say drunk?" demanded Anderson, blinking. "Who told you he was drunk?"

"*He* did," said Alf. "He don't make any bones about it. He tells everybody when he is drunk. He's proud of it."

"An' I suppose everybody believes him," said Anderson scathingly. "The people of this here town will believe *any* thing if ——"

"Las' night that pardner of his'n an' two other fellers from up the hill had to take him up to his room an' lock him in. He was tryin' to sing the Star Spangled Banner in *Dutch*. Gosh, it was awful! He orter be arrested, same as anybody else, Anderson Crow. You got me under suspicion every minute o' the time — night *and* day —"

"That'll do, that'll do, now, Alf. No more back talk out o' you," exclaimed Anderson menacingly. "You might as well *be* drunk as to *act* drunk. Don't you know any better'n ——"

"Are you goin' to arrest this Bonyparte feller?"

Anderson eyed him sternly for a moment. "I got half a notion to run you in, Alf Reesling, fer interferin' with an officer."

"How'm I interferin'?"

"You're preventin' me from arrestin' a violater of the law, dern you. Can't you see I'm on my way over to Justice Robb's to swear out a warrant against Abraham Lincoln Bonaparte for bein' intoxicated? What do you mean by stoppin' me an' ——"

"I'll go along, Andy," broke in Alf, suddenly affable. "I'll swear to it if you ——"

"'Tain't necessary," announced Anderson loftily. "I c'n attend to my own business, if you can't. Nobody c'n sing the Star Spangled Banner in Dutch without havin' a charge of intoxication filed ag'in him, lemme tell you that. Git out o' my way, Alf."

Mr. Crow's pride had been touched. The shaft of criticism had gone home. He would arrest Mr. Abraham Lincoln Bonaparte, no matter what came of it. He did not like Mr. Bonaparte anyway. It was Mr. Bonaparte who had ordered him off of Crow's Mountain — his own mountain, mind you — and had told him not to come puttering around there any more.

On second thoughts, he accepted the nominal town sot's offer to make affidavit against a real offender, but declined his company and assistance in effecting the arrest. Down in the old Marshal's heart lurked the fear that his new partners would put up such strenuous objections to the arrest that he would have to give way to them. It was this misgiving that caused him to make the trip to Crow's Mountain instead of confronting his man that evening at the hotel or in the street, in the presence of an audience.

Arriving at the cross-roads half a mile from the foot of Crow's Mountain, he encountered two men tinkering with the engine of a big automobile. They stopped him and inquired if there was a garage nearby. While he was directing them to Pete Olsen's in town, he espied two more men reposing in the shade of a tree farther up the lane.

As he drove on, leaving them behind, he found himself possessed of the notion that the two men were strangely nervous and impatient. He decided, after he had gone a half mile farther that they had, as a matter-of-fact, acted in a very suspicious manner,— just as automobile thieves might be expected to act in the presence of an officer of the law. He made up his mind that if they were still there when he returned with his prisoner, he would yank 'em up for investigation.

He went through the motions of hitching old Hip and Jim to a sapling near the top of the "Mountain." They went to sleep almost instantly.

In the little clearing off to the left, a couple of hundred yards away, Marshal Crow observed several men at work constructing a "shanty." Closer at hand, almost lost to view among the pines, rose the thin, open-work steel tower from which the "drill" was to be operated. Standing out among the tree-tops were the long cross-bars of steel, and from them ran the "guy" wires to the ground below. Mr. Crow had never seen a "drill" before, but he had been told by Mr. Bacon that this was the newest thing on the market.

The Marshal started off in the direction of the "shanty" and suddenly a most astonishing thing happened. Mr. Crow disappeared from view as if by magic!

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SAMMY Wants SMOKES!

See page 52!

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McClure's Magazine

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In order to give the drill as wide a berth as possible, he had deployed widely to the left of the path, making his way somewhat tortuously through a rough lot of underbrush. Without the slightest warning, the earth gave way beneath him and down he shot, clawing frantically at the edges of a well-camouflaged hole in the ground, taking with him a vast amount of twigs, branches and a net-work of sapling poles.

Not only did he drop a good twelve feet, but he landed squarely upon the stooping person of Mr. Bacon, who emitted a startling sound that began as a yell and ended as a grunt. He then crumpled up and spread himself out flat, with Mr. Crow draped awkwardly across his prostrate form. For the time being, Mr. Bacon was as still as the grave. He was out.

Anderson scrambled to his feet, pawing the air with his hands, his eyes tightly shut. He was yelling for help.

Now, it was this yelling for help that deceived the astonished Mr. Bonaparte. He jumped at once to the conclusion that the Marshal was calling for assistance from the *outside*.

So he threw up his hands!

"I — I surrender! I give in!" he yelled. "Keep them off! Don't let them get at me!"

Anderson opened his eyes and stared. He found himself in a small, squat room lighted by a lantern which stood upon a crudely made table in the corner beyond Bonaparte. There was a board floor well littered with soil and shavings. In another corner stood a singular looking contraption, not unlike a dynamo.

Marshal Crow bethought himself of his mission. Although the breath had been jarred out of his body, he managed to say,— explosively:

"I — I got a warrant for your arrest. Come along now! Don't resist. Don't make a fuss. Come along peaceably. I ——"

"I'll come, Mr. Crow. I was dragged into this thing against my will. *Gott in Himmel! Gott!* ——"

"Never mind what you got," exclaimed Anderson sharply. "You come along with me or you'll get something worse'n that."

"Is — is he dead!" groaned Bonaparte, his eyes almost starting from his head.

Anderson backed away from the sprawling, motionless figure on the floor.

"I — I — gosh, I hope not. I — I was as much surprised as anybody. Say, you see if he's breathin'. We got to git him out o' this place right away an' send for a doctor. The good Lord knows I didn't intend to light on him like that. It was an accident, I swear it was. You know just how it happened, an' — you'll stand by me, won't you, if ——"

Just then a loud voice came from above.

"Hey, down there!" A second's pause. Then: "We've got you dead to rights, so no monkey business. Come up out o' that, or we'll pump enough lead down there to——"

"Don't shoot,— don't shoot!" yelled Mr. Bonaparte shrilly. "Tell your men not to fire, Mr. Crow!"

"Tell — tell *who?*" cried Anderson blankly. Suddenly he sprang to his companion's side; seizing him by the arm, he whispered hoarsely: "By gosh, I thought there was somethin' queer about that gang. Have you got any of the gold here? I recollect that feller's voice, plain as day. They're after the gold. They've heard about ——"

"Are you coming up?" roared the voice from the outer world.

"Who are you?" called back Anderson stoutly.

"Oh, I guess you'll recognize United States marshals when you see 'em. Come on, now."

Abraham Lincoln Bonaparte faced Marshal Crow, the truth dawning upon him like a flash.

"You damned old rube!" he snarled, and forthwith planted his fist under Anderson's chin-whiskers, with such surprising force that the old man once more landed heavily on the prostrate form of the unfortunate Bacon.

"O-oh, gosh!" groaned Anderson, and as his eyes rolled upward he saw a million stars chasing each other around the ceiling.

"I'll get *that* much satisfaction out of it anyhow," he heard some one say, from a very great distance.

Sometime afterward he was dimly aware of a jumble of excited voices about him. Some one was shouting in his ear. He opened his eyes and everything looked green before them. In time he recognized pine trees, very lofty pine trees that slowly but surely shrank in size as he gazed wonderingly at them.

There were a lot of strange men surrounding him. Out of the mass, he finally selected a face that grew upon him. It was the face of Alf Reesling.

"By jinks, Anderson, you done it *this* time," Alf cried excitedly. "I told 'em you was on your way up here to arrest these fellers, an' by jinks, I knowed you'd get 'em."

"Le — lemme set down, please," mumbled Anderson, and the two men who supported him lowered him gently to the ground, with his back against a tree trunk. "Come here, Alf," he called out feebly.

Alf shuffled forward.

"Who are these men?" whispered Anderson.

"Detectives — reg'lar detectives," replied Alf. "United States detectives — what do you call 'em?"

"Scotland Yard men," replied Anderson, who had done a good deal of reading in his time.

"I started out after you on my wheel, Andy, thinkin' maybe you'd have trouble. Down the road I met up with these fellers in a big automobile. They stopped me an' said I couldn't go up the hill. Just then up comes another car full of men. They all seemed to be acquainted. I told 'em I was a deputy marshal an' was goin' up the hill to help you arrest a feller named Bonyparte. Well, by jinks, you'd oughter heard 'em! They cussed, and said the derned ole fool would spile everything. Then, 'fore you could say Joe, they piled into one o' the cars an' sailed up the hill. I didn't get up here till after they'd hauled you an' your prisoners out o' that hole, but I give 'em the laugh just the same. You captured the two ringleaders. By gosh, I'm glad you're alive, Andy. I bet the Kaiser 'll hate you fer this."

"The — the what?"

"Ole Kaiser Bill. Say, you was down there quite a little spell, an' they won't let me go down. What does a wireless plant look like, Anderson?"

THAT evening Marshal Crow sat on the porch in front of Lamson's store, smoking a fine cigar, presented to him by Harry Squires, reporter for the *Banner*. He had a large audience. Indeed, he was obliged to raise his voice considerably in order to reach the outer rim.

He had been called a hero, a fearless officer, and a lot of other pleasant things, by the astonished United States marshals, and he had been given to understand that he would hear from Washington before long. Mr. Bacon (Kurt von Poppenblitz) and Mr. Bonaparte (Conrad Bloom) had also called him something, but he didn't mind. His erstwhile partners, with their four or five henchmen, were now well on their way to limbo, and Mr. Crow was regaling his hearers with the story. During the first recital (this being either the ninth or tenth), Alf Reesling had been obliged to prompt him — a circumstance readily explainable when one stops to consider the effect of the murderous blow Mr. Crow had received.

"'Course," said Anderson, "they *did* fool me at first. But I wasn't long gittin' onto 'em. I used to sneak up there and investigate ever' now an' ag'in. Finally I got onto the fact that they was German spies — I got positive proof of it. I can't tell you just what it is, 'cause it's government business. Then I finds out they got a wireless plant all in order, an' ready to relay messages to the coast o' Maine, from some'eres out west. So to-day, I goes over to Justice Robb's and gits a warrant for intoxication. That was to make it legal fer me to bust into their shanty if necessary. 'Course, the drunk charge was only a blind, as I told the U. S. marshal. I went right straight to that undergound den o' their'n, an' afore they knowed what was up, I leaped down on 'em. Fust thing I done was to put the big and dangerous one horse de combat. He was the one I was worried about. I knocked him flat an' then went after t'other one. He let on like he was surrenderin'. He fooled me, I admit — 'cause I don't know anything 'bout wireless machinery. All of a sudden he give me a wireless shock — out o' nowhere, you might say — an' well, by cracky, I thought it was all over. 'Course, I realize now it was foolish o' me to try to go up there an' take them two desperadoes single-handed, but I — What's that, Bud?"

"Mrs. Crow sent me to tell you if you didn't come home to supper this minute, you wouldn't git any," called out a boy from the outskirts of the crowd.

"That's the second wireless shock you've had to-day, Anderson," said Harry Squires, drily, and slowly closed one eye.

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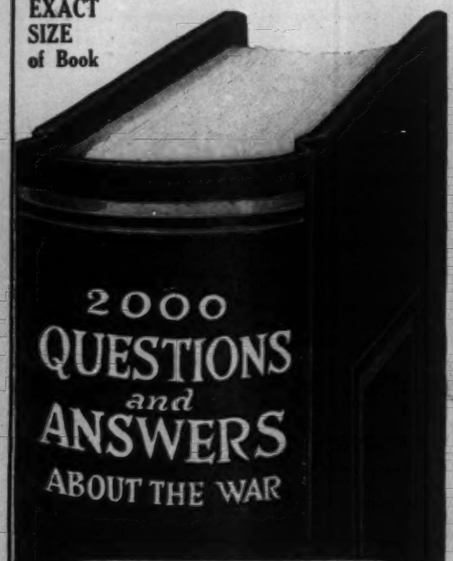

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Through the Haze — *Continued from page 24*

as possible. If the guests thought of the matter at all, which is doubtful, they were merely following the Golden Rule and doing, in the house of the Ameses, as they would have wished the Ameses, under similar conditions, to do in their homes.

The conversation was first of personalities. As Uncle Victor knew none of the people talked about, there was obviously nothing for him to say.

Of Potash and Perlmutter he was likewise uninformed. He had, to be sure, some slight experience of potash. But perlmutter was a product new to him.

He ventured to inquire of Anstruther.

"What is this here perlmutter?"

"It's a new show," explained Anstruther.

"Oh!" said Uncle Victor, apologetically.

Of the Castles he was equally ignorant. But warned of his recent *faux pas*, he kept that ignorance to himself. He listened profoundly to a booming homily by Senator Evans upon the sacrosanctitude of governing bodies, and tried, with the others, to enjoy a few brilliant sallies against matrimony, carefully cribbed from Bernard Shaw, by the Giffords. They explained that they had married young, before they knew better, and that they were soul mates not because of marriage, but in spite of it. They said that they had often thought of getting a divorce so that they could be really true to their own spiritual superconsciousnesses, but that, inasmuch as they didn't believe in marriage, to divorce each other would be a tacit confession that they did admit marriage, after all. So they had burned their marriage certificate in the presence of a little group of prominent free lovers and let it go at that.

Uncle Victor was picking at the tablecloth long before they finished. But he listened to the end.

Chapter VIII

ON the following afternoon, Constance, having found her guests willing and even anxious to be left to their own devices, took Uncle Victor for a long ride in the car.

Looking at the mild, mouse-like little man beside her, she felt of a sudden, a queer, quick surging in her breast. She ought to like him; that she knew. To feel so utterly indifferent to, and aloof from, one of her own flesh and blood, and the only one of her flesh and blood, save Don, alive in all the world——

And he seemed so quietly glad to be with her, so anxious to appear unobtrusive; so eager to please. The admiration of his little, Texas-white eyes was beyond a compliment. And yet ——

She shook her head.

Meanwhile his interest in his surroundings was that of a child.

"How fast are we goin' now?" he would ask. "Fifty mile an hour! Geewhillikins!" . . . Or again, "How does everybody keep his yard lookin' so nice? Must be a pile o' work." Or again, "A car like this must 'a' cost a heap o' money." On being informed that the amount was ten thousand dollars, he relapsed, weakly.

Constance tried her best to talk not to, but with, him. It was very difficult.

She asked him how he liked travel. He said it was hard but it learnt a feller a lot.

She tried him on current art; without avail. On popular literature, so-called, he was absolutely groundless.

The further they rode, the stranger toward him she felt. He was like a person out of another life — a veritable man from Mars.

Painfully she wondered how long he was going to stay. . . .

She came back from her ride tired, discouraged, unhappy. She confided in Ames, while they were dressing for dinner.

"He just doesn't seem to know anything!" she said. "As I remember, he ran away from home, when a boy — to sea, or somewhere. I suppose he has had no education; no association with the right sort of people. . . . One can't blame him, exactly. But it *is* distressing! I can't feel anything in common with him! Not one thing in the world!"

Meanwhile, in the lounge below, Don was going through quite a different experience.

He was listening with youthful intentness to the story of the murder, robbery and ruin of American citizens in Mexico.

Chapter IX

IT was yet early; not quite five. . . . The day beckoned. Don went forth into its soft fragrance.

He had listened intently to his uncle's words. Americans had been robbed — murdered. And nothing had been done except protests that evoked nothing beyond more protests. But this seemed unbelievable.

He recalled his uncle's story of Orozco, the revolutionist, entertaining a number of Americans at dinner.

"I have robbed your men, I have raped your women, I have murdered your children," Orozco had said to them. "Tell me, what does it take to make an American fight?"

Don grew hot with righteous wrath.

It struck him like a blow that such things could be. It was as one seeing violent death for the first time. One realizes, of course, that such things are. And yet one never visualizes until one sees.

American citizens were even then being robbed and murdered in Mexico? Driven ruthlessly away from their homes and their possessions of years? And nothing was being done about it?

He had read of it, of course. But until now it had meant nothing to him. It was of the nature of those human stories that one unconsciously considers as fiction. Is Stanley, in Africa, more real to the average mind than Sherlock Holmes? Is Peary more living than Pollyanna? . . . To Don it needed Uncle Victor to make Mexico more than the pale green splotch upon a pale blue background that he had studied so cursorily in his school geography.

He had been strolling through the evening fragrance. Immersed in his thoughts, he had not noticed particularly where his feet were taking him. . . . Now he looked up. . . . Yet again was he on the long, sloping hill, beneath the spreading old apple-tree. . . . Even as he stood there, wondering, he heard the snap of a broken twig and turning, he saw once more the girl of the dark eyes, the gingham apron, and the milk pail.

His mood changed instantly. He spoke before he thought.

"Oh, hello!" It was quick, unconscious, friendly.

She smiled, too.

"May I —" he began; as on that other time.

She hesitated. "I — I don't know," she said, slowly; "that other day — it was like a game."

"And can't a game be played but once?" he demanded, gaily.

"Can it?" she asked.

"Let's try," he urged. "Shall we?"

Still she hesitated.

"Please," he begged.

She looked up into his eyes. Frankly, clearly, his own answered. Her eyes averted. Slowly she surrendered the milk pail, with its contents of foaming whiteness, to his hand.

As before he was again helpless; he could think of nothing to say. She too was silent. And without speaking they came again to the cottage gate. Again he surrendered to her the pail, and raised his hat.

"I would like," he began, awkwardly; "that is, I wish — er — if you don't mind — I'm glad you let me come with you like this!" It seemed strange to him to hear his own stumblings; never before had he found himself at such a loss for words.

"Won't you come in?" she asked with all the apparent poise that he himself lacked. He was the least bit startled.

She saw. And now she became confused.

"I told my father and my mother," she said; "that is, I explained to them — I said that I had met you — you asked me to let you carry the milk. They said they would like to meet you."

She had voiced her invitation. She waited.

Don accepted quickly. He followed her through the open gate, and into the cottage.

It was, as he had unconsciously expected, as neat as tireless hands could make it. At the far side of the room — the kitchen — was a cook-stove. Against the boarded wall behind it, was an array of pots and pans. In the corner was a cupboard, its shelves covered by newspapers with escalloped edges. In the center of the room stood a table, with a white cloth, and set with a service of plain white plates, flanked [*Continued on page 54*]

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WHAT does the future hold in store for us? Are there to be several years more of war, or is peace already within sight? Some military men estimate that the war will continue for three years at least, many of them say five years, and some even longer. To support their claims they frequently cite the Battle of Gettysburg in the Civil War. There the Confederacy made its supreme effort and, though it failed, the war did not end at once. In fact, it wore on for almost two additional years, and there was much severe fighting.

The great battles in France may be compared with Gettysburg. The German authorities frankly have staked their all on this effort. They advertised it as a decisive blow, they cheered their country with the promise of success and an early victorious peace. Their plans have not materialized and, as in our Civil War, peace is not necessarily at hand. If the Confederacy could fight on as it did, weakened and ill-equipped, how much longer can Germany continue the struggle? The rulers of Germany cannot stop now; they dare not stop. They may be balked of victory, but are they ready to admit defeat? They are still strong and it is altogether probable that before they are ready to accept the only terms of peace the Allies will make, they must be soundly beaten. The day when this will become an accomplished fact perhaps is far distant.

IT is not a pleasant picture. The world is saturated with the blood of men, women and children. Its surface is torn and scarred. Millions of people are homeless and penniless. Must we look forward to more destruction and sorrow and death? We think of Germany's military strength, and the picture brought before our minds is discouraging. But America and her Allies have made up their minds to see the thing through; they have counted the cost and are ready to pay it, that future generations may be spared a like experience. The world must be made secure for liberty and justice.

There is another picture, however, which is the true one—the one for us to think about—and it is more pleasing. Picture to yourself the roads of France lined with American troops, supply trains, cannon and ammunition—all moving toward the front. Picture these troops in ever-increasing numbers, and the supplies in greater and greater volume. Remember that after her first treacherous thrust through Belgium, Germany has never accomplished anything really vital against England and France. Now to the splendid armies of our Allies is to be added the whole strength of our men and materials. Our army and navy have behind them all the money and resources of our one hundred million people, they are backed by the whole power of every citizen of the United States.

Can Germany stand up against us when our entire strength is in the field? She could not conquer France and England; can she withstand France and England and America, too? Is it not possible that pounded, battered and bled, the day will dawn when the foul fighting Prussian will give way and start to run? Is it not possible that the pressure of superior men and guns and morale will breach the German line, that our advance will sweep across the Rhine and permit a drive straight through to Berlin? Will not our great guns pound the Teuton forts to powder, just as the German guns demolished Liége and Namur and Novogeorgievsk?

THAT is the picture we in America must keep before us and it will be made a reality if you and I do our part. As a matter of fact, is it not certain, from a purely business point of view, to become a reality if we set our minds to the task that lies ahead? American men, money and materials can make this vision come true.

No great picture was ever painted in a day, however, nor without hard work. Our task is difficult, but it can and will be accomplished. It may take a long time, but the result is none the less certain. We and our Allies will win. There will not be peace, no matter what takes place in Europe, until the United States has realized the purpose for which she entered the war.

What is going to happen to securities when that peace comes? No one can deny that the better class of bonds and the highest-grade investment stocks showed splendid resistance to the heavy demand on capital made necessary by the Third Liberty Loan. Nor has unfavorable news from France been able to depress security values to any marked extent. The low level of bond prices, railroad, public utility and industrial, seems generally to have been reached. In the absence of unforeseen developments, it would seem that further declines in these classes of bonds during the war will be slight. If a real peace should loom up unexpectedly there is small doubt that bond prices would show a prompt and favorable response. In view of the guaranty of earnings given the carriers by the Government, it also seems likely that railroad stocks will hold up well while the war lasts.

The prospect for many industrial stocks, however, may not seem so bright to investors who take uncertainties into consideration when they are purchasing. Price limits have been set, taxes are heavy, costs have risen steadily and restriction faces certain non-essential industries. All these factors work against this class of securities while the war continues, and when peace comes, extensive readjustments will be necessary in many cases and the process will not be beneficial in every instance. Some companies of this class, however, should benefit by the return of peace, for the demands for materials to aid in the reconstruction work will undoubtedly be great, and what country can supply these materials so well as the United States?

MONEY is very much in demand in these days. The war is a hungry customer and its appetite seems insatiable. When the war is ended, the money used in its prosecution will be available for peaceful projects. Railroad, industrial and public utility companies once again can take up their normal methods of doing business. The demand for capital will no doubt be extensive, but hardly as great as under war conditions. This will mean that corporations will not have to pay so much for the money they must borrow, or, in other words, they can sell their securities at higher prices. The result will be that the investor must pay more for the securities he purchases and a logical sequence will be that the price of securities now issued will advance in sympathy.

All this is to say that securities are probably cheaper now than they will be when peace comes. If we have faith in the war resulting in the victory we all desire—and we must have that faith—it would seem that we have an almost unexampled opportunity for profitable investment under present conditions.

The general opinion seems to be that upon the advent of peace there will be a sharp, though possibly moderate, rise in the prices of securities.

Railroad stocks should fare well during the period of readjustment, for their earnings have been fixed by the Government until twenty-one months

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
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Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
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Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

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after the war ends. Many stocks may suffer during the readjustment period, particularly common stocks of industrial companies, which have devoted their organizations to war work. Other common stocks will undoubtedly be benefited.

The main point is, however, that if people will select their investments wisely, they can take advantage of the low prices now ruling. They should not worry about the effect of the war on their purchases for, as one man expressed it, "the stock market has apparently discounted everything that can happen except blowing the United States off the map." By that he meant that the prices are about as low as they are going.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

S. W. Straus & Co. have issued a July investment List describing First Mortgage Serial bond issues to net 6% This, together with their newest booklet, "Safety and 6%," will be sent to any reader on request.

R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, will send you booklets entitled "The Part-Payment Plan" and "Securities Suggestions." The latter is published semi-monthly, and the current issue contains interesting articles on Liberty Bonds—their market possibilities, cash value, collateral value, conversion features—as well as many other interesting items. Write for these booklets, which will be sent free of charge upon request.

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities" is the title of an intensely interesting booklet on the subject of Municipal Bonds and their safety features.

William R. Compton Company, with offices in St. Louis, New York, Chicago and Cincinnati, will be glad to mail a copy of this booklet to any investor requesting a copy. Address the nearest office.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South La Salle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet (free) which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

In view of the interest in government financing, The National City Company of New York is preparing a booklet, with reference to the financing of the wars of 1812—1864—'98 and 1917. Ask for it.

The "Functions of a Commission Brokerage House," is published for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York. This book clearly explains the details of buying and selling securities.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts to anticipate the movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with new developments of the Globe Oil Company.

The Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich., will send upon request an interesting booklet, dealing with the advantages of Detroit Real Estate Bonds. Send for booklet M. C. "Key to Safe Investment."

Booklet Mc 8 recently published by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, gives information regarding Farm Loans in the Southwest. Send for copy. Address: Oklahoma City, Okla.

E. M. Fuller & Co. have issued a new booklet on the Family Budget—a simple method of apportioning the family income to meet current expenses and provide for saving a definite sum each month.

The Twenty Payment Plan was originated by Slattery & Co., Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, and has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet 63-A describing the plan in detail will be sent to any one upon request.

"We're Right on the Ground," issued by E. J. Lander & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers the subject of Farm Mortgages from the Northwest in a conservative manner. A copy will be sent upon request.

The Ratner Securities corporation, 61 Broadway, New York, have published an 80-page book entitled "Five Roads to Financial Independence". The book contains analytical and conservative reviews on thirty of America's leading companies and five distinct plans for buying securities.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

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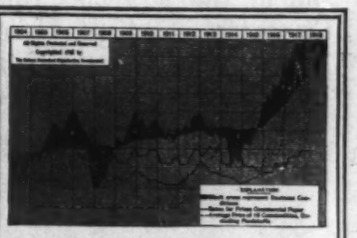

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Everything points to a very good security market for the next five or six months. This will be especially true after income taxes have been paid in June.

There are now some 15,000,000 bondholders in the United States. A year ago there were not more than 300,000. Consider what this means to investment houses! Most of these people never knew before what a bond looked like. The experience of clipping coupons is entirely new to them. Is it not reasonable to suppose that a large percentage of them will get the "bond buying" habit?

One of the largest banks in Chicago reports that people who bought the first and second Liberty Loans are now buying other securities.

The letters addressed to the Financial Department of McClure's regarding investments are now steadily increasing. This is the right moment for investment houses to get into the Financial Department of McClure's. No wise house will let an opportunity like this get by.

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The great romances of the World are yours for the asking—romances which contain great history as well. Here are told the stories, true in every detail, of the mad infatuations of great men who have lost fame and fortune for the love of woman; of kings that have incurred the odium of their people, and cared nothing for their good will in comparison with the charms of bewitching women.

Many a man, mighty in every way, has become as wax in the hands of a fascinating woman.

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Whether you read of Antony throwing away the mastery of the world in answer to the promptings of a woman's will, or of Marie Walewska sacrificing herself at Napoleon's command in order that Poland might be free, or whether you read of Nell Gwyn, the orange girl, and her influence for good, and bad, on gay King Charles; or of the frequent courtships and pretended love-makings of Queen Elizabeth; or the tragic story of Empress Marie Louise, you feel that at last you are getting the truth and are seeing the leaders as they really were.

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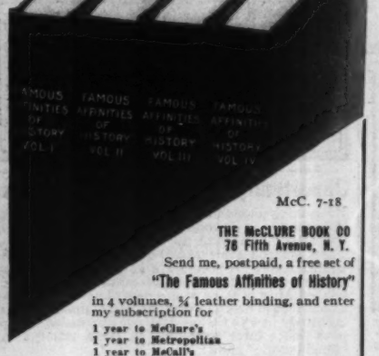
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Through the Haze — *Continued from page 50*

by plain cutlery, with a castor containing pepper, salt, vinegar and pepper sauce, and by each plate was a napkin rolled and inserted in a ring. As they entered, a woman, obviously the girl's mother, was setting upon the table a great steaming dish containing ham and cabbage and potatoes and beets. By the window, the girl's father sat in his shirt-sleeves smoking a pipe, his head immersed in the pages of a newspaper.

"Mother," said the girl, quietly.

The older woman looked up. She seemed a bit startled, at first; she wiped her hands on her apron.

"This is he." She turned to Don. "My mother," she explained.

Don bowed.

"I am very glad to know you," he said. "Vane is my name — Donald Vane. My sister owns the place over the hill. I am visiting her there."

He turned to meet the father, to whom the girl was even now presenting him with a certain composed awkwardness that fitted her well. Don bowed to him, as he got, somewhat heavily, upon his feet. He was a short man, with small blue eyes that gazed from between narrowed lids.

"Goot efening," he replied, in response to Don's salutation. He continued to stand, eying his visitor.

The mother alone seemed embarrassed.

"It's a nice day," she said, at length.

Don nodded. "Beautiful," he assented.

"Won't you sit down and have some supper with us?" she asked. "That is, unless you're afraid they'll wait yours for you at home."

Don hesitated. "Shall I?" he asked.

The father was eying him, closely. "Vhy not?" he demanded.

Don smiled.

"Why not, indeed?" he returned. Then: "I'll stay; with pleasure — that is, unless I am inconveniencing you."

The father had already seated himself at the table head. The girl indicated to Don the seat at her father's left. He stood, waiting for her to sit, and her mother.

"Bedder dake off your goat," advised the father. "Id's gedding hot."

It is to Don's credit that he did not hesitate. Slipping his arms from the sleeves, he removed his coat, placing it behind him, on the chair.

The father began the conversation, as he dished out large portions of meat and vegetables, exchanging the heaped-up plate before him for the empty ones of those he served. He confined his remarks solely to Don.

"Your name iss Vane?" he questioned.

"Yes," Don replied.

"How old are you?"

Don told him — eighteen.

"You go to collitch, I subbose?"

"Yes."

"Vot collitch?"

Don told him.

"I'fe got a boy, doo."

Don expressed a proper interest.

"He alzo iss in collitch. He iss in collitch," impressively, "in Chermany."

"Yes?" said Don.

"Ve," stated the father, "are Chermans."

"Yes," said Don. "I supposed you were."

"She," and the head of the house indicated his wife, "iss only a Cherman-American. But I come oud here later. I vas born," he said, "in Munich."

"A beautiful city," opined Don.

"It is the most beautivul city in der voridt," stated the father.

"I'm sure of it," agreed Don, politely.

"Ass Chermany iss der greatest gountry in der voridt. Der odder nazions are chealous of Chermany," he continued.

"Are they?" queried Don.

"In manufagture, in gommerce, in arts, in science, she is abofe dem all!"

He was becoming argumentative. . . . Don was puzzled.

Throughout the meal, the father went on, in much the same vein. Don listened, politely. . . .

Don waited while mother and daughter cleared the table and washed the dishes. Then, with the girl, he went outside, upon the tiny porch. . . . She seated herself on the steps. He sank down beside her.

"Father reads a great deal," she said; "mostly German papers — and a few books. . . . They are German, too. . . . He seems never to forget that he is German."

"And you?" asked Don. "Do you feel that you are German, too?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "Why should I? I was born in America. My friends are American. I expect always to live in America. So, if I am any thing at all, I'm an American."

THEY were both silent now. It was very bright. The great moon of shining mother-of-pearl rode high amid the splendor of the stars. All about them was a dusk so deep, so fragrant as to be almost tangible. He turned to look at her — to find that she was looking at him.

At length a breath, soft, tremulous, left her parted lips. She looked away. . . .

His eyes closed. He felt as though he were falling; the air rushed by; and the stars. Falling — falling—

His eyes opened, again.

She had risen. He got up, and stood beside her. He felt that it was time to go.

"May I come again, sometime?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

He couldn't see her eyes. They were closed. But her lips answered.

"Yes!"

It was lower than the crickets' chirp — than the call of the frogs. But he heard.

Dainty breakfast trays, going to luxurious, sunlit bedrooms in the big house of the Ameses, bore next morning newspapers containing the first despatches of events that made certain the Great War in Europe.

Constance finished her breakfast. Without even looking at the big, black-headlines she turned to an inside page.

Don read puzzledly. . . . What was it all about?

Ames, gulping his coffee, scanned hastily, tensely. Business would be affected. Stocks would tumble. God only knew how it would hit business, and how hard!

Only Uncle Victor realized. And he but dimly.

[*To be continued*]

You Will Find in the August Issue

A story by Dana Burnet, "Red, White and Blue." This is a quick reading, quick acting, quick thinking tale of an aviator in France.

Living up to our policy of publishing every now and then a story not of the war, there will appear in the August number "The Doormat and the Bulldog," by Frank Goewey Jones, the popular business writer, who in this story "comes back" once more, stronger than ever.

Hildegarde Hawthorne is in Paris. She has been in some of the biggest air raids that the city has seen and in the coming issue of McClure's she tells with extraordinary interest one of her thrilling experiences.

Sophie Tucker—a "Smoke Angel" for Our Boys in France

THE war has revealed many excellent qualities in men and women that few dreamed existed. Sophie Tucker, for instance. To most people who have seen this breezy vaudeville artiste she has appeared to be just a care-free mortal who lives solely for salary and applause.

Rising from a six-dollar-a-week singer in a concert hall to one of the most popular and highest salaried vaudeville entertainers in this country, incidentally becoming known as "the Mary Garden of Vaudeville," who would expect Sophie to be other than a person interested mainly in her own fortunes?

Yet, just as she has reached the height of vaudeville success, she forgets about her laurels and becomes very much interested in our soldier boys "over there." She doesn't need a brass band to start her off—she takes her own band, and a willing band it is that accompanies her on all her trips while soliciting contributions for "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund." Since last October she has been working continually for the soldiers in some way. Today she has the honor of having collected more money for soldiers' smokes than any other person in the theatrical world, the total being more than $10,000. Probably, also, she has more postcards of thanks from soldiers who have found her name attached to their tobacco cartons than any other person, though this honor can be won from her by anyone who subscribes a large enough amount to the fund.

She puts "Jazz" into smoke collecting

Miss Tucker expects to leave for France during the latter part of July, to entertain our boys on the firing line. She will take a Jazz Band with her and will go wherever the committee in charge wishes, even to the first line trenches.

In New Orleans she had a piano placed on a truck and she and her band went about the city singing and playing and soliciting for smokes.

During the various drives that have been on she has collected money for the Knights of Columbus fund, has bought $50,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, has sold more than $500,000 worth of Liberty Bonds at the theatres where she has been showing, and has given her personal check for $500 to the Smoke Fund.

When Miss Tucker returns from the other side she will immediately resume her work for "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund," and with the co-operation that has been promised her she hopes to collect at least $100,000 while touring the country. If Sophie Tucker isn't worthy of the title "Smoke Angel," and of a high place in the annals of "Our Boys In France Tobacco Fund,"—who is?

Gallant Despatch Bearer Tells of Dodging High Explosives

April 11, 1918.

DEAR SIR:

After receiving the tobacco and answering the enclosed card, I feel a note of appreciation is the proper thing to send.

In my estimation the work you are engaged in, the sending of tobacco to the boys over here, is a blessing to the boys. It may interest you to know that some of the boxes have been issued to the boys in the trenches. If you could see the pleased faces and hear the many expressions of joy you would feel more than repaid for your good work. Though many cards may not be answered, don't be discouraged, the boys are doing a "man's job" and letter writing time is limited, also the number of letters by each individual is limited.

You ask me to tell of my experiences. They are not numerous and for fear of treading on military matters, I can't say very much. However, I might say that at present my job is a despatch bearer from headquarters to the front. Outside of dodging shrapnel and "can't you, don't you" shells (high explosives) there isn't much to worry about unless you happen to stop some anti-aircraft shells as they shower down. Everybody keeps in the best of spirits and resorts to our favorite saying, "Well, we can't be worried about that."

Again thanking you for the tobacco and hoping this attempt at a letter don't bore you to death, I am

Yours in the struggle,
PVT. ELLIOTT H. WIGHT, JR.
81st Co. 6th M. G. Batt. U. S. Marines, A.E.F., France

Have you sent your package of cheer to the trenches?
MAIL THIS COUPON

A postcard of thanks comes back to you from the soldier who receives your carton of cheer.

"OUR BOYS IN FRANCE TOBACCO FUND"
25 West 44th Street, New York

GENTLEMEN:—I want to do my part to help the American soldiers who are fighting my battle in France. Since tobacco does it—I'm for tobacco. (*Check below how you desire to contribute.*)

I send you herewith .....
my contribution toward the purchase of tobacco for American soldiers. This does not obligate me to contribute more.

I enclose $1.00. I will adopt a soldier and send you $1.00 a month to supply him with "smokes" for the duration of the war.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Wounded Soldier Explains Why Some Tobacco Donors Fail to Receive Return Postcards

GENTLEMEN:

After a short visit to the front I was unfortunate enough to get slightly injured as well as gassed, and of course had to be moved to the hospital, and as usual found myself without smokes, but only for a short time, for as soon as the nurse knew of my wants she brought me a box containing quite a number of them from "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." In that box there was a card from the donor which I intended to answer just as soon as I was able.

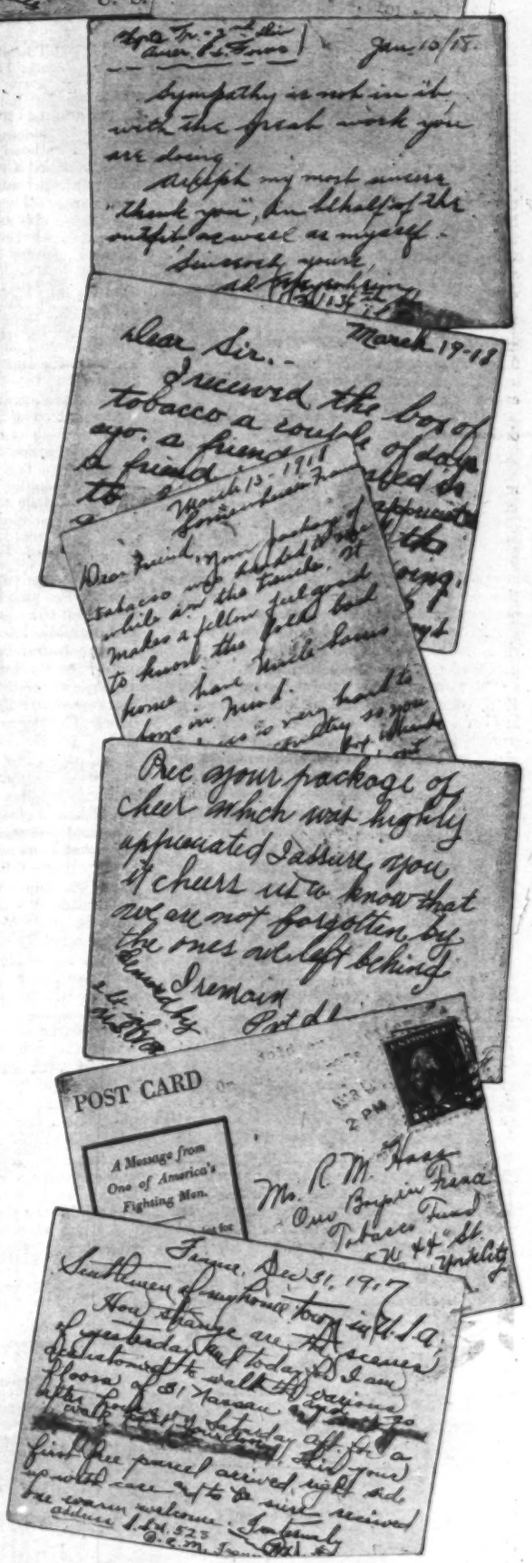
Now that time has come and I regret to state that the card has been misplaced and I am deprived the privilege of thanking this person and to let him know the wonderful amount of pleasure I got from that box during my four weeks' stay in the Hospital.

I am not the only one that was blessed with such a box, for every one that came in the Hospital received one and regardless of how serious the case was the smokes sure did help the boys to forget their troubles more or less and think of the folks back home who have not forgotten us over here.

I am writing you this in hopes that you have some way to let this particular donor know, as well as the others who do not receive a personal acknowledgment that the boxes are being received, as many times circumstances will not permit the boys to write for some time afterwards, in which during the meantime the cards get lost.

With my very best regards to your organization and all contributors to the much-needed Tobacco Fund, I remain

Very truly yours,
PVT. C. J. BRENNAN,
Co. M. 165 Inf. A.E.F., France.



Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund
25 West 44th Street **New York City**

Licking the Huns! — *Continued from page 20*

important! You have done a great service to the cause of German liberty to-night, Herr Captain, and we are most grateful. Those fools you frustrated meant to kidnap *Fräulein* Bernhard and myself and bring us as hostages to General von Steufel. The Imperial Government thought thus to prevent our convention to-morrow, disorganize our party and bring us to submission. We were to be the basis of peace negotiations between the *vons* and the people — and afterward we were to be shot! For this, these swine were to get a thousand marks each, an iron cross of the first class and the privilege of calling themselves '*von*.' Their capture is most important to us, for they have confessed many things of value in an effort to save their own necks. One of them in particular, Shillingburg, is perhaps the greatest operative in the Imperial Government's spy system. He was responsible for my arrest and imprisonment two years ago. You had better retire now, my friend, and rest after the evening's adventure. I will see that you have every possible care. If you are able to-morrow, I desire to confer with you on a very important move the people are to make and in which, I trust, as a representative of America, you will play no small part. For the present, then, Herr Captain — *guten Abend!*"

With this last somewhat cryptic utterance, Liebknecht stepped to the door, his followers filing out before him.

"One moment, Doctor Liebknecht!" I called out. "Might I ask a favor?"

With one hand on the door-knob, he nodded affirmatively.

I cleared my throat.

"Is there — have you — are any of these men qualified to perform a marriage ceremony?" I asked.

Liebknecht smiled broadly.

"You Americans are nothing if not impetuous!" he said. "However, I think I grasp the situation. If you have no objection to being married by a German, *I* am qualified to perform the ceremony!"

And so Frieda Bernhard and I were married by Doctor Karl Liebknecht — first president of the German Republic!

The next day, that fateful September 10, 1918, which marked the birth of democracy in Germany, dawned bright and clear. The sun shone in glorious splendor and the very air seemed charged with the momentousness of the occasion. Frieda and I breakfasted together at seven o'clock — "coffee," made of vile-tasting chicory, and two ounces of the equally vile *Kriegsbrot* (war bread). We ate for the most part in silence, for no mere words could do justice to our thoughts. This was virtually our wedding breakfast and might well be our last, for this was the day the revolutionists had chosen to hold their great conclave for the drawing-up of the constitution of the new Germany, and outside the huge hall in the *Wilhelmstrasse* waited the Kaiser's infantry, cavalry and artillery — sworn to prevent the convention at all costs.

AT half-past eight we were both summoned to Liebknecht's presence at his headquarters. The streets were black with people and as far as I could see, nearly all of them were armed in some manner — men and women alike — and the latter were far in the majority — their wan faces stamped with a grim determination to carry out their purpose. A determination that the Kaiser's machine-guns might storm impotently, but never break — as water dashing against a mighty rock! The customary banners were much in evidence, the inscriptions running from invectives against the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and von Hindenburg, to demands for a speedy peace. It was with the greatest difficulty that we made our way through the mob which milled and surged about us in ever-increasing numbers. Thousands of picked lieutenants kept some semblance of order in the dense mass, which must have numbered a hundred thousand souls.

"I want you to stay as close to my side as possible," said Liebknecht, addressing me the moment we stood before him. "It is my wish to have you speak to our convention — this conclave of the German people which will mean the dawn of democracy in the Fatherland. I want you to tell our people, as a citizen of America, just what your country's attitude is toward *them*, and that it is kaiserism, and not Germany, which America would exterminate. I want you to repeat the words of your President Wilson, that you are fighting to free the world of *Kultur* and militarism. It is a great honor that I have chosen you for, but in order to accept this honor it will be necessary for you to face the fire of those Prussian troops which the Kaiser has sent to prevent our assembly. That there will be violence is obvious, but that we will meet and carry out our purpose is as inevitable as death itself! You are an American prisoner of war, and it is not my wish to offer you as a sacrifice. I leave the choice to you. Will you come and have a part in freeing a nation as your own country freed itself, or will you remain behind?"

WITHOUT hesitation, I grasped his hand. "Doctor Liebknecht, I will come!" I said; "and for the honor, I thank you."

Within the hour the great procession started for the *Wilhelmstrasse* with Liebknecht, Scheidemann, Harden and other leaders at its head. No opposition was met until it reached a point about a quarter of a mile from the auditorium chosen for the convention. There a regiment of the Kaiser's infantry blocked the way with fixed bayonets. The mob proceeded until less than two hundred yards intervened between themselves and the shining steel. Then several Prussian officers ran forward with drawn swords, shouting commands to halt. This was the signal for a storm of jeers and hisses from the throng, and unfortunately some fanatic, perhaps carried away by the excitement of the moment, fired a revolver in the air.

Upon the instant, the street became a battle-field! The Prussian infantry charged the mob, firing as they came and the revolutionists returned the fire with interest. Scores fell on both sides and the first mad rush of the soldiers was checked. I sought to protect Frieda as much as possible and did succeed in shielding her with my body as a gigantic Prussian lunged at her with a bayonet, when there came a most extraordinary and dramatic interruption to the conflict of German against Prussian. No super moving-picture ever offered the thrills, no master scenario writer ever conceived the spectacle that presented itself within the next half-hour! The sky above us suddenly darkened and a terrific explosion shook the earth. There came another and another in ever-increasing volume. The hundreds of thousands in the streets stared upward almost as one person, their startled eyes seeing the very heavens filled with mammoth airplanes, flying ahead in as majestic and solid formation as a gargantuan flock of eagles. There must have been hundreds of them, some flying at an altitude of a mile or more, others so low that the pilots were plainly visible. It was on several of these that I saw an emblem that thrilled me to the very core — the familiar circle and star of the American aviation squadrons. It flashed through my brain that these were the far-famed Liberty aeros of which the world had heard so much and which the beleaguered Allied armies had awaited with such prayerful hope. The America that "wouldn't fight" was bringing red terror to the heart of the Prussian empire. The longed-for fighting planes with which the United States had promised to supply her Allies had appeared at last! Berlin was experiencing the horror that the Kaiser had visited upon London and Paris. America was raiding the German capital from the air!

A bomb fell booming in a square across the street and the tableau was dissolved. The Prussian soldiers fled in wild panic, hundreds of them throwing away their arms that they might be unimpeded in their mad flight. The revolutionists who could, piled into the convention hall while others sought refuge in nearby buildings and houses, from which the Prussian soldiery was barred. I found myself with Frieda, Liebknecht and the other leaders, on the platform of the huge hall, looking into a surging sea of bewildered faces. Perhaps ten thousand of the revolutionists had found shelter in the hall, the largest in Berlin.

The airplanes proceeded, their main objective points being the Kaiser's palace, the fortifications around Berlin and other places of military value. Unlike the Hun air r iders over London and Paris, no attempt was made by the American fliers to bomb hospitals or residence districts.

Thus the eleventh-hour intervention of the American airplanes had made possible the holding of the great convention that was to free Germany from the shackles of Hohenzollernism. In the ensuing panic, the Prussian soldiers, now completely demoralized, refused to rally, and many, reading the writing on the wall, joined the revolutionists. While the deep roars of the American bombs dropping on the fortifications of Berlin and paving the way for the triumphant entry of the Allied armies could be plainly heard within the hall, the convention was called to order and Doctor Liebknecht addressed it. In a masterful speech which is now a part of the history of the world, he defined the aims and purposes of the revolutionary party. These were principally the removal of the Hohenzollerns from power, the establishment of a republican form of government in Germany and the immediate arrangement of a peace parley with the Allies. He declared himself wholly in favor of President Wilson's peace program and announced that a note would be transmitted to Washington to that effect, at once.

SPEECHES were then made by Maximilian Harden, Phillip Scheidemann, Herr Mueller-Meiningen, Herr Voghterr, Doctor Cohen, Herr Ryssel and others. In a fervid address, Frieda spoke for the women of Germany who, she said, pledged their all and would stand with their brothers, sons and husbands for the freedom of the Fatherland.

All the speakers were received with tremendous enthusiasm, and then Liebknecht obtained order and beckoned for me to stand with him on the platform. In a few words he introduced me in what I thought was a highly flattering manner, inasmuch as he declared I had rendered the revolutionists some very valuable services, while for my part I was conscious of having done nothing. When he left my side and sat down with the others behind me, I stared down at the sea of faces, rather dazed. As I was an American, there was not a little hostility apparent toward me, and my German was far from perfect. However, I rallied myself and in as few words as possible, which I strove to make convincing, I explained America's war aims and assured them that I thought the United States would feel the greatest sympathy with the movement to dethrone the Kaiser and free Germany from the militaristic monster who had scourged the world.

Following this, various committees were organized and Liebknecht read the new constitution of Germany, which followed in a great measure that of the United States, after which it had been modeled. The thousands in the hall rose and with mighty voices swore to uphold it, and then Phillip Scheidemann proposed Doctor Liebknecht as the first president of the German republic. A veritable hurricane of applause followed and it might be said that Liebknecht was elected by acclamation. Several other important nominations were passed upon and at a late hour the convention adjourned until the following day, while the people dispersed to their homes in an orderly fashion.

That night, Liebknecht, Scheidemann and the other leaders decided to make the greatest move of the revolution. Taking advantage of the events of the afternoon and the panic created by the appearance of the American airplanes, ten thousand heavily armed and especially chosen revolutionists descended upon the royal palace. The guard was overcome and within a brief space the revolutionists were overrunning the sacred precincts of the "All Highest." Priceless art treasures, rare books, paintings, furniture, pottery and all the vast treasures of the palace were thrown down and trampled upon as the liberty-mad people swarmed through the magnificent halls and rooms in their ruthless search for the Emperor. Wilhelm was finally discovered in his library where, surrounded by a handful of faithful retainers he stood with blazing eyes and drawn sword, awaiting the invaders. Scheidemann, who happened to be leading the party that came upon him, ordered his followers to fall back. He then addressed the Kaiser calmly, telling him that the people of Germany had taken the reins of government into their own hands and that henceforth Germany was to be a republic. He added that resistance would not only be futile, but fatal.

THE Kaiser listened as a man in a trance. As the full import of Scheidemann's words dawned upon him his frame trembled and the sword fell clattering to the floor. He did not even start at the clanging crash, but passing his shaking hands over his head, literally fell into a chair that an attendant thrust forward. Scheidemann pulled a parchment from his coat pocket and spread it out before the Kaiser on a table. The people pressed forward, eager to be in at the death — the death of the power of the greatest despot the world had ever known!

Scheidemann produced a gold fountain-pen, especially made for this occasion, and thrust it into Wilhelm's nerveless fingers.

"Wilhelm Hohenzollern, you will sign this!" he said in a ringing voice.

The Kaiser roused himself with a palpable effort and read the document. His hands shook as with palsy and his face paled to a ghastly white. Twice his lips moved feebly as though to protest, but at length he seized the pen and scrawled his name across the bottom.

The document that the Kaiser had signed was his abdication as Emperor of Germany!

While these stirring events were taking place in Berlin, the Allied armies under Generals Pershing, Haig and Foch had crossed the Elbe River and penetrated as far as Wittenberg, or within approximately fifty-nine miles of the German capital. Here the monster cannon with which the Huns had bombarded Paris in March and April of 1918 and which were captured during the victorious advance of the Allies, were used to shell Berlin. Every twenty minutes for five-hour periods night and day, a shell shrieked its way from one of these guns into the capital of Germany!

Meanwhile the Allies pressed steadily forward, taking enormous quantities of prisoners, arms and ammunition almost daily. The main body of the demoralized German army fell back before Berlin, where messengers from the revolutionists informed them of the successful uprising and the downfall of the Kaiser. Upon hearing this, whole divisions threw down their arms and refused to fight. General von Hoffman surrendered on September 15, 1918, allowing the Allied armies free entry into Berlin.

The Allied armies with American infantry and General Pershing at the head, marched down *Unter den Linden* on September seventeenth. Peace negotiations were begun by Liebknecht as president of the German republic on October first.

I reported at once to General Pershing and he listened to my remarkable story with the greatest interest. I was later restored to my rank and attached to his personal staff, where I remained as his aide until the evacuation of Berlin by the American army, when peace was declared.

[*To be Concluded*]

Will these things come true? Will American airplanes sweep over Berlin? Will Wilhelm sign his abdication of the throne of the Hohenzollerns? Will the German people realize at last, as Mr. Witwer has shown in this story, that a democracy can be and must be the aim of the German people? Next month sees the conclusion of this powerful prophecy

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